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KIPLING

THE STORY-WRITER

BY

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TO

A. B. H.

PREFACE

In the course of an attempt to trace the history of the Short-Story in English it came to seem desirable, three or four years ago, to examine with some thoroughness, as the *terminus ad quem*, the work of Rudyard Kipling. The results of this study were rather fully set forth in the form of notes intended for class-room lectures. Revision and publication of these notes was advised by Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard College and by Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California. To these good friends of the writer this little book owes its being. Without their criticisms and suggestions, moreover, it would have been even less worthy than it is of the author with whom it is concerned. To him, to Mr. Kipling himself, thanks are due for gracious permission to take from his works the many illustrative passages with which these pages are adorned.

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KIPLING THE STORY WRITER

INTRODUCTION

It was as a writer of short-stories that Kipling first established his fame, and it is mainly as a writer of short-stories that he is known to-day. One associates with his name, it is true, some significant utterances in verse; everyone who knows his work at all knows *Danny Deever, Mandalay,* and the *Recessional.* But the body of well-known and popular verse is much smaller than the body of well-known and popular prose. Of his novels only one has enjoyed anything like the vogue of the short-stories; and *Kim* reveals less the art of the novelist than the art of the short-story writer. For it is a series of independent scenes, more numerous, indeed, yet scarcely more closely connected one with another than the separate tales of the Soldiers Three, or of Stalky and Company, or of Sir Richard and Sir Hugh in *Puck of Pook's Hill.* It seems then not unlikely that Kipling is to be remembered primarily as a writer of short-stories. And probably as the greatest English writer of short-stories; conceivably, even, as the greatest of all. His work, it must be admitted, is so different from Maupassant's that it would be folly to attempt to establish the superiority of either. Yet if the Frenchman's technique is more subtle and more highly polished—the result

of an apprenticeship which ended only in his thirtieth year, contrasting sharply with the Englishman's early productivity—yet Kipling's work has certainly the greater scope and the greater variety of manner. It has greater diversity of times, places, and persons, and greater multiformity of plot. It bears evidence of powers of observation and memory no less accurate and vivid, and at the same time it combines with these a romantic, ideal, and even a stimulating or uplifting quality, not found in Maupassant. These differences are due in part to the longer period of Kipling's activity.

However, it is always vain to attempt to anticipate the verdict of posterity, to predetermine the precise rank which one of our own contemporaries may achieve. It is too early to distinguish in Kipling's work, with anything like certainty, the sound from the unsound or only half sound. For, not the least astonishing of the many astonishing facts about him, Kipling has, at the present writing, not yet celebrated his fiftieth birthday. And there is no more reason now, at what looks like the conclusion of a third period of his work, to suppose that his production has ceased than there was some twenty-five years ago when, at the conclusion of the first period, the critics expressed the fear that he was "written out." But if it is too early to pass final judgment, it is not too early to attempt an examination of his technique, to pay him the compliment that his preëminence justifies and demands. This is the purpose of the present study. It aims to observe from a definite point of view, as objectively and dispassionately as may be, the technique of his stories, to point out simply what is there. Such a study, it is hoped, may lead to an increased appreciation of his skill, may conceivably make clear in a measure some of the

reasons for his success, and may prove instructive and stimulating to those who would profit by his example.

A point of view must be arbitrarily established; and, not as a standard of excellence, but rather to insure the relative completeness of the survey, it becomes necessary to offer a kind of definition or description of the Short-Story. The Short-Story is, then, to be conceived as having for its distinguishing mark the elaboration in brief and concrete narrative form of all possible story elements—of the settings of time, place, and society, of characters, emotions, and motives, of plot, and of the attitude toward life which all these reveal or imply. From this point of view it is proposed to examine the whole body of Kipling's short-stories, and to study the development of his art as it may be traced through the three periods into which it naturally divides itself—the first or Indian period, in which he wrote stories mainly of Indian life and manners, the third or English period, in which he wrote stories mainly of English life and manners, and the second or transition period, in which he wrote some stories of Indian life, some of English life, and some of both, combining the technical characteristics of the third period with those of the first.

PART ONE

THE INDIAN PERIOD

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay in 1865. With the exception of a visit to England in 1868–1869 he spent the first six years of his life in India. From 1871 to 1877 he was left in charge of friends at Southsea, near Portsmouth. In 1878 he was placed in the United Services College at Westward Ho, where he finished his course in 1882. On his return to India, in the same year, he became subeditor of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette*. In 1887 he was promoted to a place on the editorial staff of *The Pioneer* at Allahabad. In the same year he published *Plain Tales from the Hills*, his first volume of short-stories. Twenty-eight of the forty-two tales had appeared in the *Civil and Military Gazette*. He continued to write stories for *The Pioneer*, and during the next two years he brought out the collections entitled *Soldiers Three*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *In Black and White*, *Under the Deodars*, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*, and *Wee Willie Winkie*. In 1889 he was sent by *The Pioneer* to England, by way of Japan and America, and published in that paper a series of letters giving an account of his travels. In September he arrived in London, where he republished his Indian tales and wrote new ones for *Macmillan's Magazine*. These, with others, were published in 1891 as *Life's Handicap*, which may be regarded as marking the close of the first or Indian period of Kipling's life and work.

CHAPTER I

THE SETTINGS

From 1882 to 1889 Kipling was connected with Indian newspapers, whether as subeditor, editor, or correspondent. His business was that of the journalist, to know and to report in an accurate and interesting fashion the doings of the world about him and to comment upon them and criticise them. Most of the stories which he wrote at this time were written for these newspapers. They were, in a sense, the by-product of his journalistic activities, the result of the same impulse. Their very brevity is due to the limited space at his command in the *Gazette* and *The Pioneer*. The brevity of most of Maupassant's stories is due to a similar limitation. We must except, however, the last volume of this period. The tales in *Life's Handicap* appeared for the most part in *Macmillan's Magazine*. They are, as the subtitle, *Stories of Mine Own People,* implies, Indian tales; but they are longer; and they give evidence of more considered composition, of more careful writing. Among them are some of the best and most famous of all Kipling's stories—*The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney, The Courting of Dinah Shadd, The Man Who Was*, and *Without Benefit of Clergy. Life's Handicap,* then, because in it Kipling could deal more freely and under more favorable circumstances with material and methods which he had already thoroughly mastered, marks the close and climax of this first period. But this and the earlier

volumes are all to be regarded as the work of Kipling the journalist, the reporter and critic of Indian affairs.

He might have chosen to offer to his readers an escape from the life about them, to transport them to more agreeable surroundings, to a happier time; to reconstruct for them the gorgeous past of the land in which they were living, and in so doing he might have found an agreeable relief from his own preoccupations. Happily, however, he believed, with Bret Harte, that it was the function of the short-story writer to portray what was characteristic and distinctive in the world he knew; he chose to make use of his own unparalleled gifts and equipment, to carry over his journalistic methods into fiction, and to offer, not an escape from reality, but a criticism and an imaginative interpretation of it. He dealt with the Here and the Now. He dealt with his Own People, whose bread and salt he had eaten, whose wine he had drunk, whose vigils and toil and ease he had shared, with whose lives he passionately identified his own. And it was primarily for his own people that he wrote. Read, for example, the opening paragraphs of *At the End of the Passage*, which establish by effective massing of characteristic detail a highly significant setting. The thermometer marks one hundred and one degrees of heat; sky, sun, and horizon are lost in a brown purple haze or in clouds of tawny dust. Inside a squat, four-roomed bungalow, four men, stripped to the thinnest of sleeping-suits, play whist crossly, wrangling over leads and returns, while the tattered punkah puddles the hot air, whining dolefully at each strake. This moving picture interests at once even mere outsiders; it is an emphatic answer to Englishmen at home, who assert that the Civil Service in India is the preserve of the aristocracy; and for the men them-

selves, the matter-of-fact, cynical heroes—heroes without heroics —of whom and for whom the story is written, the recognition of their own phase of life must have been a keen delight. Technically, the significant thing in these opening paragraphs is the skilful interweaving of the narrative elements: Time, Place, People, and tragic Plot are powerfully suggested. And the significance of the whole, the arraignment of the home misconceptions, is at once apparent.

For time and place the story is typical. Without significant exception the one hundred and ten stories of this first period deal with Kipling's own time and with the India that he knew. Many, like *At the End of the Passage,* deal with the drought and heat of summer on the plains; others deal with the mountains, with the winter rains, with rivers in flood, with the jungle, with the teeming cities, with the open fields, with clubs and garrisons. Every visible phase of India—it is not too much to say—appears in these pages. It is an important part of Kipling's achievement to have made India known and interesting to the West.

This emphasis upon settings is natural with Kipling, or even inevitable. Having spent his childhood in India and his youth in England, he would be, by virtue of the sharp and striking contrasts, intensely conscious of the world about him. He would not accept his India as a matter of course, failing really to see it because of its very familiarity, as men who have lived always in one place accept their environment and necessarily remain unaware of the characteristics which distinguish it from others. Because of his English education, he could see with an Englishman's eyes; because of his Indian childhood and his newspaper experience, he could sympathize with the natives and, like his

creation, and the projection of himself, Strickland of the Police, know as much about them as they knew themselves.

By virtue of his training, moreover, Kipling is more than a mere Englishman, or Anglo-Indian, at large. Educated in the United Services College, subeditor of the "Civil and Military Gazette," he would inevitably be deeply impressed with English institutions and with their significance in relation to Anglo-Indian affairs. He would be intensely aware of The System. His conception of this system is, perhaps, best summarized in *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.* McGoggin had been reading Comte and Spencer and came out to India with a soulless and godless religion which would not work there. "For this reason. The Deputy is above the Assistant, the Commissioner above the Deputy, the Lieutenant-Governor above the Commissioner, and the Viceroy above all four, under the orders of the Secretary of State who is responsible to the Empress. If the Empress be not responsible to her Maker—if there is no Maker for her to be responsible to—the entire system of Our administration must be wrong. Which is manifestly impossible."

This pragmatism, this estimate of a creed solely by its practical bearing on definite and immediate human interests, is thoroughly characteristic of Kipling, as the creed itself is characteristic. Submission to the discipline of the system! He learned it in school. He learned it in the *Civil and Military Gazette:* "As there is only one man in charge of a steamer, so there is but one man in charge of a newspaper, and he is the editor. My chief taught me this on an Indian journal, and he further explained that an order was an order, to be obeyed at a run, not a walk, and that any notion or notions as to the fitness or unfitness of any particular kind of work for the young

had better be held over till the last page was locked up to press. . . . A sub-editor is not hired to write verses; he is paid to sub-edit. At the time, this discovery shocked me greatly. . . ." Throughout his stories Kipling preaches this doctrine, or illustrates the lengths to which devotion or submission to the system must be carried. In India, he says, men "do their work, and grow to think that there is nothing but their work, and nothing like their work, and that they are the real pivots on which the Administration turns." The phrase "all in the day's work" has the same significance. It occurs first in the third story in *Plain Tales:* "Sickness does not matter, because it's all in the day's work, and if you die, another man takes over your place and your office in the eight hours between death and burial."[1]

Kipling may seem sometimes to celebrate lawlessness, the individual at the expense of the system; he may seem to criticise the system; but it is always the good of the system that he has in mind. In *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney,* Mulvaney is drunk and disorderly, overstays his leave, is in danger of arrest as a deserter, and merits twenty-eight days imprisonment. He escapes punishment. But it is on the ground of his usefulness to the system, to his regiment, for the colonel "never knew a man who could put a polish on young soldiers as quickly as Mulvaney can." Kipling evidently sympathizes with Otis Yeere's having once proceeded on his own initiative and so

[1] Kipling humorously exaggerates the possibilities of the paternalism of The System in the plea for a Matrimonial Department in *Kidnapped;* and again in his prediction of how the Supreme Government would "handle the situation" on the Day of Judgment, in *On the City Wall.* "Were the Day of Doom to dawn to-morrow, you would find the Supreme Government 'taking measures to allay popular excitement' and putting guards upon the graveyards that the Dead might troop forth orderly. The youngest Civilian would arrest Gabriel on his own responsibility if the Archangel could not produce a Deputy Commissioner's permission to 'make music or other noises' as the license says."

having accomplished things in spite of the system. And now and again he shows how the effective individual, as in *The Head of the District,* is hampered by the ignorant action of the system.

Thus Kipling, like the balladist of old, is the singer of the clan. Racial or national self-consciousness is induced, as in the border or outlaw ballads, by opposition to another race or nation. And so, perhaps inevitably, as an Anglo-Indian, Kipling celebrates the race, the nation and its institutions, and insists upon the submergence of the individual. He celebrates the individual only for his organic value—as a loyal member of the team, as a link in the chain, a wheel in the machine. This creed of Kipling's goes very deep and affects many phases of his technique. It leads to his emphasis upon the social setting; it results, as we shall see, in the creation of character-types—of typical officer, official, and so on—rather than of individuals; it results in a relatively light touch on the emotional experiences peculiar to individuals, with the emphasis upon those common to the members of a class or group; it results in typical plots, illustrating various phases of the social setting; and it results in the preaching of a creed like that set forth in *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin,* in a variety of specific applications.

Like *At the End of the Passage,* many of these stories deal with the Indian Civil Service, with the hard-working, self-sacrificing Englishman to whom is due in large measure the effectiveness of the English administration of Indian affairs. Many others deal with the Army: one group with the officers, good or bad, effective or ineffective, clever or stupid, high or low, whose function is to put down rebellion, to insure peace, to command, with whatever tact or stern discipline may be needful, the common soldiers. Another group deals with these soldiers;

and it is perhaps in these most of all that Kipling's humor, tolerance, and sympathetic understanding are displayed. Still another group deals with Anglo-Indian Society, perhaps the least pleasant reading of them all. Still another deals with the native Indians, or with their relations with the English, and among these are some of the most poetic and effective stories. Common to all these groups are stories which deal especially with child life and stories which deal with the supernatural. Here, manifestly, is a wide range of human interest. No short-story writer since Chaucer has evinced such catholicity of taste, such a range of appreciation of humanity; so that these volumes of mere short-stories have much of the *representative* quality of the *Comédie Humaine,* and do in a measure for India what Balzac did for France. In addition, moreover, to this power of broad, inclusive vision, Kipling has the power of shifting, at will, his point of view. He sees the events of his stories sometimes in the purely comic spirit, or with cynicism, grim irony, or satire, sometimes with that mingling of laughter and tears which is true humor, or which becomes, by a slight variation in the ingredients, pathos; and sometimes his mood may be wholly serious, or grotesquely tragic. Here again he reminds one of Chaucer; and he has Chaucer's limitation; he stops short of true tragedy by reason of the same lack of high seriousness. In all this it must not be forgotten that we are now concerned only with the stories of his first period. Later stories involve, as we shall see, marvelously wide extension of interest in times, places, and persons, and considerable increase of emotional range and deepening of emotional experience.

CHAPTER II

CHARACTERS AND PSYCHOLOGY

In no period does Kipling succeed in creating a character; the persons of his stories are rather types than individuals. This is to say no more than that he is subject to the common limitation of short-story writers; though the limitation is increased by the amount and consequent rapidity of his work. He is inferior to those of his predecessors who wrote with slower pen—to Irving, say, or to Bret Harte. The limitation is the result, furthermore, of Kipling's emphasis on definite and organic social groups; he is less likely to deal with man as a human being than as type of the group of which he is a member. Certain of these types, because of their repetitions, stand out very clearly. There is, for example, the subaltern, the young officer who comes out from England, pink and white and wholly inexperienced, ignorant of the silent, sullen races whom he must control, of the men whom he must command, and, most dangerous of all, of the Anglo-Indian society in which he must mingle. He succeeds or fails, according as he is fitted or not, by character and training, for his duties and his pleasures. We meet him first in *Thrown Away*, as The Boy who had been brought up under the "sheltered life system," whose career ends promptly in suicide. In contrast with him, Bobby Wick, in *Only a Subaltern*, is the type of successful officer. He follows the wise counsels of his father and sticks to his regiment with matter-of-

fact and unsentimental devotion. Instinctively he knows how to handle men. He reclaims Dormer, a dirty soldier who is the butt of his company, and in the end, to save Dormer's life sacrifices his own. He is eminently modest, completely lacking in self-consciousness, an inexpressive and effective Englishman. None of these adjectives, however, are to be found in the story; it is purely by virtue of what he does and says that we reach our conclusions about him.

Adjective and epithet play a more important part in the delineation of the Kipling heroine, Mrs. Hauksbee. "She was clever, witty, brilliant, and sparkling beyond most of her kind; but possessed of many devils of malice and mischievousness. She could be nice, though, even to her own sex. But that is another story." In *Three and—an Extra* she was quite the opposite. She attempted to "annex" Mr. Cusack-Bremmil. Mrs. Cusack-Bremmil, however, though not Mrs. Hauksbee's equal, was no fool, and defeated Mrs. Hauksbee in a carefully planned campaign. Clearly our first impression of Mrs. Hauksbee is not pleasant. But in the "other story"—indeed in all the other stories in which she plays a part—it is in order to be kind, not only to her own sex, but to the other, though sometimes by doubtful means. The other story is *The Rescue of Pluffles,* wherein she saves a youthful subaltern from the wiles of Mrs. Reiver and restores him to his fiancée. "Mrs. Hauksbee was honest . . . and, but for her love of mischief, would have been a woman's woman." "She had the wisdom of the Serpent, the logical coherence of the Man, the fearlessness of the Child, and the triple intuition of the Woman." That is, she belonged to the great class of wicked persons who are sound at heart, who make no claims to virtue, yet do more good in the world than

many who are reputed virtuous. She was of the same class as John Oakhurst or Jack Hamlin. She is a kind of rogue-heroine, a descendant of the picaresque characters of seventeenth or eighteenth century fiction. She is thus a literary relative of Terence Mulvaney.

For Mulvaney, though in a very different walk of life, is similarly compounded of good and evil, of much that is best and worst in the character of Tommy Atkins. He is more memorable, more real, and more vivid than any of Kipling's characters. This is perhaps due to the fact that he tells so many stories, thus revealing his character as Chaucer's Pilgrims do; and appears in so many, thus reminding us again and again of his good looks, his strength, his wit, his eloquence, his devotion to his chums, to the service, and to beer. Mulvaney himself gives the best account of his own character: "An' what am I?" he says in *The Courting of Dinah Shadd.* "Oh, Mary Mother av Hiven, an ould dhrunken, untrustable baste av a privit that has seen the reg'ment change out from colonel to drummer-boy, not wanst or twice, but scores av times!"... Good cause the reg'ment has to know me for the best soldier in ut. Better cause have I to know mesilf for the worst man. I'm only fit to tache the new drafts what I'll niver learn mesilf."

J. M. Barrie, basing his judgment on *The Light that Failed,* declared that Kipling was unable to draw children. One hesitates to disagree with the author of *Peter Pan* on such a matter; and it is doubtless to be admitted that Kipling's children are not altogether normal ones, just as Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd are not altogether normal British soldiers. Appreciation of children, furthermore, is scarcely to be expected from the cynical portrayer of Anglo-Indian society, or from the ad-

miring friend of the soldiers three. Yet, in the short-stories at least, Kipling's children are peculiarly convincing. And with good reason: for in their creation he is manifestly drawing upon the memories of his own early years. *Baa Baa, Black Sheep,* for example, must be very largely autobiography. It is at least a fictive account of the rather grim period which he and his sister spent in England, separated from their parents. Largely autobiographical, too, must be the description, in *Tods' Amendment,* of the small hero's intimacy with the natives, popularity with them, and familiarity with a variety of their dialects. These, however, are less significant as short-stories than some of the other tales of child life. Perhaps the masterpiece in this way is *Wee Willie Winkie.* It is mainly significant as a thorough realization of the child's point of view. The youthful hero, the small boy of unlovely and permanently freckled countenance and permanently scratched legs, plays the part of an officer and a gentleman, yet experiences all the childish terrors in the trying situation into which he is thrust by friendship and duty. He is most effectively characterized by the devotion which he inspires. Devlin, glancing at the empty saddle and calling the guard: "Up ye beggars! There's something happened to the colonel's son," gets us by the throat just as the death of Bobby Wick does—even though we are sure that nothing *can* happen to Wee Willie Winkie.

This pathetic note is even more emphatic in that subtle criticism of the sordid side of the Anglo-Indian life from the child's point of view, in *His Majesty the King,* where childish play and prattle unconsciously unite estranged parents.[1] It is the prevailing note, again, in *The Drums of the Fore and Aft,* the

[1] It is comparable, as a study in the unconscious yet beneficent influence of a child, with *La Dame en Blanc,* in Anatole France's *Livre de Mon Ami.*

story of the two little drummer-boys who inspired an inexperienced and frightened regiment to "come back" after it had fled under the fire of the enemy. They were bold and bad and frequently birched, and, sprung from some London gutter, were at the other end of the social scale from Wee Willie Winkie. With no less sympathy and with no less pathos, though here from his own point of view, Kipling portrays, in *Muhammed Din*, the native child. This is not a story, but a sketch of the baby's taking ways and of his death. In *Tods' Amendment* finally, a child not unlike Wee Willie Winkie, through his unconscious repetition of native gossip and criticism, suggests an important amendment to a proposed land law.

In all of these stories the children, while precocious and idealized, are thoroughly humanized, mainly by traits of lovable badness. They are thus the results of the same theory of human nature as Mrs. Hauksbee and Mulvaney: their defects make their virtues tolerable. It is through this mingling of good and evil that they differ essentially from the saintly clergeon of Chaucer's Prioress. But for all this, they are in common with all Kipling's heroes and heroines, distinguished persons. Only superlatives can describe them: Mrs. Hauksbee was "the most wonderful woman in India"; Mulvaney was "the best soldier in the regiment"; and Tods was "the only baby who ever broke the holy calm of the Supreme Legislative Council." They are all, moreover, persons who do things; they are vigorous, active, self-assertive. You cannot imagine Kipling writing a whole story about a hanger-back, like Stevenson's Will o' the Mill.

These, then, are some of the character-types portrayed in the earlier stories—the official, the subaltern, the garrison "widow," Tommy Atkins, the precocious child. These do not by any

means, however, exhaust the list; for these are, themselves, subject to infinite modifications—there is Mrs. Reiver, beside Mrs. Hauksbee, there are Learoyd and Ortheris beside Mulvaney; and there is, over and above these, a great number of types quite distinct from them. There is, for example, the whole group of native characters; and these I have not discussed because no one figure stands out like Mrs. Hauksbee or Mulvaney or Wee Willie Winkie, as representative of them all. In the portrayal of these natives, however, Kipling reveals the same power of sympathy and understanding. He can put himself in their places, see the world through their eyes, realize for himself their emotions, their motives, to a degree possible only for one who had been brought up among them, who had spoken, like Tods or Wee Willie Winkie, many of their dialects, delighted in their society, and regarded them as brothers.[2] It is from this point of view then, the point of view of emotions and motives, that Kipling's portrayal of the natives is best discussed. There is no better illustration of this phase of his dramatic power than the first story in the first volume—*Lispeth*. Lispeth was the daughter of Sonoo a Hill-man of the Himalayas, and Jadeh, his wife. She had the misfortune to save the life of a young Englishman, and, in consequence, to fall in love with him. The

[2] In this connection it is interesting to recall what may be safely regarded as a bit of self-characterization in *Kim*. Lurgan Sahib trains Kim and a younger disciple in the art of disguising or "dressing up." "Lurgan Sahib had a hawk's eye to detect the least flaw in the make-up; and lying on a worn teak-wood couch, would explain by the half-hour together how such and such a caste talked or walked, or coughed, or spat, or sneezed, and, since 'hows' matter little in this world, the 'why' of everything. The Hindu child played this game clumsily. That little mind, keen as an icicle when tally of jewels [a game to develop power of observation and memory of details] was concerned, could not temper itself to enter another's soul; but a demon in Kim woke up and sang with joy as he put on the changing dresses, and changed speech therewith." Kipling is endowed with this power of tempering his mind to enter another's soul.

Chaplain's wife, being a good Christian and disliking anything in the shape of fuss or scandal, had told him to tell Lispeth that he would come back to marry her. Three months after his departure the Chaplain's wife told her the truth. "Then you have lied to me," said Lispeth, "you and he?"

"The Chaplain's wife bowed her head and said nothing. Lispeth was silent, too, for a little time; then she went out down the valley, and returned in the dress of a Hill-girl—infamously dirty, but without the nose-stud and ear-rings. . . . In a little time she married a woodcutter who beat her, . . . and her beauty faded soon."

The missionary is seen again from the native point of view in the pathetic farce of *The Judgment of Dungara;* and the ways of the Government are seen from the native's point of view in *Tods' Amendment* and in *The Head of the District.* And in the numerous stories where the native plays a minor part—servant or coolie, soldier or merchant—there is almost always a glimpse or hint of his way of looking at things. For pure native psychology there is *Dray Wara Yow Dee,* an Odyssey of revenge of the wronged husband who follows his enemy over all India. "It may be," he concludes his dramatic monologue, "It may be that I shall find Daoud Shah in this city going northward, since a Hillman will ever head back to his Hills when the spring warns. . . . There shall no harm befall Daoud Shah till I come; for I would fain kill him quick and whole with the life sticking firm in his body. A pomegranate is sweetest when the cloves break away unwilling from the rind. Let it be in the daytime, that I may see his face, and my delight may be crowned.

"And when I shall have accomplished the matter and my Honour is made clean, I shall return thanks unto God, the

Holder of the Scale of the Law, and I shall sleep. From the night, through the day, and into the night again I shall sleep; and no dream shall trouble me.''[3]

Though Kipling is concerned mainly with the outward expression of feeling,[4] he has, nevertheless, the gift of seeing the inside of a great variety of minds; he has also the power to depict a great variety of emotions. He is interested mainly in the simpler, elemental feelings, but he deals sometimes with the more complex ones as well. The Odyssey of revenge, just cited, has as its central motive, Hate. Grief is sufficiently illustrated by such stories as *Thrown Away* and *Only a Subaltern.* In the latter it is interesting to see how the more dignified and restrained yet somewhat grotesque sorrow of Bobby's captain is contrasted with grief characteristically disguised as wrath by Private Dormer. For mirth—for the swiftly shifting emotions that accompany an intense situation—read the climax of *Miss Youghal's Sais.* Such a scene is not part of a psychological study. The emotions are obvious and expressed in obvious ways. The significant thing is that, in such a story, they should be represented with so much variety and completeness.

Kipling approaches, perhaps, nearest to the psychological manner in stories of Fear and Love, and of certain diseased conditions of the mind. In *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* he

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[3] This reads like an expansion of the close of Maupassant's story of revenge, *Vendetta:* ''Elle dormit bien cette nuit-la.''

[4] Interesting evidence of this is to be found in a passage in *From Sea to Sea* (I, 427). Kipling is describing a woman terrified by a storm at sea: ''By the heave of the labouring bust, the restless working of the fingers on the tablecloth, and the uncontrollable eyes that turned always to the companion stairhead, I was able to judge the extremity of her fear.... The contrast between the flowing triviality of her speech and the strained intentness of eye and hand was a quaint thing to behold. I know now how Fear should be painted.''

loses sight, for the most part, of his two little heroes, to trace with care the common or mob fear of a regiment under fire for the first time, marching slowly through a hostile country, and put to flight in the first encounter with the enemy. Even in such stories as this, however, his main interest is not psychology; he is by no means giving us soul history to the exclusion of other matters. In this instance his business is primarily to convince the reader that a green regiment should not be sent into action without a leaven of veterans; and his story is a warning example. Again, if you read *The Strange Ride of Marrowbie Jukes*—which is, as Andrew Lang said, "the most dreadful nightmare of the most awful Bunker in the realms of fancy," and which might well be primarily a study of fear—you find that emotion is emphasized just enough to satisfy the short-story demand of impartial elaboration, no more. The narrator finds himself trapped in the sand-pit. "The sensation of nameless terror which I had in vain attempted to strive against, overmastered me completely. My long fast . . . combined with the violent agitation of the ride had exhausted me, and I verily believe that, for a few minutes, I acted as one mad. I hurled myself against the sand-slope. I ran around the base of the crater, blaspheming and praying by turns. I crawled out among the sedges of the river-front, only to be driven back each time in an agony of nervous dread by the rifle bullets which cut up the sand round me—for I dared not face the death of a mad dog among that hideous crowd—and so fell, spent and raving, at the curb of the well. No one had taken the slightest notice of an exhibition which makes me blush hotly even when I think of it now." Contrast with this Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum;* or contrast Maupassant's *Lui* or his *La Peur.* The latter story begins with

a discussion of the real nature of fear, and, in the two narratives that follow, focuses the attention wholly upon that emotion. The events are nothing. Fear, according to Maupassant's theory, or at least, according to that of the narrator of this story, is not felt by a brave and energetic man in the face of an attack, or of certain death, or of any form of known peril. It is felt only under abnormal circumstances, mysterious influences, vague dangers. It is a kind of reminiscence of ancestral terrors. A man who believed in ghosts and thought that he saw a spectre in the night would experience fear in all its frightful horror. It is a matter then of terror inspired by the supernatural.

We must, for fair comparison, turn to Kipling's stories in this kind. Do any of these concern themselves mainly with the emotion inspired, or are they told as effective or significant stories merely? Of the twelve or fourteen stories which deal with one phase or another of the supernatural, the most important are *The Phantom 'Rickshaw, The Return of Imray,* and *The Mark of the Beast.* In *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* Mrs. Keith-Wessington comes back from the dead to haunt a faithless lover, who writes the story of his experiences. She comes back again and again, always in the same way, in the yellow-panelled 'rickshaw, with the four coolies in the black and white livery, wearing the same dress, carrying the same tiny handkerchief in her right hand, and the same card case in her left ("A woman eight months dead with a card-case!" exclaims the narrator), and she is always saying: 'It's some hideous mistake, I'm sure. *Please* forgive me, Jack, and let's be friends again!' Only Jack, of course, hears the voice or sees the 'rickshaw. Others ride through it, horses, coolies, Mrs. Keith-Wessington and all, in the conventional fashion. The ghost lacks dignity, comes too

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often, too openly, and talks too much; evidently Kipling was unaware of Scott's warning against the "chatty" ghost. And this one provokes in the victim rather disgust, irritation, astonishment, bewilderment, than pure terror. *The Return of Imray* is more effective; its methods are less conventional. Imray had disappeared, and Strickland of the Police, the same Strickland who later disguised himself as Miss Youghal's sais, had rented Imray's bungalow and taken over Imray's servants. And Kipling, the Club quarters being full, had quartered himself upon Strickland. A dim figure stood by the windows. The dog was uneasy—she "made the twilight more interesting by glaring into the darkened rooms with every hair erect"; there was a sound of footsteps at night; the curtains between the rooms quivered as if someone had just passed through; the chairs creaked as the bamboos sprung under a weight that had just quitted them. All this is effective enough; we can understand Kipling's desire not to interfere with this strange tenant; and we are not surprised when the body of Imray is discovered and Strickland at once detects the murderer.

Still more effective, more carefully worked out along original lines, is *The Mark of the Beast*, in which Fleete, after a riotous celebration of New Year's Eve, enters a native temple, and grinds the ashes of his cigar-butt into the forehead of the red, stone image of Hanuman. Thereupon a leper priest, mewing like an otter, touches him and endows him with the nature of a leopard. The point is, of course, held back; I am not sure that it is more than suggested anywhere; but it is necessary to know what it is, in order to follow the gradual approach to it. The leopard's spot on Fleete's body, his insatiable desire for chops—"lots of 'em, and underdone—bloody ones with gristle,"

his offensive manner of bolting them, the mad terror with which he inspires the horses, his delight in rolling on the ground, the green light behind his eyes, the final dying-out of the human spirit in his wolfish snarls—these are some of the nicely graded details of Fleete's transformation which lead up to the climax of horror, the scene in which the leper priest is compelled, by torture, to undo his work. As for the emotions which accompany these terrifying incidents—the matter with which we are at present concerned—the mental states of both the witnesses are traced with considerable care. Yet it is apparent throughout that Kipling is more interested in the bewitching of Fleete than in his own or Strickland's horror. To depict their feelings he falls back upon more or less conventional words and phrases —hair rising, blood running cold, sickness, frightened horses. The style is, furthermore, characteristic in its grotesqueness and occasional jocosity of manner. Kipling, for example, says that he "laughed and gasped and gurgled." And when he and Strickland hear, in the silence of the watching, something mewing outside, he says that, like the man in *Pinafore,* they told each other that it was the cat. To some readers these phrases do not seem appropriate to the dignity really inherent in the situation, they do not like to be reminded, at such a moment, of a comic opera, they are disturbed by a lack of unity of tone. Certain famous stories which deal with similar horrors, like Mérimée's *Lokis,* or Stevenson's *Olalla,* illustrate a consistently and frankly poetic treatment of the theme. And S. Carleton's *The Lame Priest* is an admirable example of the successful handling of the werewolf motif in the modern short-story. Here convincing realism is combined with dignity and beauty of style, and no one can find the result less effective as a tale

of terror than *The Mark of the Beast.* The contrast is sharp. S. Carleton ventures to write rhythmic prose, to made use of sonorous and nicely chosen words, to indulge in what we should perhaps call fine writing. Kipling is more modern, the son of an age which in its sophistication looks askance at much that was once frankly enjoyed. We have become timid, self-conscious. We are afraid of "ranting," yet some of the finest passages in Shakespeare—Lear's great speeches in the storm scenes, for example—were written for no other purpose. We remind ourselves that the pun is the lowest form of wit, and disguise our real and human enjoyment with a groan. We no longer venture to say with Peter Pan and Beowulf, "I am the finest boy that ever lived." And we stand in terror of "fine writing:" We go to the other extreme—"coarse writing," perhaps, or slang. But fine writing sometimes fits the subject. It must be well done, of course; it must be sincere, not a mere succession of threadbare phrases. Strong emotions, heightened moods naturally express themselves in heightened language, in a language which approximates to that of poetry. To express them otherwise, if one has such language at one's command, is insincere. There are moments when slang, when breezy commonplace, is the height of affectation. In this sense, Kipling is sometimes affected. It is an affectation of which his characters, and doubtless their prototypes in real life as well, are often guilty. Perhaps Kipling learned it from them.

After all it is at bottom nothing more than the well-bred Anglo-Saxon's deep rooted prejudice against self-expression. A form of it appears in the familiar understatements in the *Beowulf.* Chaucer is aware of it when he permits the lower

persons to do most of the talking and holds the gentlefolk silent, in the connecting links of the Canterbury Tales. Wordsworth wrote by preference of peasants because he believed that they felt more deeply and expressed their feelings more sincerely. And Masefield, doubtless, is of the same opinion. And so with Kipling, it is perhaps simply a phase of the characteristic reticence of the Anglo-Saxon man of the world which leads him to belittle the great events of his own stories by speaking lightly of them, just as his characters speak lightly of their own great deeds. Hence this prosaic treatment of the supernatural; hence the absence of heroics in his heroes.

And hence, also, the sophisticated attitude toward the passion of love. For in none of these stories of the Indian period does Kipling dally with the innocence of love. Not one has the romantic emotional quality of—for example—*The Sire de Malétroit's Door*. There are sometimes glimpses of it, like the unfinished love letter on Bobby Wick's table. But even in such cases as this, if Kipling had elaborated the glimpse into a complete picture, the object of the hero's affection would surely have proved to be unworthy. Kipling delights to dwell upon little ironies of this sort. Thus in *Wressley of the Foreign Office*, the hero, a mere statistician and hack-writer, fell in love and wrote an inspired book on *Native Rule in Central India*. "And, because this sudden and new light of Love was upon him, he turned those dry bones of history and dirty records of misdeeds into things to weep or to laugh over as he pleased. His heart and soul were at the end of his pen, and they got into the ink. He was dowered with sympathy, insight, humor, and style for two hundred and thirty days and nights; and his book was a Book.... [He] bore the first copy... to Simla and...

presented it to Miss Venner. She read a little of it. I give her review *verbatim*—'Oh, your book! It's all about those howwid Wajahs. I didn't understand it.'

"Wressley of the Foreign Office was broken, smashed,—I am not exaggerating,—by this one frivolous little girl."

There is no less irony in the notorious Mrs. Reiver's becoming an influence for good. Moriarty, the civil engineer, was given to drinking secretly, when he was drawn into the power of Mrs. Reiver, and he fell down in front of her and made a goddess of her. He swore a big oath to himself and kept it. And he will go down to his grave vowing and protesting that Mrs. Reiver saved him from ruin in both worlds.

"Moriarity . . . is married now to a woman ten thousand times better than Mrs. Reiver," but that, as Kipling is monotonously fond of saying, is another story. Had he told it, Moriarity's relations with Mrs. Reiver would have played an important part; it would have involved a conflict between the old, unworthy love and the new, ideal one, like *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* or *The Gadsbys* or *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*. His heroes and heroines have inconvenient pasts, and it is these, it is mainly their unworthy loves, that interest Kipling. He delights to perpetuate the ancient "triangle," the tradition unbroken in France, from the *fabliau* to Maupassant, the tradition of "men and women playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment." One phase of this tradition is what may be called the story of the incriminating corpse: the lover dies in the lady's presence, or she is confronted with the corpse, and there is danger lest she betray herself, or that she may be suspected of murder. Several of the thirteenth-century *fabliaux* deal with this theme. It is the basis of the eighth novel of the fourth day in the *Decameron*,

of Maupassant's *Une Ruse*, of Arthur Schnitzler's *Die Todten Schweigen,* and of two of Kipling's stories. In *At the Pit's Mouth* the Man's Wife and the Tertium Quid are riding together on the Himalayan-Thibet Road, when suddenly the edge gives way and man and horse vanish over the precipice. The Man's Wife is discovered later, "a temporarily insane woman, . . . with her eyes and mouth open, and her head like the head of a Medusa." In *The Other Man* the lover dies in a tonga and is brought into Simla dead, "sitting in the back seat, very square and firm, with one hand on the awning-stanchion, . . . the wet pouring off his hat and moustache," and a grin on his face. Kipling finds Mrs. Schreiderling kneeling in the mud by the tonga, screaming hideously—"Then she began praying for the Other Man's soul. Had she not been as honest as the day she would have prayed for her own soul too." Maupassant's Madame Lelièvre is not so honest, and Maupassant preserves something of the lighter tone of the *fabliaux*, which seems, with Kipling, to survive only in the grin on the Other Man's face. Kipling, moreover, avoids details; and in general he does not venture, with the Gallic frankness of Maupassant, to dwell upon the animal aspect of love. Nevertheless his conception is much the same. For both authors, love is a kind of disease, a source of evil, of bitter unhappiness, an object of cynical or ironical comment. Bobby Wick's advisers warn him against it; it puts an end, at best, to a promising career—to Gadsby's for example in the army, or to Strickland's in the police.

It is only in the tales of the unions of native women with Englishmen that it comes to have an ideal or poetic quality. Not, of course, in such stories as *Yoked with an Unbeliever, To be Filed for Reference,* or *On the City Wall;* yet even these

again may be contrasted, for Anglo-Saxon reticence, restraint, or coldness, with Maupassant's narratives of the French in Northern Africa, for Gallic frankness and passion. But in such stories as *Beyond the Pale* and *Without Benefit of Clergy,* the beauty of tragic devotion dignifies and ennobles a sordid situation. The mystery of these women of another and an inscrutable race endows them with a charm akin to that of those beings of the fairy other-world who elude one in the pages of Marie de France. So that if Kipling carries on the *fabliau* tradition, he carries on, in a sense, the *lai* tradition as well—both unconsciously, of course. From this point of view *Without Benefit of Clergy* deserves special study. Indeed it may perhaps be regarded as the masterpiece of the Indian period, and I am reserving it for examination as a kind of summary or type of all the aspects of the earlier manner.

Kipling, then, was not interested in the ordinary course of true love, which, as Mr. Crothers assures us, is smooth enough except in fiction. He was interested rather in its abnormal manifestations. And this is true of his interest in mental states in general. When he permitted himself to psychologize at any length, it was usually with reference to pathological—diseased or abnormal—conditions. Half a dozen stories are of this sort. Two of these deal with the special aberrations of the private soldier. *The Madness of Private Ortheris* is the story of a homesickness for which even his friend Mulvaney knows no remedy. It is the omniscient Kipling who remembers having seen a man nearly mad with drink cured by being made a fool of, who successfully pursues the same method with Ortheris. In point of structure, of concentration and significant concrete detail, this is one of the best short-stories in the volume. In

this respect it is far superior to *In the Matter of a Private,* which is begun by a long disquisition on hysteria in the army, the result of hot weather and overfeeding, very similar to an outbreak of hysterics in a girls' school.

The story follows as an illustration. It recounts how Private Simmons ran amuck, slew Private Losson, and defied the regiment. "And they hanged Private Simmons . . .; and the Colonel said it was Drink; and the Chaplain was sure it was the Devil; and Simmons fancied it was both, but he didn't know; . . . and half a dozen 'intelligent publicists' wrote six beautiful leading articles on 'The Prevalence of Crime in the Army.'

"But not a soul thought of comparing the 'bloody-minded Simmons' to the squawking, gaping schoolgirl with which this story opens."

Others of these stories may be regarded as warnings against overwork. Combined with a wife's infidelity it leads to insanity in *In the Pride of His Youth.* Combined with an impracticable creed it leads to temporary loss of speech and memory in *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.* Similarly afflicted with loss of memory, even of personality, is Lieutenant Limmason, *The Man Who Was.* This is perhaps the most highly concentrated short-story of the Indian period. In a single scene, powerfully dramatic and suggestive, the strange and unrecognizable being returns to his old regiment, the White Hussars. Bit by bit he reëstablishes his identity: he recognizes the regimental tune, finds the secret spring in a piece of silver plate, asks for the old picture of the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, and responds correctly to the toast to the Queen, snapping the shank of his glass between his fingers in the ancient fashion. Gradually, with the help of a Cossack

officer, the White Hussars learn that Lieutenant Limmason had been made prisoner by the Russians in 1854. He could not explain how he had found his way to his old mess again; and of what he had suffered or seen he remembered nothing.

The most complete study in pathological psychology, finally, is *At the End of the Passage,* which opens with the account of the four men playing whist in the heat of the Indian summer. Hummil, the host, is the protagonist. Solitude, overwork again, and the heat are the causes. The results are insomnia, melancholia, irritability, dreams that make of the man a terrified child, when the doctor gives him a few hours of artificial sleep. Hummil said good-bye and "turned on his heel to face the echoing desolation of his bungalow, and the first thing he saw standing in the verandah was the figure of himself. . . .

'This is bad,—already,' he said, rubbing his eyes. 'If the thing slides away from me all in one piece, like a ghost, I shall know that it is only my eyes and stomach that are out of order. If it walks—my head is going. . . .'

"When he came in to dinner he found himself sitting at the table. The vision rose and walked out hastily. Except that it cast no shadow it was in all respects real."

No living man knows what that week held for Hummil. At the end of it they found him. "The body lay on its back, hands clinched by the side. . . . In the staring eyes was written terror beyond the expression of any pen"; in the bed a long-necked hunting spur, to prevent sleep because of the terrors which it brought.

These, then, are the stories wherein Kipling permits himself to psychologize at greatest length; but even these have not the study of pathological conditions for their main purpose. *The*

Madness of Private Ortheris is to show how near Ortheris came to deserting and how revolting the thought of desertion was when he was in his right mind—proof of the deep loyalty of the British soldier. *In the Matter of a Private* is really the story of the daring capture of the murderer by Corporal Slane, who risked his life—as he explains with characteristic modesty and dislike of heroic pose—in order that he might have four battery horses to draw the carriage at his wedding. *In the Pride of His Youth* is a disquisition on the ancient text, a young man married is a young man marred. *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin* is perhaps an exception; it is mainly a study in aphasia. But it expounds also McGoggin's creed and explains why that creed won't work in India. *The Man Who Was* is largely a warning against the Russian peril and an attack on the Russian character. And finally, *At the End of the Passage* is concerned with many things beside the hallucinations of Hummil. Its aim is, primarily, to picture time and place, and to show the heroic, unassuming, hopeless, and utterly unappreciated self-sacrifice of Hummil and his three friends. This reaches a climax in Hummil's refusal to ask for sick leave, because the man who would have to take his place was married; yet Hummil foresaw his own end. With this story Maupassant's *Le Horla* offers a suggestive contrast. It deals with a single theme and there is nothing in the story that is not related to it. It is in the form of a journal; the reader's attention is focused on the emotional experiences of the writer; all else is ill-defined. The style is poetic; nowhere else does Maupassant, who cared little for the enchantments of the Middle Age, write so eloquently of Rouen or of Mont St. Michel. Again and again, and more and more emphatically he speaks of the mystery of

the unseen world all about us. If he seems for a moment to digress, it is only on a matter which is in reality connected with this theme. Gradually it becomes clear that he has been enslaved by the Horla, the invisible, impalpable, yet material being, who has taken possession of his very soul, subjected his will, mastered him, as man masters horse or dog. Incidentally there is an experiment in hypnotism, the narrator's cousin carrying out much against her will a posthypnotic suggestion. This, it appears presently, is for analogy: just as the hypnotist controls the actions of his subject, even so the Horla controls his victim.

CHAPTER III

PLOTS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

What one may perhaps call the static elements of narration —the time, the place, the social group, the persons, with their characters and their mental states—all these are bodied forth with extraordinary variety and completeness. It remains to study the means by which they are made effective and active, and the implications of their actions.

The impression that one carries away from the reading of Kipling is the impression of vividness, of having had a real experience. After a day with those moving pictures of Indian life—*Plain Tales,* or *Soldiers Three,* or *Black and White*—I come out into the California sunlight, blinking and rubbing my eyes, astonished to find myself at home. This immediacy of effect, this illusion of reality, is not wholly explicable. It is Kipling's special secret, the professional trick which is his stock in trade. Undoubtedly it is due to a variety of causes, and some of these, at least, are not wholly concealed by the perfection of his art. One of them is what the rhetoricians call "external structure"—the method of setting the story before the reader. Exactly half of the stories of this first period are told in the first person, or definitely betray, in some way, the presence of a narrator behind the narrative. In many instances Kipling himself, in his own person, tells the story, and plays, at the same time, a minor, though more or less active, part in it. I mean that when he is

present, his function is more than that of mere eyewitness. Thus in *Thrown Away,* when the Major learns of The Boy's absence, he at once appeals to Kipling for help—to Kipling the journalist:

> "He thought for a minute, and said, 'Can you lie?'
> " 'You know best,' I answered. 'It's my profession.' "

It is through Kipling the journalist, again, that we learn the story of *The Man Who Would be King,* Kipling the reporter for *The Backwoodsman* (manifestly *The Pioneer*), who sometimes wore dress clothes and consorted with Princes and Politicals, drinking from crystal and eating from silver, and sometimes lay out upon the ground and devoured what he could get from a plate made of leaves, and drank the running water, and slept under the same rug as his servant. It was "all in the day's work." It is in the pressroom of the paper that the great adventure begins and ends; and it is, in part, by means of this realistic, vivid, and, so to speak, highly *personalized* setting for the telling of the tale, that the story of the wanderer is made credible.

The "I" of these stories is, then, Kipling himself, Kipling the journalist, not a mere idealized projection of his own personality.[1] He has little adventures, amusing or otherwise, of which he makes copy. He entertains *A Friend's Friend* with disastrous and comic results; a sweetmeat seller takes gradual possession of a corner of his garden; he becomes attached to a native baby, who dies; he finds a terrible hidden well, a trap

[1] He confesses to the reporter's or author's notebook in *The Three Musketeers;* and in *The Courting of Dinah Shadd,* he is on duty as special correspondent with the Army of the South. It is clearly Kipling the journalist who writes *The Track of a Lie.* He follows it through all the exchanges.

for man and beast, in a maze of jungle-grass; he visits "The City of Dreadful Night." In the story of sham magic, *In the House of Suddhoo,* he plays a more more important part, and though present as mere observer, he lays himself "open to the charge of aiding and abetting the seal-cutter in obtaining money under false pretences" and fears that he will presently be privy to a murder in the House of Suddhoo.[2]

Kipling appears in his own person, briefly but impressively because unexpectedly, at the end of a number of these stories. "This is true," he implies, "for I was there and saw it all or even took part in it." Thus *Three and—an Extra* concludes: "Then said Mrs. Hauksbee to me—she looked a trifle faded and jaded in the lamplight—'Take my word for it, the silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool.' Then we went in to supper." And in the course of *Miss Youghal's Sais,* while Strickland, in disguise, was serving as Miss Youghal's groom, "all trace of him was lost, until a *sais* met me on the Simla Mall with this extraordinary note:

> Dear old Man,—Please give bearer a box of cheroots.... I'll repay when I reappear; but at present I'm out of society.
>
> Yours,
> E. Strickland.

That *sais* was Strickland.... The poor fellow was suffering for an English smoke, and knew that, whatever happened, I should hold my tongue till the business was over."

At the end of *Wressley of the Foreign Office* Kipling comes across, on Wressley's shelves, the only existing copy of *Native*

[2] In *From Sea to Sea,* a record of actual events, Kipling's account of a similar entanglement in Chinatown, San Francisco, is written in precisely the same manner.

Rule in Central India, the copy that Miss Venner could not understand. "Take it and keep it," said Wressley. "Write any of your penny-farthing yarns about its birth. Perhaps—perhaps—the whole business may have been ordained to that end." At the end of *The Other Man,* it was Kipling who saw, under the Tonga Office lamps, Mrs. Schreiderling kneeling in the wet road by the back seat of the newly arrived tonga, screaming hideously.

Sometimes Kipling reveals the fact that he has been present by expressing an opinion concerning some phase of the action. When The Worm got even with the senior subaltern by impersonating a wife whom the latter had married and deserted, "no acting, . . ." says Kipling, "could account for The Worm's display that night. Personally, I think it was in bad taste. Besides being dangerous." In *The Bronckhorst Divorce Case,* "no jury, *we* knew, would convict a man . . . on native evidence in a land where you can buy a murder charge." And one of the characters in *The Bisara of Pooree* was "Pack—'Grubby' Pack, as *we* used to call him." Sometimes it turns out that Kipling has played a more important part in the events of the story. He was responsible for the *Rout of the White Hussars* by the appearance, as if from the grave, of the old drum-horse, who had been supposedly shot, with a skeleton on his back. "I happen to know something about it," he says, "because I prepared the Drum-Horse for his resurrection. He did not take kindly to the skeleton at all." Kipling assists his friend Strickland in *The Return of Imray* and in *The Mark of the Beast,* where he plays the relatively passive part of Dr. Watson to Strickland's Sherlock Holmes. In *Thrown Away* he aids the Major in disguising and concealing the facts of The Boy's death.

In *False Dawn* it is he who manages to set things right when Saumarez proposes in a dust-storm to the wrong Miss Copleigh. In *The Madness of Private Ortheris* it is he who suggests and effects the cure. And it is he, similarly, who suggests to the King the proper method of dealing with the recalcitrant Namgay Doola, the Irish-Indian, who is constitutionally "agin the government" by virtue of his Celtic blood, but is won over to devoted loyalty when he is made commander-in-chief of the army. Kipling plays a less intelligent part, finally, in *On the City Wall*, wherein he is tricked by a clever woman into assisting in the escape of a native prisoner of importance from the English fort where he is confined.

On the whole, however, Kipling presents us, in the glimpses of himself, with material for a sufficiently flattering portrait —not the real Kipling, nor Kipling as the world saw him, but Kipling as Kipling, aged twenty-two, saw him. He is a member of the club, he moves in the best society; he is guide, philosopher, and friend to the best people in his stories, to Mrs. Hauksbee, the cleverest woman in India; to Strickland, who knew as much of the natives as the natives knew themselves. It is natural, then, that when he follows a different method and creates a narrator for his story, he, Kipling, should be the intimate friend of that narrator, receive his confidences, and be a prominent figure in the situation which frames the story.

These frame-situations, often very elaborate, are particularly characteristic of the stories of the Soldiers Three. And they are peculiarly interesting, historically, because they carry on, unconsciously no doubt, a very old tradition, the tradition of the oral tale. Ballad and folk tale, *lai* and *fabliau,* were composed for oral presentation. Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*

was, indeed, composed rather for private reading than for public recitation, but it dramatized the old situation, providing for each tale a narrator and an audience. Chaucer described the characters of narrators and audience, and motived the tales in these characters, in their relations to one another, and in their actions along the road to Canterbury. He himself was one of them. Kipling is one of a similar group. But the number is reduced from thirty to four; Kipling himself tells no stories; and the others, speaking, not to a heterogeneous company brought together by chance, but to friends, tell stories of their own adventures, usually of an extremely intimate and personal nature. We meet them first, in what may be taken for the East Indian equivalent for the Tabard Inn—the Umballa Refreshment Room—waiting, not to go on pilgrimage, but for an up-train. For Chaucer's

"Strong was the wyn, and wel to drink us leste . . ."

Kipling has "I supplied the beer. The tale was cheap at a gallon and a half." And at the beginning Kipling, like Chaucer, describes his characters: "Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd are Privates in B Company of a Line Regiment, and personal friends of mine. Collectively I think, but am not certain, they are the worst men in the regiment so far as genial blackguardism goes." Here, again, is the personal note, in the phrase "friends of mine," inconceivable in Chaucer, who had, nevertheless, broken away from the complete impersonality of medieval literature. Both authors, however, betray a liking for low company.[3] The story that follows—a practical joke played on a Duke who demanded a review of the troops—is told by Mulvaney and

[3] In *From Sea to Sea* Kipling says of himself that "a perverse liking for low company drew the Englishman . . . up a side street."

Ortheris together; the audience consists of Learoyd and Kipling with his notebook. Of the remaining soldiers-three stories, two are told by Learoyd, the rest by Mulvaney; and it is not so much through the stories themselves as through the frame-situations that the three characters are revealed. These are sometimes simple and brief, more often, highly and variously elaborated. Of the simpler type are *The Three Musketeers* (from which I have just quoted), *The Taking of Lungtungpen, The Daughter of the Regiment,* and *Private Learoyd's Story.* The first three of these are in *Plain Tales from the Hills.* The only other soldier story of this collection, *The Madness of Private Ortheris,* may, from the present point of view, be described as an elaborate frame-situation without the enclosed story. In it Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Kipling go shooting; Ortheris is suddenly attacked by homesickness, and is cured at length by being made a fool of, that is, being persuaded to change his uniform for Kipling's civilian dress. One might say, then, that for most of the later stories Kipling combines the two methods—an elaborate situation, as in *The Madness of Private Ortheris,* with a story told by a soldier, as in *The Three Musketeers, The Taking of Lungtungpen, The Daughter of the Regiment. Black Jack,* which might have for subtitle "the Madness of Private Mulvaney," would be exactly the result of such a combination. Here, as the story opens, Mulvaney is doing pack drill, and seven pages of introduction are required to show how his friends persuade him to walk off his anger and shame, before he begins the story proper. The rest of these stories are all of this more elaborate type and involve a similar narrative or even plot element, quite distinct from the story they enclose. In *The God from the Machine,* Kipling finds his three friends enjoying

refreshment begged or stolen from an officers' dance. *The Solid Muldoon* begins with a dog-fight. *The Big Drunk Draf'* reveals Mulvaney as a civilian, foreman of a gang of coolies, and introduces Dinah Shadd. In *With the Main Guard* Mulvaney tells the story of the Black Tyrone regiment in "Silver's Theatre" —perhaps the best fight in all Kipling—to "blandandher" Ortheris and Learoyd through the horrors of a hot night in Fort Amara. The frame for *Greenhow Hill,* Learoyd's love story, is a complete story in itself. Learoyd is inspired by the resemblance of the bare sub-Himalayan spur to his Yorkshire moors, and by the notion that the native whom Ortheris has come out to shoot may have deserted "for the sake of a lass." Kipling was not one of the party that morning; but it was he, and he alone, who heard Mulvaney tell his love story—*The Courting of Dinah Shadd.* As special correspondent he had been following all day the fortunes of a pursuing army engaged in a sham battle, and in the evening had fallen into the hands of Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd. An account of the evening follows—the doings of officers and men, practical jokes, songs and stories, about the camp fires. Mulvaney tells how he played Hamlet in Dublin, and, at last, the story of Dinah Shadd. Then, more camp nonsense.

"When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the night-dew gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver."

More complex, most complex of all, is the relation of framework and story in *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.* The two are so intertwined that the story comes to be told from four distinct points of view, with the result that the reader seems to move along with the action, to follow it as one follows the events

of contemporary history, day by day. After *Soldiers Three* there came the collections called *The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White, Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw,* and *Wee Willie Winkie.* In none of these is there a story of the three soldiers. In *Life's Handicap,* written after Kipling's departure from India, he returns to them with three stories, *The Incarnation, The Courting of Dinah Shadd,* and *Greenhow Hill. The Incarnation* comes first; and because he had so long neglected his three friends, or because he did not venture to assume that the English public, for whom he now wrote, was familiar with them, Kipling began this story with an account of the Three and of his relations with them. It is interesting to contrast this relatively formal and elaborate statement with the two sentences which introduced the Three Musketeers for the first time to the Anglo-Indian public. The point is a significant one as showing the care of the journalist and short-story writer to make himself intelligible to his readers. After this formal introduction comes the first scene of *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.* Story and framework are held distinct yet cleverly interwoven. The account of Mulvaney's incarnation is, moreover, the best example, in the early period, of Kipling's mastery of the comic, and demands discussion at this point, even at the risk of digression. It fulfils the short-story requirement of containing much in little; it works out all the ludicrous possibilities of these gay adventures, makes use of every possible source of comic effect. For character, Mulvaney patently falls below the moral norm; he is a drunkard and a thief, willing to take by force what is not his—justifying his act indeed by a kind of comic poetic justice: Dearsley "has robbed the naygur-man, dishonust. We rob him honust for the sake of the whiskey he gave me"—heed-

less of discipline, a disobedient soldier, careless of his own good name and that of the English army. But he is seen from the comic point of view. No more ludicrous contrasts are possible than Mulvaney in the royal palanquin—his legs wavin' out of the windy—Mulvaney at a Queens' Praying, Mulvaney impersonating the Maharanee of a Central Indian State, or posing as the god Krishna. He is seen, moreover, with the eye of sympathy rather than the eye of reason. Kipling takes care to insure this. The colonel wishes he had a few more like him—no one knows so well how to put the polish on young soldiers. And the sergeant adds that he is worth a couple of non-commissioned officers with an Irish draft, and the London lads adore him. Moreover, he wins our sympathy by a touch of pathos just at the height of the comic situation. The queens, it appears, have come to the temple to pray for children. "That," says Mulvaney, "That made me more sorry I'd come, me bein', as you well know, a childless man."[4] Thanks to this touch of pathos, and to Mulvaney's many lovable qualities, he is a humorous, rather than a merely comic figure. And on the positive side, there are Mulvaney's wit, the wonderful phrasing of his narrative, his cleverness, his readiness to take advantage of every situation.

For plot, we have here, as in the best *fabliaux,* intriguer pitted against intriguer. Dearsley, deprived of his profitable palanquin, thinks to outwit Mulvaney; but the comic disappointments are all his, and poetic justice is done. Mulvaney parading as the god Krishna, is a sham supernatural figure suggestive of the *fabliaux,* or, more specifically, of Boccaccio's St. Michael in the *Decameron.* And there is, finally, the *fabliau* delight in

[4] See *The Courting of Dinah Shadd* for the account of the child's death.

pain as a source of comic effect—the rough handling of Dearsley, and Mulvaney's seizing some ten or fifty of the coolies and knocking their heads together. Kipling does not here, as he does sometimes, go to the length of death. There is nothing like the passage in *The Taking of Lungtungpen*, where "they ran . . . an' we wint into thim, baynit an' butt, shriekin' wid laughin'. We counted seventy-five dead." Some of Kipling's critics have been troubled by a peculiar hardness or lightness in dealing with serious matters; perhaps it can be accounted for on the ground of *fabliau* tradition persisting down through the centuries in the essentially *fabliau* characters whom he depicts.

This method of narration—through the mouth of a narrator created for the purpose—is not confined to the Soldiers Three group. There are other story-tellers, like Hans Breitman, the far-travelled German naturalist, who tells, in German dialect, the tales of *Reingelder and the German Flag* and *Bertran and Bimi*. These and *Of Those Called, The Wreck of the Visigoth*, and *The Lang Men o' Larut* are told at sea. *The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows* is the monologue of an opium-eater, with a curiously well-held, monotonous, and whining style. From this point of view it is one of the best of the early stories.

In certain other monologues—*Dray Wara Yow Dee, At Howli Thana* and *In Flood Time*, Kipling's questions are implied; we feel his presence as interlocutor throughout. These tales are, therefore, to be regarded as Dramatic Monologues, somewhat after the manner of Browning.

But none of these other framed tales are as effective as those of the Soldiers Three. For none are so highly personalized; in none are the narrators so interesting, and in none does Kipling make his own presence so distinctly felt. For this intrusion

of the author into his own work is not to be regarded, with Kipling, as a defect. In spite of his youthful eagerness for flattering self-portraiture, he never seems to stand between the reader and the story. He never has the manner of Boccaccio or of Addison, who seem to be visibly manufacturing their stories, or worse, summarizing in cool, correct, and elegant fashion the stories of others. Kipling, on the contrary, seems to be dealing with matters of fact: he was present when the thing happened; or he himself played an active part; or the story was told to him on a definite occasion, under conditions involving a certain emotional stress; in hearing he suffered that emotion, he had something more than the receptivity of a phonograph making a record; he was never a mere mechanical recorder of another's words. And though, on the other hand, his stories are never studies in introspective psychology, yet in many of them the reader can follow rather closely Kipling's own "line of emotion," particularly when that emotion happens to be fear, as in *The Return of Imray* or *The Mark of the Beast,* or sorrow, as in *Thrown Away* or *The Story of Muhammad Din.* Kipling's own emotion, however, is mainly evident as sympathy with the persons of his stories. No reader can fail to share his astonishment, his amusement, his anxiety, his sorrow, as Kipling listens to Mulvaney, or as he tells such stories as *The Madness of Private Ortheris, Wressley of the Foreign Office,* or *Namgay Doola.* And this sympathy with hero or heroine is no less evident in many of the stories told in the third person, where neither a narrator nor Kipling himself openly intervenes. That Kipling takes sides with Lispeth against the missionaries is evident enough, in spite of the briskly impersonal and somewhat Maupassantian manner. He sides continually with the commonly

misunderstood—with the natives, in *The Judgment of Dungara;* with the British soldier, in *In the Matter of a Private;* with the civilian officials, in *At the End of the Passage;* with the people of doubtful reputation as against the respectable hypocrites, as in *Watches of the Night* and *A Bank Fraud,* and with children, as in *Baa Baa Black Sheep* and *His Majesty the King.* In general, he takes sides with his hero; for while that commonplace of criticism, which would make Kipling's heroes always Kipling himself, must be regarded as an exaggeration, still it is true that there are many projections of himself, as child or man, in his stories; so that these, too, have the vividness and immediacy of effect of highly personalized narrative. And even stories told, like so many of those in *Plain Tales from the Hills,* to prove a point in morals or to establish some phase of human character, even these *exempla,* have much of the same quality. This is due not merely to an autobiographical quality, as in *Baa Baa Black Sheep*—which proves that small boys are not as black as they are painted; it is due not merely to his taking sides, as in *Lispeth;* it is due also to the fact that the story, though merely illustrative, is mainly significant for a phase of life in which he is himself an active participant. Thus even *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin,* though Kipling styles it a tract, has none of the dullness, the painfully manifest didactic intention of that wearisome literary kind. Though Kipling endows McGoggin with his own grandfathers, the two Methodist preachers, yet McGoggin is not Kipling, and Kipling sides against him. The story interests, rather, because it has all the external realities, and because Kipling thoroughly believes it. Here, perhaps, is the secret of the effectiveness of personal narrative: Kipling believes his own stories; consequently, as he writes,

he shares the emotions of his characters: he grieves with them, laughs with them; he shares their anxiety, their dread, their fear, their wrath, their sense of triumph. Inevitably we too believe; we too suffer their emotions.

There are other ways of being effective. There is the impersonal way, the way of Shakespeare and the great dramatists, who create characters of surpassing reality, yet quite distinct from themselves, and set them before us by means of dialogue alone, without comment or explanation. Kipling's experiment in this way is an interesting study. *The Gadsbys* is not drama: it could not be acted; but it *is* wholly dialogue—dialogue which contrives to imply character, emotion, and resulting situations of great moment. There are eight parts. In *Poor Dear Mamma,* Captain Gadsby, who has been attentive to Mrs. Threegan, meets Minnie Threegan, her daughter, and after an interval of five weeks is engaged to her. In *The World Without,* men at the club, in a desultory and realistic conversation full of shop, discuss the engagement. It appears that Captain Gadsby is rich, and it is predicted that he will retire when he marries. But he is likely to have difficulty in breaking with Mrs. Herriott. *The Tents of Kedar* is a dinner-party. Captain Gadsby is seated next to Mrs. Herriott. "How on earth"—says he, aside —"am I to tell her that I am a respectable, engaged member of society and it's all over between us?" However, he manages to do it. In *With Any Amazement,* the wedding is solemnized. *The Garden of Eden* is the honeymoon and first exchange of confidences. "Never," says Mrs. Gadsby, "never, *never* tell your wife anything that you do not wish her to remember and think over all her life. Because a woman . . . *can't* forget. . . . And I shall want to know every one of your secrets

—to share everything you know with you.... You must *not* tell me!'' In *Fatima,* wife and work come into conflict. Mrs. Gadsby, moreover, reads a letter from Mrs. Herriott, and there follows a falling out and a making up, with tears. In *The Valley of the Shadow,* a scene of moving pathos, Gadsby says ''good-bye'' to his dying wife. However, she recovers, and in *The Swelling of Jordan,* Gadsby has decided to give up the service for her sake. ''Jack,'' he says to his friend Captain Mafflin, ''be very sure of yourself before you marry. I'm an ungrateful ruffian to say this, but marriage—even as good a marriage as mine has been—hampers a man's work, it cripples his sword-arm, and oh, it plays Hell with his notions of duty!'' Gadsby has lost his nerve. ''Wait till you've got a wife and a youngster of your own, and then you'll know how the roar of the squadron behind you turns you cold all up the back.... I'm talking like a cur, I know: but I tell you that, for the past three months, I've felt every hoof of the squadron in the small of my back every time that I've led.''

Had Kipling been reading *Virginibus Puerisque?* ''In marriage,'' wrote Stevenson at twenty-five, ''a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being.... The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day 'his first duty is to his family,' and is fulfilled in large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the health of an invaluable parent. Twenty years ago this man was equally capable of crime or heroism; now he is fit for neither. His soul is asleep, and you may speak without con-

straint; you will not wake him.'' Had Kipling been reading *Virginibus Puerisque?* Or had he, born fifteen years after Stevenson, merely reached the same stage in his development, the age when, like Will Honeycomb, a young man rails at matrimony ''to show his parts''?

As an experiment in the development of plot and character by means of dialogue *The Gadsbys* is not wholly successful.[5] Kipling does not play the game strictly according to rule. That is to say, if he does not himself utter comment or explanation, he calls in characters to do so. Thus the men at the club—the ''world without''—talk their shop naturally enough, yet talk obviously for the purpose of expounding Gadsby and his situation. The story is not completely self-revealing; it transpires in part through the comments of others. Kipling, again, makes free use of the stage direction to indicate mental state: ''Captain G. (*insolently*)''; Mrs. H. (*drawing herself up*); Mrs. H. (*softening*); Mrs. H. (*fiercely*); Capt. G. (*feebly*); and so on. As if Shakespeare had written: ''Hamlet (*sadly*), ''To be or not to be?'' One sees at once how the speeches of a real dramatist carry their own emotional implications. And Kipling, finally, makes reckless use of the *aside*. When Captain Gadsby meets Minnie Threegan:

Capt. G. Do you ride much then? I've never seen you on the Mall.

Miss T. (*Aside*) I haven't passed him *more* than fifty times. (*Aloud*) Nearly every day.

Capt. G. By Jove! I didn't know that. Ha-Hmmm. (*Pulls at his moustache and is silent for forty seconds.*)

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[5] See, however, Barrie's praise—significant from a fellow-craftsman—of Kipling's revelation of character by dialogue in *The Gadsbys*. He does succeed, though, as I say, not by purely dramatic means. It is interesting to know that he had had some experience in acting. And he has recently produced a play.

Miss T. (*Desperately, and wondering what will happen next*) It looks beautiful. I shouldn't touch it if I were you. (*Aside*) It's *all* Mamma's fault for not coming before. I *will* be rude!

A more thoroughgoing experiment in this way, though on a smaller scale, is *The Hill of Illusion.* There are only two speakers, *He* and *She.* There are no comments, no explanations by others, no stage directions, and no *asides.* The conversation reveals the situation and at the same time changes it. *She* says:

Do you mean *that* still? I didn't dare to write to you about it—all these months.

He. Mean it! I've been shaping my affairs to that end since Autumn. What makes you speak as though it had occurred to you for the first time?

She. I? Oh! I don't know. I've had long enough to think, too.

He. And you've changed your mind?

She. No. You ought to know that I am a miracle of constancy. What are your—arrangements?...

He. The arrangements are simple enough. Tonga in the early morning—reach Kalka at twelve—Umballa at seven—down, straight by night train, to Bombay, and then the steamer of the twenty-first for Rome. That's my idea. The Continent and Sweden—a ten-week honeymoon.

So it begins. But *She* thinks of the scandal, of her brother and mother; *She* cannot trust *Him.*

It can't last, Guy. It can't last. You'll get angry, and then you'll swear, and then you'll get jealous, and then you'll mistrust me—you do *now*—and you yourself will be the best reason for doubting. And I—what shall *I* do? I shall be no better than Mrs. Buzgago found out—no better than any one. And you'll *know* that. Oh, Guy, can't you *see?*

He. I see that you are desperately unreasonable, little woman.... May I call to-morrow?...

She. Ye-es. Good-night, Guy. *Don't* be angry with me.

He. Angry! You *know* I trust you absolutely. Good-night and—God bless you!

(*Three seconds later. Alone*) Hmm! I'd give something to discover whether there's another man at the back of all this.

The peculiar vividness, the air of reality of Kipling's stories is then, due in part to the peculiarities of external structure.[6] It is due to the personalized quality of the narrative; it is due on the other hand, in other stories, to just the opposite quality, to the dramatic impersonality. We are permitted to overhear the natural conversation of the characters, and, as in *The Gadsbys* or *The Hill of Illusion,* we are permitted in large measure to draw our own conclusions. Yet another trick of external structure contributes to the impression of reality. This is the recurrence of the same persons in numerous stories. By the time that we have seen Mulvaney in half a dozen different moods, under different circumstances, engaged in different adventures grave or gay, we come to have a feeling of the complexity of his character, we think of him as an old friend. Subconsciously we apply the test of reality: we conceive of him as cause and as effect, we can predict of him as accurately as of our friends what he will do under all circumstances. And this is true, though in less degree, of Learoyd and Ortheris, of Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Reiver, as well. Particularly telling is Kipling's manifest foreknowledge of the lives of these persons. From the first he seems to know all about them, to have in mind not only all the stories that he is going to tell but also many others which he does not choose to tell. On Mrs. Hauksbee's first appearance it is said that "she could be nice even to her own sex. But that is another story." The other story is *The Rescue of Pluffles.* In *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney,* Mulvaney refers to his childlessness. In *The Courting of Dinah Shadd* is told the story of his child's death. And so on—it is not necessary to

[6] One more method of presentation must be added for completeness, the journal written by the protagonist, found in two stories only, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw* and *The Dream of Duncan Parrenness.*

multiply instances. The effect of this grasp of a whole group of stories is like that of the grasp of the whole plot of a novel; it is unifying; it weaves the web more closely; it makes action as well as character seem more like a transcript of life.[7]

Kipling's power of making us see what he sees is due in part, then, to what is called external structure. It is due in part, also, to *internal structure*. By internal structure I mean, practically, *Plot, Design*—the architecture of the story, the plan of the whole, its division into parts, the material of which these parts are constructed. In general, one does not get the impression that Kipling gave very much thought to these matters. One does not get the impression that he planned his stories carefully from beginning to end, as Poe and Stevenson did. He worked rather, one would imagine, instinctively, spontaneously; in a sense, artlessly; with a strong feeling about the story in hand rather than a definite plan as to its form. If he had a principle in mind, I judge that it must have been that of naturalness. I judge that he wished to avoid anything that might look like affectation, like artificiality, anything, in the early stories at least, which should look very different from the other columns of the *Civil and Military Gazette* or *The Pioneer*. Probably the same impulse which held him down to the commonplace, to the prosaic, in stories which may now seem to us to demand a higher style, held him down to an approximation of the structure of the informal, oral "good story" of our own day—the after-dinner story—in the architecture of his tales.

It does not appear that he had in mind a definition of the

[7] The recurrence of places has the same effect: Simla is the scene of many of the tales of Anglo-Indian society; Fort Amara, of *With the Main Guard* and *On the City Wall*.

Short-Story, that he was conscious of the demand of brevity upon plot, or the demand of all-around elaboration. Thus, if one were to make a table of Kipling's stories, like Professor Baldwin's table of Boccaccio's, classifying them as Anecdotes, Condensed Long-Stories, and Short-Stories, one would probably find that something like one-half were mere anecdotes, that something like one-fifth were condensed long-stories, and that only the remaining one-third were true short-stories. These results, of course, are my own. No other critic would agree with them. And I am often in doubt as to my own classification. I place *The Man Who Would Be King* among the short-stories, but I am by no means sure that it belongs there. For it is a kind of epic in little; it covers wider space and time and contains larger adventures than *On Greenhow Hill*. Yet it seems to me a more nearly typical short-story, for in it the essential thing is the scene in which Kipling takes part. It is less the story of the Man Who Would Be King than Kipling's story *of* that story. There *must* be doubt, then. However, I believe that, roughly speaking, my classification is correct enough, and that there would be general agreement as to the results.

The large number of anecdotes is not surprising. It is due in part, doubtless, to the conditions under which Kipling wrote. He has given an amusing account of the publication, in *The Civil and Military Gazette*, of his early verse: "Nothing can be wholly beautiful that is not useful, and therefore my verses were made to ease off the perpetual strife between the manager extending his advertisements and my chief fighting for his reading-matter. They were born to be sacrificed. Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: 'Your potery very good,

sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page.' '' Under similar conditions were the early stories published. ''Evidently,'' says Mr. Le Gallienne, ''journalistic conditions kept [the *Plain Tales*] down to an average of some two thousand words apiece; and that insistence on a comprehensive brevity is always something to the credit of journalism as a literary training. 'In every poem, train the leading shoot, break off the suckers,' runs a dictum of Landor's. There is nothing like journalism for breaking off the suckers, and as Mr. Kipling's style is essentially a journalistic one, journalism at its highest power, the journalism of a man of genius, journalism vitalized by an imagination which usually reserves itself for higher forms of prose, this reference to *The Civil and Military Gazette* . . . is not without its significance.'' Doubtless, moreover, the stories, like the verses, were written in haste, and under pressure, as a diversion and as an escape from the toil of the subeditor—whose business was to subedit. Consequently there would be, ordinarily, no time for careful plotting, for the thoughtful elaboration of the various elements of the narrative, for the recasting or remolding of the material. These processes, too, could only have been repugnant to a man, and particularly to a young man, of Kipling's temperament. His strength lay —and lies—less in intellect, than in imagination and memory. Reflection, meditation, deliberate contemplation and painstaking elaboration of material were not in his way. He had neither time, nor, I should judge, inclination for them. We have already seen, for example, how light is his touch on character, creating not the individual but the type; and how little he ordinarily makes, in his stories of mystery and terror, of the

accessories of time and place and of the emotions of the persons concerned. Because, then, of the necessity of brevity, of the inevitable rapidity of composition, and because of Kipling's own temperament, the tendency to write anecdotes was strong with him.

Anecdote differs from short-story by virtue of lack of elaboration. Some of Kipling's anecdotes, however, are incapable of elaboration; no increase of length, no leisure or propensity for cogitation could make of them short-stories. Of such quality is, for example, *The Lang Men o' Larut*. It is the story of an American, Esdras B. Longer, who, having his name in mind, bet that he was the longest man on the Island. But he was so impressed by the height of the three men who were produced to overtop him that he owned himself beaten. Such a tale, manifestly, is too essentially brief, too slight, too insignificant, to be or to become anything but anecdote. But it is the anecdote of genius. It fulfils admirably the conditions of the so-called "funny story"—the comic tale, told by word of mouth, which must be immediately effective on a single hearing, must lead up to the point so that the point, when it comes, may be unmistakable, must finish with the point, must not omit the point. Kipling's anecdote is indeed to be regarded, historically and technically, as an elaboration, as a development of the "funny story." And, by his own account, it appears that in general the oral tale, serious or comic, must have had an influence on his art. In the interesting preface to *Life's Handicap* he wrote: "These tales have been collected from all places, and all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubára, from Ala Yar the carver, Jiwun Singh the carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains round the world, women spinning outside their cot-

tages in the twilight, officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and a few, but these are the very best, my father gave me.'' Thus history repeats itself. The tale was conditioned by oral presentation in the time before Chaucer; the curious may follow the influence of the literary folk tale—based always on the true, oral folk tale—from Boccaccio to Poe; Bret Harte regarded the American short-story as a development of the oral and journalistic ''good-story''; and Maupassant developed *his* gift in part by hearing and telling such tales. And we have seen how Kipling, like Chaucer, dramatized the old situation of the oral presentation of a tale, creating such characters as Mulvaney and his friends, not merely as actors within the stories, but as narrators, and as audience for the telling. In Kipling's anecdotes we are made aware once more of the ever-recurring debt of the short-story to the technique of the oral tale.

The Lang Men o' Larut is typical of a class of tales which are essentially anecdotes. Another group are essentially short-stories, and remain anecdotes because of lack of elaboration, of failure to work out what is really there. Typical of this class is *Little Tobrah.* ''It was true that the dead body of Little Tobrah's sister had been found at the bottom of the well, and Little Tobrah was the only human being within a half-mile radius at the time; but the child might have fallen in by accident. Therefore Little Tobrah was acquitted.'' An Englishman, who saw him hungrily eating the grain that a horse had left in his nose-bag, pitied him and took him home. Little Tobrah told his story to the groom and his wife—how smallpox had slain his father and mother and destroyed his little sister's sight, how his elder brother had run away with the little money they had, and how, when he and his sister begged food in the

village, there was none to give, for there was a famine in the land.

"And upon a hot night, she weeping and calling for food, we came to a well, and I bade her sit upon the kerb, and thrust her in, for, in truth, she could not see; and it is better to die than to starve.... I would have thrown myself in also, but that she was not dead and called to me from the bottom of the well, and I was afraid and ran.... But there were no witnesses, and it is better to die than to starve. She, furthermore, could not see with her eyes, and was but a little child."

"Was but a little child," echoed the Head Groom's wife. "But who art thou, weak as a fowl and small as a day-old colt, what art *thou?*"

"I who was empty am now full," said Little Tobrah, stretching himself upon the dust. "And I would sleep."

The groom's wife spread a cloth over him while Little Tobrah slept the sleep of the just.

The sudden revelation of childish cynicism—or is it the pathos of childish hopelessness?—at the close, is worthy of Maupassant. And Little Tobrah's story has something of Maupassant's matter-of-fact manner of dealing with heart-rending facts. Of a roughly similar theme, a dog that slowly starves to death at the bottom of a pit calling his penurious mistress, Maupassant made a full length short-story. And the notion of a sister given up as dead, calling her terrified brother from the depths, is the central idea of the plot of the *Fall of the House of Usher*. It is easy to see, then, how Kipling might have made of this anecdote of *Little Tobrah*, had he chosen to do so, a short-story, simply by elaborating the elements of the narrative. Just how much elaboration is necessary it is impossible to say; the difference between anecdote and short-story, when the anecdote is capable of elaboration, is a difference in degree, not in kind. The line has always to be drawn arbitrarily, and general agreement is impossible.

Kipling's early stories, then, reveal the tendency to write anecdote. They reveal also the tendency to write condensed long-story; but this is much less pronounced. In the condensed long-story, the idea, the motif, is not suitable for short-story treatment. It may require for its elaboration time too extended, places too numerous, a social group too large or too complex, the development of a character, a plot with too many essential episodes. Here again, manifestly, the distinction is an arbitrary one. Just how much time, how many places and persons—and so on—are permissible in the short-story, it is impossible to say. However, when so much is attempted that the story has to be wholly in the form of summary, of narrative in general terms, then, it would be generally agreed, we have condensed long-story. When, on the other hand, the story in all its elements is suggested by means of a single, highly elaborated scene, then, it would be generally agreed, we have typical short-story. These are the extremes; somewhere or other between them one has to draw the arbitrary line. It would be difficult to find in Kipling a story consisting wholly of summary; it would be difficult, also, to find one altogether free from it. For it is natural that a man of Kipling's vividness of memory, of his keen sense of fact, should make free use of concrete incident. And it is no less natural that a man who composes brief narrative rapidly, a man of impetuous imagination, should make free use of summary, should deal, as we say, "in summary fashion," with the events of that narrative. If style is any indication of character, the young journalist was not without a certain impatience of disposition; he would feel that his own time was too limited, as well as that the columns of his paper offered too little space, for the slow and painstaking elaboration

of single scenes, for the ingenious translation into narrative terms, into incident and dialogue, of all that he wished to convey in regard to the time, the place, the social group, the characters, the story as a whole, and its moral significance. For whatever cause, his tendency is rather to catch the nearer way, which was, also, the more natural way, and come out frankly with his rapid generalizations. Thus in *Lispeth:* Lispeth, when she found that the chaplain's wife had lied to her and that the Englishman had no intention of returning to marry her, "took to her own unclean people savagely, as if to make up the arrears of the life she had stepped out of; and, in a little time she married a woodcutter who beat her after the manner of *paharis,* and her beauty faded soon. . . . Lispeth was a very old woman when she died." There is so much summary of this sort, and what concrete events there are, are so lightly touched, so swiftly passed over, that *Lispeth* must, I think, be regarded as a condensed long-story. As a matter of fact *Lispeth* attempts two things that are practically impossible for the short-story: it attempts a complete biography of the chief character—Lispeth's birth, the death of her parents, her upbringing by the chaplain's wife, her general way of life, her love affair with the Englishman, her months of waiting, her disappointment, her reversion to her own people, her later marriage and life, and her death; it attempts also to trace a complete change of character. And all this in some seventeen hundred words. Obviously, summary is the only method, and it is as inevitable that *Lispeth* should be condensed long-story, as that *The Lang Men o' Larut* should be anecdote. But even as Kipling's anecdotes are the anecdotes of genius, by no means *mere* anecdotes, even so his condensed long-stories are the condensed long-stories of genius, by no means lacking in admirably effective

concrete detail. For example: "One day, a few months after she was seventeen years old, Lispeth went out for a walk.... She came back at full dusk, stepping down the breakneck descent into Kotgarh with something heavy in her arms. The Chaplain's wife was dozing in the drawing-room when Lispeth came in breathing heavily and very exhausted with her burden. Lispeth put it down on the sofa, and said simply, 'This is my husband. I found him on the Bagi Road. He has hurt himself. We will nurse him, and when he is well, your husband shall marry him to me.'

"This was the first mention Lispeth had ever made of her matrimonial views, and the Chaplain's wife shrieked with horror." In this brief passage is compressed all one needs to know concerning the time, the nature of the country, the contrasting social groups—native and English—the contrasting characters—Lispeth and the Chaplain's wife, Lispeth's motives and intentions, and the "exciting moment" of the story. But even here the striking thing is the extreme rapidity of the narrative: Lispeth's finding of the Englishman is omitted, or summed up rather in the single sentence, "I found him on the Bagi Road." Contrast with this sentence the more leisurely method of Bret Harte. In *The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge,* his vigorous and masterful heroine found, at dusk, lying insensible in the road, the victim of an accident. Where Kipling uses seven words Bret Harte requires three pages. He begins conventionally with a description of the landscape: "It had grown dusk on Burnt Ridge.... A faint glow still lingered over the red valley road.... Night was already creeping up out of remote cañons." Then he introduces the heroine, dim and mysterious at first, clearer as the story proceeds:

At a point where the road began to encroach upon the mountainside in its slow winding ascent the darkness had become so real that a young girl cantering along the rising terrace found difficulty in guiding her horse, with eyes still dazzled by the sunset fires.

"In spite of her precautions, the animal suddenly shied at some object in the obscured roadway, and nearly unseated her.... But she was apparently a good horsewoman, for the mischance which might have thrown a less practical or more timid rider seemed of little moment to her. With a strong hand and determined gesture she wheeled her frightened horse back into the track, and rode him directly at the object. But here she herself slightly recoiled, for it was the body of a man lying in the road.

Note the more careful art of Bret Harte's method—how he creates a little suspense from moment to moment, even though he is dealing only with minor incidents. Who and what was the girl? What the dark object in the road? Unlike Lispeth, the American girl does not at once conceive the idea of a possible husband. At least Bret Harte gallantly remains silent on that point, even, indeed, until the last sentence of the story, when he says simply: "The Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge never married." Just now she is thinking of other matters:

As she leaned forward over her horse's shoulder, she could see by the dim light that he was a miner, and that, though motionless, he was breathing stertorously. Drunk, no doubt!—an accident of the locality alarming only to her horse. But although she cantered impatiently forward, she had not proceeded a hundred yards before she stopped reflectively, and trotted back again. He had not moved....

Dismounting, she succeeded in dragging him to a safe position by the bank. The act discovered his face, which was young, and unknown to her. Wiping it with the silk handkerchief which was loosely slung around his neck after the fashion of his class, she gave a quick feminine glance around her and then approached her own and rather handsome face near his lips. There was no odor of alcohol in the thick and heavy respiration. Mounting again, she rode forward at an accelerated pace....

Harte's is a more leisurely art, but it is the typical art of the short-story—the full information in regard to the time, the

place, the persons, the character of the heroine, all translated ingeniously into narrative terms. "Drunk, no doubt," is the only direct revelation of the girl's thought. We learn of her later hesitation and of the final revision of her opinion only through her actions. No less typical is the careful conduct of the narrative, the *gradual* "focussing," the holding back point by point, the little mysteries gradually cleared, the larger mystery of the story—the identity of the man and the cause of the accident. All this requires more careful composition than *Lispeth.* Unhurried as it is, it is yet in the manner of the true short-story: *Lispeth* is in the manner of the condensed long-story.

Harte's *Rose of Tuolumne,* also, is roughly parallel with *Lispeth* and illustrates the same contrasts. *Princess Bob and Her Friends,* though it deals with the unhappy adventures of an Indian woman in contact with narrowly religious whites, consists rather of a series of unconnected incidents than of an organic plot and is valuable mainly as revealing the similarity of Harte and Kipling in attitude toward life. It is not, of course, to be understood that Harte was a more consistent writer of short-stories, or that he had a better understanding of the real nature of the short-story than Kipling. Kipling, doubtless, owed much to his master, but he has achieved a higher and more varied development of his art. Kipling, I say, owed much to his master: this is perhaps the best place for a digression concerning the nature of that debt. Or rather for bringing together some of the more striking characteristics in which the Englishman resembles his American predecessor; whether these resemblances, in each case, are the result of imitation, conscious or unconscious, or of similarity in temperament, or of similarity in situation, or of exposure to the same literary influences—as

for example to that of Dickens—it is in the nature of the case impossible to say.

Critics of Kipling, early and late, have seen some sort of relation with Harte. Andrew Lang, writing in 1891, mentioned the opinion of "a young Scotch gentleman, writing French, and writing it wonderfully well, in a Parisian review," who "chose to regard Mr. Kipling as little but an imitator of Bret Harte, deriving his popularity mainly from the novel and exotic character of his subjects. No doubt," Lang admitted, "if Mr. Kipling has a literary progenitor, it is Mr. Bret Harte." Kipling himself, however, visiting California some two years earlier, had freely expressed his admiration for Bret Harte and had revealed his familiarity with his work. He had declared San Francisco worth a great deal less to the outside world than the man who had made it hallowed ground. He had objected to American voices largely because they ruined Bret Harte for him, because he found himself "catching through the roll of his rhythmical prose the cadence of his peculiar fatherland. Get an American lady to read to you 'How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar,' and see how much is, under her tongue, left of the beauty of the original." Leaving San Francisco Kipling travelled northward through California. "At six in the morning the heat was distinctly unpleasant, but seeing with the eye of the flesh that I was in Bret Harte's own country, I rejoiced. There were the pines and madrone-clad hills his miners lived and fought among; there was the heated red earth that showed whence the gold had been washed; the dry gulch, the red, dusty road where Hamblin was used to stop the stage in the intervals of his elegant leisure and superior card-play; there was the timber felled and sweating resin in the sunshine; and, above all,

there was the quivering pungent heat that Bret Harte drives into your dull brain with the magic of his pen. When we stopped at a collection of packing cases dignified by the name of a town, my felicity was complete. The name of the place was something offensive, . . . but it owned a cast-iron fountain worthy of a town of thirty thousand. Next to the fountain was a 'hotel,' at least seventeen feet high including the chimney, and next to the hotel was the forest—the pine, the oak, and the untrammelled undergrowth of the hillside. A cinnamon-bear cub—Baby Sylvester in the very fur—was tied to the stump of a tree opposite the fountain; a pack-mule dozed in the dust-haze, a red-shirted miner in a slouch hat supported the hotel, a blue-shirted miner swung round the corner, and the two went indoors for a drink. A girl came out of the only other house but one, and shading her eyes with a brown hand stared at the panting train. She didn't recognise me, but I knew her—had known her for years. She was M'liss. She never married the school-master, after all, but stayed, always young and always fair, among the pines. I knew Red-Shirt too. He was one of the bearded men who stood back when Tennessee claimed his partner from the hands of the Law. The Sacramento River, a few yards away, shouted that all these things were true. The train went on while Baby Sylvester stood on his downy head, and M'liss swung her sun-bonnet by the strings."

Kipling evidently retained a lively recollection of Bret Harte; he does not write as one writes who has "gotten up" his author for the occasion; the mis-spelling of "Hamblin" is additional evidence, if additional evidence is necessary. He remembered Harte's style as "driving an impression into your dull brain," a virtue which he himself had sought and achieved

—even, as Andrew Lang put it, a "too obtrusive knocking of the nail on the head." On the other hand he does not seem, in these earlier stories, to have aimed at that rhythmic beauty of style which could be destroyed by the voice of an alien reader. "You will butcher the style to carve into your own jerky jargon," says McIntosh Jellaludin when he hands his notes to Kipling; and the phrase may serve as a rough description of Kipling's manner; it could not be applied to the style of Bret Harte. Yet both were journalists, and each after his own kind wrote "journalese." Harte's pretended quotations from contemporary newspapers read like an exaggeration of Harte's own manner: they have the same classical allusions, the same exaggerations, the same naïve stiffness, though not in the same degree. He is always a little formal, a little pompous, he writes with something like the flourish of the old-fashioned Spencerian hand. Kipling's journalese was very different: it was far more rapid in movement; it aimed to be as commonplace and as business-like as possible, to keep always to the lower levels of prose. It was not formed upon the model of Bret Harte's.

However, it was less as the stylist than as the portrayer of landscapes that Kipling thought of Harte. Naturally enough, indeed, the actual California scene recalled to him Harte's descriptions of it; he saw in it what Harte had led him to expect. His mind, moreover, had selected just those features of the American stories that would naturally impress themselves upon an Anglo-Indian—the quivering pungent heat, the dry gulch, the red dusty road, the pack-mule dozing in the dust-haze. These are characteristic also of the East Indian landscape, and one can imagine Harte furnishing through them the little impulse necessary to direct the creative energy of Kipling to the

portrayal in short-stories and verses of Anglo-Indian life. And, one may conjecture with a fair degree of certainty, Kipling would, in carrying out his plan, instinctively see and unconsciously select the kind of scene and character that Bret Harte had taught him to see and to select. At the same time, Kipling would be influenced, as Harte had been, though independently of Harte, by the sense of contrast—the contrast between two civilizations, between the frontier and "home," and between the various phases of the frontier life itself. Only while there was in California a kind of melting-pot, in which were thrown together people of most varied origins, leading the same sort of life, in India the races were kept distinct, so that Harte emphasized common human characteristics, and Kipling, the distinguishing characteristics of the black and the white. Thus it is naturally not Harte but Kipling who becomes the singer of the race or clan. The Californian life and the Indian were alike, again, in that stress of action and emotion swept aside shams and hypocrisies and revealed the vanity of conventional morality. Thus both Harte and Kipling delight to emphasize the good that is in evil characters and the evil that is in good ones. Just as Mulvaney is the most famous of Kipling's creatures, Jack Hamlin, or John Oakhurst, is the most famous of Harte's; Mother Shipton, like Mrs. Hauksbee, is compounded of good and evil; and Miggles and Ameera are alike more loyal than wedded wives. Harte's heroes, like Kipling's, are conscientiously unheroic, and as sedulously avoid the appearance of good.

Harte, a faithful follower of Dickens, makes much of the pathos of childhood, of the sick or the dying child. It is not inconceivable that the moving scene in *How Santa Claus Came*

to Simpson's Bar revealed to Kipling the possibilities of the situation which he sets forth in the no less moving *Muhammad Din.* Carry, the child who, in *An Episode of Fiddletown,* unconsciously exerted an influence for good and prevented the elopement of a faithless wife with her lover, may have furnished a hint for *His Majesty the King.* I should hardly venture to connect *Without Benefit of Clergy* with *The Luck of Roaring Camp,* yet it may not be pure chance that Tota and The Luck, both born out of wedlock, charm by the same instinctive movements. "As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek.... 'He rastled with my finger,' he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, 'the d—d little cuss!'" And "Holden found one helpless little hand that closed feebly on his finger. And the clutch ran through his body till it settled about his heart."

Conceivably, again, Kipling may have found in Harte a kind of authority or countenance for his own natural tendency toward self-assertion and self-portraiture. For Harte, like Kipling, appears in his own stories in his own person. Sometimes he discloses unexpectedly the fact that he himself was acquainted with the persons of the story: he "remembered quite distinctly" Mrs. Tretherick at one period of her career; he "recently had the pleasure of meeting at Wiesbaden" the Baroness Streichholzen. And like Kipling he adorns with his own traits the characters in his stories. The events which he narrates are, furthermore, as with Kipling, made more real by the recurrence of the same characters—Hamlin, Oakhurst, Yuba Bill, Colonel Starbottle, and others.

There is, finally, a marked resemblance in the attitude toward life. Harte's first success was, like Kipling's, a *succès de scandale*. Yet Harte like Kipling was given to moralizing, though he too preached an unconventional morality. He delighted to emphasize the viciousness of respectable people. The parents of the Chatelaine of Burnt Ridge are worthless, bigoted, irritable, always complaining, and seem to live only to make their daughter's life unbearable. Her mother appears "to be nursing her resentment and a large bible, which she held clasped against her shawled bosom at the same moment." What wonder that Josephine is 'tolerant of everything but human perfection!" These perfect people are particularly ready to suspect others. A harmless occurrence fired the "inexperienced Leyton ['a married man and a deacon'] with those exaggerated ideas and intense credulity regarding vice common to some very good men." As with Kipling there is the complementary view which emphasizes the virtues of the vicious. "I trust," wrote Harte in his first preface, "I trust that in the following sketches I have abstained from any positive moral. I might have painted my villains of the blackest dye,—so black, indeed, that the originals thereof would have contemplated them with the glow of comparative virtue. I might have made it impossible for them to have performed a virtuous or generous action, and have thus avoided that moral confusion which is apt to arise in the contemplation of mixed motives and qualities. But I should have burdened myself with the responsibility of their creation, which, as a humble writer of romance and entitled to no particular reverence, I did not care to do." Harte does, however, sometimes portray really evil persons; yet even these may, as with Kipling, sometimes exert a beneficent influence. Thanks to the

effect of the assumed personality of the infamous Mrs. Decker, Oakhurst the gambler "read more; he took long walks, he sold his fast horses; he went to church." He even ordered a new suit of clothes—"something *respectable*—something that doesn't exactly fit me, you know." Even so, in Kipling's *In Error*, Moriarity is led to reform through the influence of the notorious Mrs. Reiver.

These, then, are a few of the many points in which Kipling's stories are similar to Harte's. In many of them there is, of course, a difference of degree, where, for example, Harte's descriptions are vivid, Kipling's are still more so; where Harte emphasizes the admixture of good with evil in his characters, Kipling is still more emphatic; where Harte intervenes now and then in his own stories, Kipling is intensely self-assertive; and so on. And, of course, the contrasts are in general more striking than the resemblances. Certainly Kipling, even in the beginning, was never a mere imitator of Harte. It would seem rather that he was indebted to him for the first impulse and for the general form of the work in which his genius found expression. Had Harte never lived or written there would still be a Kipling, but a Kipling not precisely the same.

To take up once more the discussion of the structure of Kipling's stories: we have seen that his work reveals two tendencies which make away from the short-story manner: the anecdote tendency, which leads sometimes to the selection of a motive too slight and insignificant, and which leads to the failure to elaborate sufficiently even an adequate motive; and the condensed long-story tendency, which leads sometimes to the selection of a motive too large to be worked out within short-story limits, and results inevitably in the writing of summary.

But these tendencies are by no means always carried so far as to result in actual anecdote or condensed long-story; for many of Kipling's tales are, of course, true short-stories. And yet these tendencies are always or nearly always present and modify to some extent the structure even of the true short-stories themselves.

In dealing with these our best method will be, as with anecdote and condensed long-story, to take a typical example. For this purpose none is better suited than *Without Benefit of Clergy*. It was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, 1890, and may be regarded as marking, in a way, the close and climax, and summing up most of the characteristics of the first period. It is nearly ten thousand words in length. Written at greater leisure, not for a newspaper but for a magazine, not bound by the early limitations, it was yet written by the same Kipling, the Kipling trained in the offices of the *Gazette* and the *Pioneer*. It is perhaps the best known and the most popular of all Kipling's stories; no summary is necessary. *Without Benefit of Clergy* is a punning title. "Benefit of Clergy" is manifestly not used here in the proper sense of "privilege of exemption from trial by a secular court, allowed to or claimed by clergymen arraigned for felony"; it implies rather that the union of Holden and Ameera had not the sanction of the marriage ceremony, civil or religious. That, in Kipling's view, this ceremony might be something of an empty formality, and did not always insure the sanctity of the marriage tie, one may gather from a passage in *In the Pride of His Youth:*

> Excepting, always, falling off a horse, there is nothing more fatally easy than marriage before the Registrar. The ceremony costs less than fifty shillings, and is remarkably like walking into a pawn-shop. After the declarations of residence have been put in, four minutes will cover the

rest of the proceedings—fees, attestation, and all. Then the Registrar slides the blotting-pad over the names, and says grimly with his pen between his teeth, "Now you're man and wife"; and the couple walk out into the street feeling as if something were horribly illegal somewhere.

But that ceremony holds and can drag a man to his undoing just as thoroughly as the "long as ye both shall live" curse from the altar-rails, with the bridesmaids giggling behind, and "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden" lifting the roof off. In this manner was Dicky Hatt kidnapped....

With all such ceremony Holden and Ameera had dispensed, and their union proved more sweet, more pure, more lasting, than Dicky Hatt's, or half the regular marriages of Anglo-Indian society. This, the central theme of the story, is thus a moral concept; and Kipling's purpose is, primarily, not to tell a pathetic or tragic tale, but, just as definitely as Addison in his essays, to utter a criticism of life.[8] It is a phase of his favorite theme—the essential excellence of the non-respectable—the theme that finds incarnation in such characters as Mulvaney or Mrs. Hauksbee and in such stories as *A Bank Fraud*. Kipling had dealt in earlier stories with unions of this sort; he had, so to speak, made experiments in the treatment of this motif; *Without Benefit of Clergy* is his last word, the final perfection in its kind. Idealization of the heroine, and of her relations with the hero is the way to success in such a story, and in no previous attempt is the idealization carried so far. Ameera has something of the beauty, the strangeness, the mystery, the elusiveness of the fairies of the Celtic other-world, beloved of Arthur's knights, and like the amorous adventures of Guingamor, of Guigemar, or Tyolet in the *lais* of Marie de France, her story is removed from reality and the judgments of reality.

[8] From this point of view—as indeed from all points of view—it is interesting to compare Kipling's story with Stevenson's tale of a similar union, *The Beach of Falesa*, which is told primarily for the romance of the action.

Ameera herself, the Ameera who sat with Holden upon the roof of their dwelling, counting the stars, might well be the creature of another world. When she speaks, her words have the dignity, the oriental imagery, the rhythm of a language utterly alien to the shop and slang of the Anglo-Indians. The mutual devotion of the two is, like that of medieval lovers, all the greater because it is free, unconstrained by marriage vows. When cholera comes, Holden urges Ameera to go to the mountains. She refuses, "Let the *mem-log* run," she says.

"Their husbands are sending them, beloved."

"... Since when hast thou been my husband to tell me what to do? I have but borne thee a son. Thou art only all the desire of my soul to me. How shall I depart when I know that if evil befall thee by the breadth of so much as my littlest finger-nail.... I should be aware of it though I were in paradise.... My lord and my love, let there be no more foolish talk of going away. Where thou art, I am. It is enough." Thus Ameera unconsciously echoes Bret Harte's heroine: "... If we were man and wife we'd both know that I was *bound* to do what I do now of my own accord"—another version, simply, of the medieval theory that love and marriage were incompatible. Only Ameera goes further; being less than wife she will be more.

But such unions cannot last. The fairy queen carried Sir Lanval away to Avalon and men saw him no more; and so it was with Guigemar. Chaucer's Dorigen and Arveragus sought to perpetuate their union by wedlock and became for the Middle Ages a paradox—married lovers. But Holden and Ameera could find no such solution for their problem. To lose himself in fairyland—to bury himself in India with a native wife—was as impossible to a man of Holden's temperament as return to

England with her would have been. There was no way out but death. And in a few months came the cholera, and carried off mother and child. And Ameera's mother vanished, and Pir Khan went upon pilgrimage. Even the house was destroyed. "It shall be pulled down," said Durga Dass, "and the Municipality shall make a road across, as they desire, from the burning-ghaut to the city wall, so that no man may say where this house stood."

Much of the pathos of the story lies in Ameera's dread of the end, in her vain yearning, her hoping against hope, for permanence. The pathos, too, is the pathos of childhood. Ameera herself is but a child; and her son has many of the endearing traits which Kipling had recorded in his earlier stories of children, notably in *Muhammad Din,* and the simple and obvious methods which children everywhere employ to win the hearts of those about them. There is deeper tragedy, but there is no more piercing pathos, than in the death of a little child, even though it is a theme somewhat overworked by the sentimentalists, by Dickens and by Harte, for example; and it is involved, characteristically enough, in the tale of Chaucer's sentimentalist, the Prioress.

If Kipling emphasizes the ideal and sympathetic aspect of this union, its beauty, its strangeness, its transitoriness, its pathos, he means, as I have said, to contrast it with the prosaic, regular marriages of everyday. The whole story, indeed, is a story of contrasts. The two phases of life, the Indian and the English, are set one over against the other. Once more it is the English System that Kipling celebrates, the organization, with its intelligence, its discipline, its unquestioning obedience of orders, in contrast with the native ignorance and panic.

Holden himself is part of the system, simply, neither better nor worse than his fellows. The evil and the good in his nature are evident on our first glimpse of him. He is, one may suppose, essentially selfish, with manifest moral limitations, yet capable of tenderness, of generous impulses, of stern devotion to duty. But he is not an individual. He is simply the type of Anglo-Indian official as Kipling conceives him.

The other persons of the story are types also. Ameera is but typical native, typical child-wife, with the native and childish superstitions and little jealousies, who charms Holden by her beauty, her helplessness, her dependence, her complete self-abandonment. In her pride of motherhood—"I am his mother, and no hireling.... Shall I look to him more or less for the sake of money?"—she is to be contrasted with her own mercenary mother—"a withered hag" as the fairy-tale demands —who "would have sold Ameera shrieking to the Prince of Darkness if the price had been sufficient," and who, when Ameera lay dead, "shuffled down the staircase, and in her anxiety to take stock of the house-fittings forgot to mourn."

The persons are types, but they stand out clearly enough; and, what is more remarkable, there is in the whole story scarcely one epithet to describe them. They are permitted to reveal themselves wholly by what they do and say and so achieve a peculiarly vivid reality. Read, for example, the portrait of the least important of all the characters, who doesn't really come into the story at all:

> The Member for Lower Tooting, wandering about India in pot-hat and frock-coat, [who] talked largely of the benefits of British rule and suggested as the one thing needful the establishment of a duly qualified electoral system.... It was the Deputy Commissioner... who lightly told a tale that made Holden's blood run cold...."He [the Member for

Lower Tooting] won't bother any one any more. Never saw a man so astonished in my life. By Jove, I thought he meant to ask a question in the House about it. Fellow-passenger in his ship—dined next him—bowled over by cholera and died in eighteen hours. You needn't laugh, you fellows. The Member for Lower Tooting is awfully angry about it; but he's more scared. I think he's going to take his enlightened self out of India.

There is the member for Lower Tooting; no adjectives are needed. And there, too, is the light talk of grave matters, the cynicism, so thoroughly characteristic of Kipling's Anglo-Indians. The discussion of impending cholera goes on, and one adds, "There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion." This lightness and cynicism, which, as we have seen, holds Kipling down to the level of prose, which prevents anything like fine writing is, however, confined to the English side, the real world of this story.

If Holden and Ameera and the rest are types, this is not to say that they are personified abstractions, that they lack humanity. If they are not highly complex individuals, if they are in no way peculiar, they are, all the more, normal or elemental human beings. Certainly it is not as a type, not as an Anglo-Indian official, but as man simply, that Holden, like every husband and father, suffers hope, anxiety, joy, sorrow, dread, and poignant grief. And so it is with Ameera; though it is true that both suffer in part because they *are* types: Holden because his connection with Ameera must remain unknown; Ameera because she knows that one of her white sisters will inevitably win Holden in the end. But these social vicissitudes only increase a sorrow—and a joy as well—which are in themselves elemental. It is largely because of this universal human quality of the emotion, because it is the result of experience common

to all humanity, that *Without Benefit of Clergy* is so widely regarded as the best of Kipling's stories.

There is no lack of emphasis upon the emotional element. On almost every page there is some reference to it, and the reader can follow Holden's mental state from beginning to end. The lines of emotion are singularly complete; or, perhaps, one should say rather that Kipling never loses sight of the emotional value of his material. For he is continually introducing bits of dialogue and action, little incidents like the clutch of the baby's hand on Holden's finger, simply because of their moving quality. There are two emotional crises, two climaxes of grief, in which the situations are allowed to stand for themselves. In general there is little analysis, little direct description of emotional states. Though the story as a whole is largely a study in emotion, it is not a psychological study. It is a study—or rather it is not a study at all, but a presentation of the dramatic expression of emotion, by action, gesture, word, by involuntary physical reaction. The description of the setting at the close is full of emotional suggestion: "He found that the rains had torn down the mud pillars of the gateway, and the heavy wooden gate that had guarded his life hung lazily from one hinge. [This gate has had throughout, a kind of symbolic significance, as if it were the barrier of fairyland which shut out the real world.] There was grass three inches high in the courtyard; Pir Khan's lodge was empty, and the sodden thatch sagged between the beams. . . . Ameera's room and the other one where Tota had lived were heavy with mildew; and the narrow staircase leading to the roof was streaked and stained with rain-borne mud."

Without Benefit of Clergy is largely free from those sudden descents to prose which destroy the dignity of emotional situations in other stories—but not wholly free. Occasionally there are banal phrases: "Ameera was wild with delight." "A vast . . . tenderness . . . made him choke." [Kipling's common formula for the self-repressed Englishman's expression of grief or tender feeling.] "Holden's gift . . . delighted her immensely." "Ameera, wild with terror." "A tale . . . made Holden's blood run cold." "Holden, sick with fear." "He fled . . . with his heart in his mouth." Passages of this sort are not many, but they do mar the story. They show that, though *Without Benefit of Clergy* marks the height of Kipling's pathetic prose, he was still writing after the manner of the journalist who cannot stop to find the one perfect word or phrase and makes use instead of the well-worn coin of everyday speech.

In the matter of Structure, also, the author of *Without Benefit of Clergy* is still the Kipling of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. The two tendencies which make away from the short-story are still present, the tendency to write anecdote and the tendency to summarize. The first, it must be confessed, is scarcely felt; it appears perhaps only in the account of the Member for Lower Tooting; the second is more pronounced. The motif itself of *Without Benefit of Clergy* has some of the characteristics of a long-story: a considerable time must elapse; Tota's history must be traced from his birth until the moment when he walks and talks and calls himself a man. This material, indeed, is capable of concentration, capable of short-story treatment, but it is not wholly concentrated; it is not wholly free from summary, from narrative in general terms, from the manner typical of the condensed long-story.

But, after all, as one reads *Without Benefit of Clergy*, one is scarcely conscious of any lack either of concentration or of concreteness. For the passages that are not part of organic scenes, the summaries and the explanations, deal with narrative material, with matter germane to the story. There is no discussion of marriage in general, as there is in *In the Pride of His Youth*, or of the unions of Englishmen with native women; and the matters summarized—the connective parts of the narrative, the feelings of the chief persons, the course of the cholera—all these are strictly parts of the story. The summaries, moreover, have a remarkable effect of concreteness, owing to the introduction of bits of dialogue, here and there, or of little incidents, like those which adorn the account of Tota's childhood, and also owing to their own peculiar picturesqueness, as in the passage that tells in rapid summary of the spread of the cholera: "The people crowded the trains, hanging on to the footboards and squatting on the roofs of the carriages, and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and the dying. They died by the roadside, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass. The rains did not come, and the earth turned to iron lest man should escape death by hiding in her." No individual, no single instance is mentioned—the passage is pure generalization—but, at the same time, it is pure narrative; and it is immensely picturesque; the mind of the reader automatically supplies the concrete pictures. Kipling writes summary, but it is the summary of genius. It is the summary of a special type of genius: not of one whose main strength lies in his intellectual powers, for he would have generalized about the nature of the disease, the character of the native, and so on, and given us some figures by way of pallid

illustration. It is the summary of the genius whose strength lies rather in memory, in a marvelously vivid sense of fact, who sees, even when he summarizes, and makes us see.

Not the genius whose strength lies in his intellectual powers, for such a one would group his material, the product of memory and imagination, in carefully constructed scenes, few and elaborate. And it is likely that he would, moreover, organize the plot of his story so as to produce the greatest possible effect on the reader, so as to hold his attention by mystery or suspense; proportion his narrative so as to give most space to what should be most impressive and dwell longest upon it. But these things Kipling does not do. The facts recalled by memory, brought together into new combinations by imagination, crowd in too fast upon him, to permit the slow elaboration of a long scene, the holding back of a point, the gradual enfolding and unfolding of a mystery. The reader knows as well as the author that the story can end in only one way. And the author reveals his grasp of the whole, his underlying consciousness of the inevitable end by only two methods: one of them is the ominous hints of how the end is to come; the other is the contrasts, in place and time and society, between the Indian and the English worlds, and the emotional contrasts between joy and sorrow.

Beyond such touches as these Kipling does not go. He does not proportion the parts of his story. Of his three parts the third and most important is, indeed, the longest. But in Part II, Tota's illness and death are passed over in a few words and five pages are devoted to the scene on the roof. Tota's death should, of course, have less space and emphasis than Ameera's, but even Ameera's with all the preliminaries, has only one page.

The excellence of the structure of *Without Benefit of Clergy*

lies, then, rather in the crowding of vivid, picturesque, and interesting details,[9] rather in incident, than in carefully planned and elaborated scenes. By virtue of this concreteness of handling, of the weight and significance of its theme, and of the sufficient elaboration of all the elements of narrative it is to be regarded not as anecdote or condensed long-story, but as true short-story.

To sum up the results of our analysis: *Without Benefit of Clergy* is typical of Kipling's work of this period in that it has for initial impulse the desire to show the superiority of this irregular union over many regular marriages—a phase of his celebration of the non-respectable as compared with the respectable. It is the best representative of the group of stories which deal with the union of Englishmen and Indian women. It is the best of the group of stories which deal with the pathos of childhood. It illustrates Kipling's skill in adopting the points of view of the child, the native, the English official of the System. The characters are types and their emotions are simple and elemental, if not deeply studied, yet convincingly and affectingly represented. So far as all these matters of technique are concerned *Without Benefit of Clergy* may be regarded as an admirable representative of Kipling's early manner.

We have still to analyze the structure of the early tales in general, and here, we shall find, *Without Benefit of Clergy* is less thoroughly typical. For, while its summary though picturesque narrative, the brevity of its structural units, its crowding with vivid incident, can be paralleled elsewhere, the preference

[9] Stevenson, whose own practice illustrated the perfection of scenic structure, yet, in theory, insisted upon the value of mere concrete incident, rather than action or complexity of plot, to "realize the sense of danger and provoke the sympathy of fear."

of situations to scenes, the large number of these, the hints of tragedy to come, the tragic irony, and the opening exposition in dialogue are not of common occurrence.

It is difficult to generalize in regard to any phase of Kipling's technique, and particularly difficult in regard to the matter of structure, even when one confines oneself to a single period of his work. He seems to have had no regular plan or plans of attack on his material; his stories cannot be classified according to their architectural designs, according to schemes or patterns, simply because these are so numerous, so various, that, for the one hundred and ten stories there would be one hundred and ten classes. One can do no more, therefore, than note a few of the methods of handling the various parts of a story, which seem to be roughly characteristic.

He begins his stories in a dozen different ways. Sometimes he begins with a statement of the doctrine which the story is to enforce or illustrate, giving out a text for a sermon, so to speak, like his grandfathers, the Methodist preachers. This text may stand alone, as it does in *Beyond the Pale:* "A man should, whatever happens, keep to his own caste, race and breed.... This is the story of a man who wilfully stepped beyond the safe limits of decent everyday society, and paid for it heavily." Or Kipling may pause to expound and elaborate the text before he goes on to the story. *Thrown Away,* for example, begins: "To rear a boy under ... the 'sheltered life system' is not safe," and this text is followed by a page or so of disquisition. This manner of opening is confined to the earlier stories; the majority of the *Plain Tales* begin in this way.

Very seldom does Kipling begin in the formal and old-fashioned way, as Irving began *Rip Van Winkle,* or Poe, *The*

Fall of the House of Usher, with a description of place-setting. He does so only when the scene is structurally necessary, an organic part of the story, as in *The House of Suddhoo,* a tale of terror and sham magic, or in *A Wayside Comedy,* where the tragi-comic situation is largely the result of the segregation of the persons at a lonely outpost. He does not begin with Time, except as combined with Place in such a story as *At the End of the Passage,* where the terrors of the East Indian summer are responsible for the death of the hero. And he does not begin with the Social Group, unless the action of the story is in some way conditioned by it.

His most common opening is an account of the chief character or characters of the story, and of their relations to one another, an account, that is, not of the whole phase of life, but merely of that small part of it with which the story is to be concerned. More commonly this account of character or *dramatis personae* takes the form of direct description, or of a summary of their past history. Sometimes, however, the character is introduced in the dramatic way, by an incident which has no other function, that is, which does not carry forward the action of the story itself. McIntosh Jellaludin enters singing:

> " 'Say is it dawn, is it dusk in thy Bower,
> Thou whom I long for, who longest for me?
> Oh, be it night—be it—'

"Here he fell over a little camel-colt that was sleeping in the Serai where the horse-traders and the best of the blackguards from Central Asia live . . . When a loafer, and drunk, sings 'The Song of the Bower,' he must be worth cultivating." There at once you have the two extremes that unite so strangely in Jellaludin, and make the story.

But while, as I have said, many stories begin with an account of character, relatively few begin in this dramatic way; and few begin with action which is an integral part of the plot. *The Hill of Illusion* must of course begin in this way, and so must the eight stories of *The Gadsbys,* since these consist wholly of dialogue and stage directions. And *The Education of Otis Yeere* and *A Second Rate Woman* begin in this way, because they are conveyed to the reader almost wholly through the conversations of Mrs. Hauksbee and Mrs. Mallowe. For these and other apparent exceptions there are good reasons; it is, then, not normally the way of Kipling to begin with dialogue and action. In this respect *Without Benefit of Clergy* is distinctly exceptional.

Not uncommonly he begins with a fairly elaborate explanation or summary of antecedent action or situation. But such summaries are always interesting. They are adorned with concrete, picturesque, and suggestive detail. *The Man Who Was,* for example, begins with a general account of Dirkovitch as a typical Russian. Abstract discussion of Russian character might well be dull. Kipling makes it anything but dull: "Let it be clearly understood," he begins, "that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt." This epigram—right or wrong as to facts—shocks the reader into attention at once. He is willing to read a few sentences to find out what Kipling means.

Now and then it is by a preliminary summary of the story to come—after the manner of the daily press—or by a description of this story, or by a hint as to its nature, that Kipling catches the reader's eye and mind. *Beyond the Pale* is said to be "the story of a man who wilfully stepped beyond the safe

limits of decent everyday society, and paid for it heavily. He knew too much in the first instance; and he saw too much in the second. He took too deep an interest in native life; but he never will do so again.'' Such an introduction, manifestly, does not ''give away'' the point, or deprive the story of unexpectedness. Our eagerness to know why ''he will never do so again,'' tells for, not against suspense. The framed tales, naturally, begin with the framework; and the frameworks begin, as do the tales themselves, in every possible fashion—with Time or Place or Society or Character or Plot, in general summary, concrete incident, or hint of what is to come.

For simplicity, and in the interests of scientific method, I have been at pains to devise these categories and to make this attempt to classify Kipling's methods of beginning his stories. But categories are purely academic affairs; they were no concern of Kipling the artist in fiction. Manifestly he did *not* say to himself, ''The nature of this story is such that I can best begin with place-setting, or with character, or with a hint of what is to come.'' He had, I imagine, rather a general impression of his story—not a definite plan—and when he sat down to write, the story came with tremendous rapidity, helter-skelter, from the end of his pen. I scarcely exaggerate when I say that he began with everything at once; he immediately flung a dozen oranges in the air, and kept them all up to the last paragraph. In other words, while this or that element may predominate in the introduction, others are always present. Thus a certain incoherence is characteristic of all the more elaborate introductions, and now and again one sympathizes with Ortheris, when Mulvaney was trying to tell the story of *The God from the Machine* and tacked about and about without

moving forward: " 'Mulvaney, the dawn's risin',' said Ortheris, 'an' we're no nearer 'ome than we was at the beginnin'.' " Here are some of the matters that Kipling discusses at the beginning of *On the City Wall:* character of the heroine, social setting, history of the heroine, place-setting, character of the hero, social setting, history of the hero, character of the hero, preliminary hint of the story, social setting (relations of England and India), character of the heroine, place-setting, social setting; then a dialogue reveals, once more, social setting, character of the heroine, character and history of the hero; and then follows an account of the character-revealing habits of the heroine.

Everybody knows that one must write about one thing at a time, and finish with that before one goes on to the next. If one does not, one's writing will be incoherent. This passage might be cited as an example. But, after all, it is the incoherence of genius, it comes from over-plus of imagination and sense of fact, like Shakespeare's mixed metaphors. And somehow you have, when you begin the story itself, a sufficient understanding of the situation.

If Kipling *begins* his stories in all possible ways, sometimes in all possible ways at once, he *proceeds* in the same fashion. If his first step is character, his second may be text, or hint of what is to come, or incident of the plot, or explanation, or comment; he has, as I have said, no settled habit, no definite plan of attack, each story seems to tell itself, after its own fashion.

In general, however, one seems to see in Kipling a preference for scenes—wherein something happens, over situations—cross-sections of the narrative wherein the action stands still. One seems to see, also, a certain preference for the single scene—the proposal in the dust-storm, in *False Dawn*, the repulse of the

rioters in *His Chance in Life,* the sham magic in *The House of Suddhoo,* the escape from the coal-mine in *At Twenty-Two,* the riot in the city in *On the City Wall.* A few have two scenes, like the plotting against Mulvaney and the attempted shooting of O'Hara in *Black Jack.* But one scene is the rule. Only a few of the stories can be said to consist mainly of a single situation rather than of a scene. *The Madness of Private Ortheris,* for example, in *Plain Tales,* and *The Man Who Was,* in *Life's Handicap,* are both noteworthy pieces of concentration. *The Madness of Private Ortheris* is a single and highly elaborated situation, free from summary, and free or almost free from explanation. It traces the gradual coming on of the nostalgia, the climax of the attack, the change into civilian dress, which is also the beginning of the cure, the hours of suspense while Mulvaney and Kipling wait for Ortheris alone by the river to come to himself, and the happy conclusion. The whole is enacted in one place, within a few hours, by three persons, who represent, however, the English army and the vicissitudes of its life in India. *The Man Who Was* is nearly twice as long, more significant, more dramatic, but not so completely translated into terms of concrete narrative. It is the work of Kipling the patriot, the imperialist, inspired by hatred of Russia, by consciousness of the conflict of Russian and English interests in the Far East. It has certain dramatic incidents more stirring than anything in *The Madness of Private Ortheris:* the ceremonial drinking of the Queen's health, a traditional rite of the White Hussars; the speech of Hira Singh, the native officer, concluding, "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we will play it out side by side, though *they,*"

again his eye sought Dirkovitch, "though *they,* I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse"; the shot heard outside and the entrance of the limp heap of rags upheld by three soldiers; his gradual and unconscious self-revelation of identity, and of the fact that he had been a Russian prisoner. It is a more stirring and significant situation than the *Madness of Ortheris,* but it is prefaced by four pages of summary and explanation, giving an account of Dirkovitch, the Russian officer, his character and his history, of the general character of the White Hussars, his hosts at dinner, and of the theft of carbines from the regiment by the Pathans across the river. And it is concluded by the suggestive incident of the departure of Dirkovitch. *The Strange Ride of Marrowbie Jukes* is a less certain instance of single situation. Through fifteen pages, however, he is imprisoned in the sand pit, in the village of the living dead; and there seems no possibility of escape. And though he is intensely active all the time, his activity is that of the squirrel in the cage; it leads to nothing; and his rescue, in the end, comes from without. These are stories of a single situation; they are not numerous; and stories of more than one situation are still fewer. The story of *The Man Who Would be King,* prefaced by the incidents of Kipling's first meetings, on railway trains, with the two adventurers, is told in two situations in the newspaper office, one before, one after, the great adventure; but the second of these is rather frame for story than story proper. The best example of the two-situation story is *At the End of the Passage,* with its two Sunday gatherings of the friends, one before, the other after, Hummil's death. In *The Education of Otis Yeere* it is possible to distinguish as many as four distinct situations. In this respect, also, then, *Without Benefit of Clergy* is exceptional. I

do not think that its series of seven situations strung on a thread of summary can be paralleled from the true short-stories of Kipling's early work.

However, a number of these stories do consist mainly of a series of *incidents,* of little happenings, that is, too brief and too slightly elaborated to be regarded either as situations or as scenes. But the line between incident and scene or situation, is one of the many arbitrary lines which have to be drawn, and the distinction, though in general a useful one, is often doubtful in individual cases. In *Kidnapped,* clearly enough, the narrative is intentionally confined to minor incidents, from which we are to infer the main action of the story. In *Bertran and Bimi* it is simply a matter of lack of elaboration. In *Beyond the Pale,* too, there is little elaboration, but here one can not be so certain. In general, incidents—little, detached bits of action, not organized into scenes, but floating loose, so to speak, in a stream of summary—are extremely common in Kipling's stories. It is largely by this means that Carnehan, the companion of the man who would be king, and Learoyd, in *On Greenhow Hill,* tell their tales.

I have noted *Kidnapped* as an instance of the suggestive method: the incidents narrated are not those of the real story, *that* we must construct for ourselves. Kipling was to do later great things with this method, but in this early period there are few instances of it; one is *His Majesty the King,* where we read much more than the child hero into the incidents which he observes. However, Kipling does not venture to let these suggestions stand alone. In *Kidnapped* his title clears away any possible doubt; in *His Majesty the King* he inserts a needless explanation. In *To Be Filed for Reference,* the powerful sug-

gestion of the last words of the drunkard and loafer who was once an Oxford man—"Not guilty, my Lord!"—is, however, allowed to stand alone, or almost alone; for even here Kipling adds, lest we miss the point: "Perhaps his last sentence in life told what McIntosh had once gone through."

The ends of Kipling's stories are not less various than the beginnings. The earlier ones are likely to close with a comment of his own, sometimes recurring to his opening text with a triumphant Q. E. D. Thus *Kidnapped* begins with a jocose plea for a Governmental Matrimonial Bureau, "with a Jury of Matrons, a Judge of the Chief Court, a Senior Chaplain, and an Awful Warning, in the shape of a love-match that has gone wrong, chained to the trees in the courtyard." After making it apparent that Peythroppe had to be kidnapped for six weeks to prevent a *mésalliance* it concludes: "But just think how much trouble and expense . . . might have been saved by a properly conducted Matrimonial Department. . . ." In other cases Kipling's concluding remark is mere comment on the story as story: "no one will believe," he says, "a rather unpleasant story [*The Mark of the Beast*], and it is well known to every right-minded man that the gods of the heathen are stone and brass, and any attempt to deal with them otherwise is justly condemned.' Occasionally this critical comment is entrusted to one of the persons of the story or of the framework—to Mulvaney, for example, as in *The Daughter of the Regiment,* or to Mrs. Hauksbee, as in *A Second Rate Woman,* or to the English onlookers, as in *At Twenty-Two.* Sometimes the close explains —somewhat weakly, indeed—how it was possible that certain events should have taken place. Thus Marrowbie Jukes accounts for his escape: "It seems that [Dunoo, my dog-boy] had

tracked Pornic's footprints fourteen miles across the sands to the crater; . . . had taken one of my ponies and a couple of punkah ropes, returned to the crater, and hauled me out as I have described." Suggestive of medieval narrative, particularly of the habit of the *fabliau*, is the close which sums up the situation resulting from the story. Thus Kipling tells us how, as the result of his presence in the house of Suddhoo, he was open to the charge of aiding and abetting in obtaining money under false pretences. Suggestive of the fairy-tale, "lived happily ever after," are those conclusions which sum up the lives of the persons after the close of the story: "In the end, Strickland and Miss Youghal were married, on the strict understanding that Strickland should drop his old ways. . . . He is forgetting the slang and the beggar's cant, and the marks, and the signs, and the drift of the under-currents. . . . But he fills in his Departmental returns beautifully." These last two types of conclusion, which represent the story as resulting in a situation or in a way of life which still continues, have a certain value: they add distinctly to the air of reality of the story as a whole. But for the rest it will be manifest that Kipling's conclusions of the types thus far discussed are not particularly impressive; he does not aim to end with words that deserve distinction as an organic part of the story; nor is it his habit to attempt to shock us with a sudden surprise or with an epigram at the close, after the fashion of Maupassant or O. Henry. There is something akin to this trick, however, in the later stories of this first period, a suggestive incident or bit of dialogue which accomplishes, much more powerfully than direct statement, something more than the comment or the summary of resulting situation. Admirable instances are to be found in *On the City Wall, At the*

Pit's Mouth, Only a Subaltern, The Man Who Would be King, His Majesty the King, The Man Who Was, and *The Return of Imray.* But perhaps the most telling one occurs in *Bertran and Bimi,* the story told by Hans Breitmann, the German scientist, of the friend who had a pet orang-outang. The beast was extremely jealous. One day he left it alone with his wife, and, when he returned, neither wife nor orang-outang answered his call. His wife's door was locked.

"I broke down der door mit my shoulder," said Breitmann, "und der thatch of der roof was torn into a great hole, und der sun came in upon der floor. Haf you ever seen paper in der waste-basket or cards at whist on der table scattered? Dere was no wife dot could be seen.... I looked at dese things und I was very sick; but Bertran looked a liddle longer at what was upon der floor und der walls, und der hole in der thatch. Den he pegan to laugh, soft und low, und I knew und thank Gott dot he was mad....

After ten days Bimi, the ape, came back and Bertran gave him sangaree until he was drunk and stupid, and then . . .

"Bertran he kill him mit his hands, und I go for a walk upon der beach. It was Bertran's own piziness. When I come back der ape he was dead, und Bertran he was dying abofe him; but still he laughed liddle und low und he was quite content."

"But why in the world didn't you help Bertran instead of letting him be killed?" I asked.

"My friend," said Hans,..."it was not nice even to mineself dot I should live after I haf seen dot room mit der hole in der thatch. Und Bertran, he was her husband."

This, if you will, is a somewhat crude sensationalism. But it is the same art that gave us the far more subtle visit of Holden to his ruined home at the end of *Without Benefit of Clergy.* In each case the full emotional value of the story is impressively borne in upon us by the closing incident.

What remains to be said in regard to structure can perhaps be summed up by a generalization to the effect that while Kipling is not a severely impersonal or dramatic author, he can upon occasion make effective use of the dramatic and impersonal methods. As we have already seen, his narrative is, normally, highly personalized; he tells the story himself, as he saw it, or makes one of an audience to whom it is told by an eyewitness of it or actor in it; and his comments on it are not confined to beginning or end. He is continually entering in his own person to admonish, to explain, to take sides. Furthermore, he puts us in possession of necessary information in regard to action antecedent to the story, or occurring in the early part of it, by means of the hightly undramatic method of summary; and he uses summary freely also for purposes of characterization. Again, he has no prejudice against indirect discourse—his version of the speeches, instead of the speeches themselves after the fashion of drama. On the other hand, his summaries are adorned with concrete, dramatic and picturesque touches which completely destroy dull barrenness. And if he uses indirect discourse, he makes liberal use of dialogue as well. It must be admitted, indeed, that Kipling often uses dialogue in brief conversations less as an organic and necessary part of his narrative, than as illustration or enforcement of some summary of events or of some history of a character. There are instances of this in *Without Benefit of Clergy* and in *On the City Wall.* But, for the other extreme, there are the eight stories of *The Gadsbys* and *The Hill of Illusion,* where tales are told and characters revealed wholly by dialogue and stage direction, that is, where the form closely approximates that of the drama itself. With this limitation, however, that, in *The Gadsbys* at least, comment and

explanation are freely introduced, being put into the mouths of characters—the men at the club—who exist for no other purpose. Largely by means of a similar sort of running comment, by means of talk about what has happened and what is going to happen, are told the two stories in which Mrs. Hauksbee and her friend Mrs. Mallowe are concerned—*The Education of Otis Yeere* and *A Second Rate Woman.* Both are extremely interesting experiments in method. In the other stories, generally, dialogue is less common, Kipling being too impatient, too pressed for time and space, to work out the subtle translation of events and characters into words and gestures. And yet—for you can say nothing about Kipling's technique without endless modification and exception—and yet it is largely by means of dialogue that his best characterization is accomplished. It is thus, for example, that the "three musketeers" are differentiated—primarily and most obviously by dialect, though by the content of their speeches as well. Careful critics have found errors in Mulvaney's brogue, in Ortheris's cockney, and Learoyd's Yorkshire dialect; indeed it is obvious to any reader that Kipling is not consistent, that Mulvaney, for example, does not turn *all* his ee's into ā's—not all his *queens* are *quanes.* But Kipling was not writing for phoneticians; and he does always accomplish what he sets out to do: no one can mistake a speech of one of the soldiers three for that of one of the others. Writers of dialect do not often go further than this. There is no more famous dialect literature than the *Hans Breitmann Ballads;* Kipling knew and loved them; he calls his German scientist Hans Breitmann, and now and again he quotes some of the verses. A glance at these is enough to convince the most unobservant that no German ever spoke English, or American, in this

fashion; thus between the language of Kipling's Hans Breitmann and the pretended Pennsylvania Dutch of the original, the Hans Breitmann of Charles Godfrey Leland, there is not much to choose. Yet both are effective, both are comic, and both serve, like the Yorkshire, Cockney, and Irish brogue, to differentiate character types. But, as I have said, Kipling does not depend on pronunciation alone; matter as well as manner is characteristic. In *On Greenhow Hill*, for example, when Learoyd tells his love story and Mulvaney and Ortheris break in with characteristic comments, it is not dialect, it is rather the sense and the emotional coloring of what they say that reveal the humorous and tender-hearted Irishman, the solemn and sentimental Yorkshireman, the matter-of-fact and cynical Cockney. Here again, however, the critics object that there is sometimes too much Kipling, too little soldier in these speeches. And the objection is sound enough. You can account for Mulvaney's "Discourse, Don Juan! The a-moors av Lotharius Learoyd!"—you can account for Mulvaney's literary allusions on the basis of his experience in Silver's Theatre in Dublin, of which he gives an amusing description in *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*. And you can account for Ortheris's misquotation of Macaulay's *Horatius* on the basis of his common-school education. But there remains much that you can not account for. Learoyd, for example, might well say, "You could tell Greenhow Hill folk by the red-apple colour o' their cheeks an' nose-tips"; but he could hardly add, "and their blue eyes, driven into pin-points by the wind." And Ortheris's simile—"Sort o' mad country. Like a grate when the fire's put out by the sun"—bespeaks rather the observant man of letters than the cockney private. But for all this, style and matter, like dialect,

serve to differentiate and establish the types. Only the critical academic reader is offended, and he does not count.

Gesture and minor incident serve the same purpose. Words and action are exactly equivalent in the welcome home of Mulvaney after his incarnation: "'You damned fool!' said they, and severally pounded him with their fists." Again, for the gestures characteristic of the type: "Ortheris suddenly rose to his knees, his rifle at his shoulder, and peered across the valley in the clear afternoon light. His chin cuddled the stock, and there was a twitching of the muscles of the right cheek as he sighted; Private Stanley Ortheris was engaged on his business." These professional gestures, the gestures which establish the type, have a certain charm of their own, the charm of the characteristic and specific, which is not lessened by the fact that to the uninitiated they are not always wholly intelligible. In *Black Jack* Mulvaney counters the plot against O'Hara and himself by removing the bullet from the cartridge and so tampering with his rifle that it injures the would-be murderer. In his own words (without the dialect): "Sure and true, there was a cartridge gone from my pouch and lying snug in my rifle. I was hot with rage against them all, and I worried the bullet out with my teeth as fast as I could.... Then I took my boot and the cleaning-rod and knocked out the pin of the falling-block. Oh, 'twas music when that pin rolled on the floor. I put it into my pouch and stuck a dab of dirt on the holes in the plate, putting the falling block back." In a general way, of course, any reader can make out what Mulvaney did. But Kipling, in his search for the technically exact and the picturesque word, the slang or jargon of the class he is depicting, may go much further than this and become wholly unintelligible to

the normal reader. "Never, so long as a tonga buckets down the Solon dip . . . will there be such a genius as Mrs. Hauksbee." Evidently it is, somewhere, a well-known fact that the tonga will continue for many years, or centuries, to bucket down the Solon dip, and doubtless that is all we need to know. Moreover, there is local color in these words, even though we do not understand them. We have a pleasant sense of being in India (since Kipling says that it is India) just as a realization of the fact that one is in Paris is increased by the sounds of an unintelligible language about one, which one assumes to be French. But Kipling can be even less intelligible: "If a man wants your money, he ought to ask for it, or send round a subscription-list, instead of juggling about the country, with an Australian larrikin; a 'brumby,' with as much breed as the boy; a brace of *chumars* in gold-laced caps; three or four *ekka*-ponies with hogged manes, and a switch-tailed demirep of a mare called Arab because she has a kink in her flag." From all this you get nothing more than a faint sense of an unfamiliar and disreputable world—apparently the world of the race-track—much the kind of impression you would get from a conversation on the same subject overheard in a smoking-car. Here, then, is another of the means by which Kipling contrives to convey the impression of reality—and reality, be it remembered, is often unintelligible—the means of the specific and differencing language of human types and classes, the jargon of trades or professions. This habit grows, and leads in the later period, to stories that are wholly, or almost wholly, unintelligible. This is perhaps the final outcome of the dramatic or objective method. Words and gestures are given: the real words, so to speak, of conversations overheard, mere unintelligible fragments of con-

versations, or conversations in slang, jargon, technical terms; and real gestures, gestures of the shop or the game, technical gestures, meaningless to the uninitiated. Neither words nor gestures are selected or explained. Without help of any kind from the author, the reader has to draw his own inferences, construct the story for himself. He is thus in the position of one who watches a street incident in a foreign city where he knows but little of the language and nothing of the customs involved. Kipling, then, while he commonly employed the non-dramatic methods—summary, explanation, comment, indirect discourse, all the methods that remind you that there is an author behind the story—could, if he would, employ the other methods—the dramatic, objective, unexplained speech and gesture and minor incident—even to the point of unintelligibilty.

Similarly, though it was not ordinarily his habit to write the beginning and middle of his stories with an intense consciousness of the end, he could upon occasion—when it happened to suit his purpose, or when he happened to be in the mood to take the trouble—he could prepare, foreshadow, anticipate with no mean skill. There are some effective touches in this way in *Beyond the Pale* and in *At the Pit's Mouth;* but examples are to be found mainly in the last volume of this period, in *Life's Handicap,* particularly in the later stories of the volume, the stories of mystery and terror. We have already studied the hints and suggestions which prepare the way for the death of Hummil in *At the End of the Passage,* for the transformation of Fleete in *The Mark of the Beast,* for the return of Imray, in the story of that name. We may add the preparation for the destruction of Bertran's wife by the ape in *Bertran and Bimi.* Yet there is no great subtlety in his method. It cannot

be for a moment compared with Poe's intricate preparation for *The Fall of the House of Usher,* or, to cite another orang-outang story, for *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*—"a tale of ratiocination," Poe called it, and ratiocination was not in Kipling's way. Far less can Kipling's method be compared with the still more complete, subtle, and painstaking preparation in Mérimée's *Venus of Ille,* which, like *Bertran and Bimi* is told by a savant and involves death caused by a jealous monster. And, as I have said, Kipling seldom employs this method; while, I think it is safe to say, Mérimée and Poe always employed it. Intellectual grasp of the story as a whole, organic relation of part to part, a strong point with these authors, is by no means a specialty of Kipling's.

There remains, for structure, the matter of the Unities. These, for the most part, Kipling happens to observe. Most of these stories require a very brief time for their action; and when a longer time is necessary it is treated in a series of significant moments with brief summary of what intervenes. Changes of place never stand in the way of our appreciation. The social group is normally small, clear cut, organic, unified by characteristics which difference it from other groups. The number of persons concerned in the action is invariably small, usually not more than one or two. The action is simple, single, easily grasped. Thanks, doubtless, to the *Pioneer* and the *Civil and Military Gazette,* Kipling learned to "train the leading shoot, break off the suckers." But it was just in a newspaper office that he could not learn the other, more subtle, and no less significant unity, the unity of tone or impression. His lighter stories, the stories of satire or farce or humor, it is true, leave little to be desired in this way. If there is sometimes—

or often—a note of brutality or cruelty, like the mingling of laughter and slaughter in *The Taking of Lungtungpen*, this is no more than a carrying on of the *fabliau* tradition, the tradition of certain phases of Chaucer and of Fielding. It may shock some readers; it implies, however, rather persistence of the comic point of view than lack of unity of impression. When we turn, however, to the more serious stories, stories of mystery or terror or pathos or romantic love, it appears that Kipling was temperamentally incapable of holding the proper level of tone or impression or style. In dealing with these stories of the early period we have already noted the curious returns to prose, the strange false connotations, by means of which Kipling contrives to belittle his story while he tells it. *Without Benefit of Clergy* would be a better story without the anecdote of the Member for Lower Tooting, without the bitter talk of the English officials in regard to the home ignorance of Indian conditions, and without the cynical, "There won't be much leave this year, but there ought to be a great deal of promotion." And the effect of such an admirable story as *The Man Who Was* is for the moment destroyed by passages in the description of the White Hussars: "And indeed they were a regiment to be admired. When Lady Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors already married, she was not going to content herself with one hussar." The affairs of Lady Durgan have absolutely nothing to do with the Man Who Was, and it does not matter in the least whether she married into his

regiment or not. But one's discomfort in reading such a paragraph as this is less due to the offence against plot-unity than to the offence against unity of tone. This manner, the cheaply clever manner of the society column of an American newspaper, has no place in a story of the dignity, mystery, and pathos of *The Man Who Was.* Few of Kipling's sins of this kind are of paragraph length; most of them are confined to the jarring word or phrase; but in this way every serious story is marred. It is the most serious defect in the whole range of Kipling's technique.

It may be accounted for, not wholly but in part, as a phase of the personal tendency in his work, which results, as we have seen, in the continual thrusting-in of his own personality, his own views, in the taking sides, the admonitions, and the comments. There is, in this same story, a characteristic jarring sentence which is clearly of this type. They drank the Queen's health, "upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to settle their mess-bills." That is, I suppose, as much as to say, English officers are shamefully underpaid. Kipling thus goes out of his way to create an opportunity to introduce a comment on life. For he is always a critic of life, always in this sense moralizing. Nothing is more characteristic of his work.

A general statement to the contrary effect, by an early French critic[10] of *The Light that Failed,* gave rise by way of answer to what is, so far as I know, the best comment on Kipling as moralist. It is an article in the *Quarterly Review:* "Of a moral that can be separated as with a knife from the writings whether of Mr. Kipling or of Mr. Bret Harte, it would be nearly always absurd to speak; nor is any story-teller who knows his art at all likely to divide the soul from the body of his narrative

[10] Bentzon: "—Il faut bien dire que Rudyard Kipling, pas plus que Bret Harte, ne met le moindre grain de moral dans ce qu'il écrit."

in this clumsy fashion. But in the only sound sense there cannot be a story worth listening to in which the moral element is not present, whether as light or as shade, and howsoever it betrays itself, in pathos or indignation.... More plausible would be the charge that he is often disposed to enforce the wrong moral; that he takes sides against the morality which is received among his countrymen (at all events while they sit in church), and is consequently as little indifferent to these things as the anarchist who blows up a barracks is indifferent to the power of the State which he aims at annihilating.''

J. M. Barrie, in an earlier review, seems to think that Kipling owed his first success, if not to his attack on received or traditional morality, at least to his preoccupation with immoral situations. But clearly Mr. Barrie goes too far when he says: ''From the first only the risky subjects seem to have attracted Mr. Kipling. He began by dancing on ground that most novelists look long at before they adventure a foot.... He was in search of the devil (his only hero so far) that is in all of us....'' Kipling's aim, Mr. Barrie further explains, is not the representation of Anglo-Indian life as it is. ''Mr. Kipling,'' he says, ''warns us against this assumption. In the preface to one of his books.... he 'assures the ill-informed that India is not entirely inhabited by men and women playing tennis with the Seventh Commandment.' '' Nor, one might venture to add, do Kipling's stories as a matter of fact make it appear so; nor was he attracted *only* by risky subjects; nor was ''the devil that is in all of us'' his only hero up to 1891—the date of Barrie's review.

A certain harshness or bitterness of tone, a certain cynicism, has, of course, to be admitted. It is, perhaps, merely the cyni-

cism of youth, delighting in the discovery that the persons set over it in authority, whose business it has been to correct faults, are themselves not faultless. And it may be that in Kipling's case, this youthful cynicism was sharpened by experiences like those which he outlines in *Baa Baa Black Sheep.* It must be admitted, too, that Kipling's moralizing has no very great depth. He is not seeking, after the manner of a philosopher, a metaphysical basis for a science of conduct. Much of his moralizing is, indeed, only a kind of generalized gossip, a discussion of conduct with illustrative stories, shrewd comments on life by amateurs in the art of living, like his own creatures Mrs. Hauksbee or Mulvaney, or the shop talk of busy and effective men. In none of his opinions, sound as these often are, in none of his flashes of insight, is there anything beyond the reach of a man of his years and experience. The astonishing thing is rather the number of these opinions, these flashes, the fact that he had seen so much, that he had made up his mind about so many things. In common with many a small boy he held a somewhat unflattering opinion of missionaries, and took a boyish delight in painting them as liars, in *Lispeth,* or as stupidly ignorant, in *The Judgment of Dungara.* In *Lispeth,* we should note in passing, he carries on in the method which he employs, a very ancient tradition of the naïve outsider as a critic of manners and morals. Lispeth herself is thus a literary descendant of Marana's Turkish Spy, Addison's American Indian Kings, Voltaire's Ingénu, von Scheffel's Hiddigeigei, and a literary cousin of Anatole France's Riquet, and of Townsend's Mr. Dooley. *Lispeth,* moreover, rediscovers the widespread idea, which one may find in Balzac for example, or in Bret Harte, that non-respectable people are good at heart, respectable people,

evil. It is an idea that Kipling is never weary of illustrating. It is implied in most of the stories of Mrs. Hauksbee and of the soldiers three, in *A Bank Fraud*, in *Baa Baa Black Sheep;* and one phase of it is clearly formulated in *Watches of the Night:* "You may have noticed that many religious people are deeply suspicious. They seem—for purely religious purposes, of course —to know more about iniquity than the Unregenerate. Perhaps they were specially bad before they became converted! At any rate, in the imputation of things evil, and in putting the worst construction on things innocent, a certain type of good people may be trusted to surpass all others. The Colonel and his Wife," continues Kipling, "were of that type. But the Colonel's Wife was the worst."

This is characteristic of Kipling's view of women, a view that does not, it must be admitted, undergo material change, from the early verse to the effect that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke" to the recent declaration that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." Naturally, we look in vain for a Viola or a Portia, a Rosalind or a Cordelia, in Kipling's stories. It is, indeed, difficult to remember as definite personalities, any of his heroines; and if we did, we should not yearn to meet any of them. Even Mrs. Hauksbee is a dangerous person, and the best that can be said for her is that she has "redeeming qualities."

Kipling, of course, has views in regard to the relations of the sexes; inevitably, for him, a young man married is a young man marred. This is the text of the eight stories of *The Gadsbys;* it is the text of *In the Pride of His Youth,* and even, incidentally, of *Miss Youghal's Sais,* though the later *Deal in Cotton* reconciles one with this union. And two stories show

that, though a wicked or stupid woman may exert an influence for good, it is without her knowledge or intention.[11] However, the men appear in no better light. If they are marred it is clearly enough because they are usually fragile or worse—badly damaged in fact—to begin with. In *Three and—an Extra* Kipling notes a certain reaction after marriage, which he regards as inevitable. In *The Bronckhorst Divorce Case* he traces the substitution for terms of endearment of terms of abuse, used first affectionately and ironically, then, as love dies—an inevitable death—quite seriously and passionately. The only unions that he idealizes are those beyond the pale and without benefit of clergy, which are, however, by their very nature, unreal and transitory. He distrusts love matches, advocates the continental system of marriages arranged by parents, and, humorously, the establishment of a Governmental Matrimonial Department. In *The Education of Otis Yeere* he illustrates the impossibility of "platonic friendships," as they used to be called.

Many of the stories, it must be admitted, do concern themselves with games of tennis with the seventh commandment. However, the number of such stories tends to decrease—the statistician reports fifteen per cent in *Life's Handicap* as against twenty-five per cent in *Plain Tales.* And of these stories many represent the game as not yet begun, as wholly prevented even, thanks to the intervention perhaps of Mulvaney or Mrs. Hauksbee, perhaps of Death itself. Others represent the embarrassing consequences; others, the tragic ending of the last set. It is significant that in none is the game represented as agreeable.

[11] *In Error* and *Wressley of the Foreign Office.* Cf. also *His Chance in Life,* where the hero is inspired by love for an ugly half-breed.

The players lack the gaiety and animal spirits, the unconscious ease and naturalness of Maupassant's light-hearted and unmoral cynics. It is true that Kipling danced on ground, not where *other novelists,* as Barrie says, but other *English* novelists, had feared to tread. He touched it with light and hasty feet; he did not venture to walk with the natural gait of his continental confrères, scarcely conscious that the ground differed from any other. He skated over thin ice; he did not, like the Englishmen of today, break through. He was like the English soldiers after the taking of Lungtungpen, who, as our French critic puts it, saw the sun rise upon their too-simple apparel, while the Hindoo women burst into laughter, and they, worthy sons of modest Albion, blushed to the whites of their eyes. Himself a worthy son of modest Albion, Kipling did not venture to call a spade a spade: "Janoo and Azizun," he wrote in *In the House of Suddhoo,* "are ... Ladies of the City, and theirs was an ancient and more or less honourable profession." Lalun, in *On the City Wall,* was "a member of the most ancient profession in the world." And *At the Pit's Mouth* is a story of a man and his wife and a Tertium Quid. Kipling was thus very hesitant in his daring. And he did not make vice attractive; he was never frankly animalistic, like the French naturalists, nor did he ever aim, like certain insidious American novelists of the present day, to trouble (in Matthew Arnold's phrase about Tolstoi) the senses of those who like to have their senses troubled. His aim seems to have been rather that of the youth who wishes to persuade you that he has lost his illusions, that he knows life, that he is a man. If his first triumph was, like Harte's, and as Barrie would have us believe, a *succès de scandale,* its scandal was of a sort that can no longer shock or surprise; the liqueurs,

which, Barrie says, he brought from India, now seem mild enough; just as, in 1891, when Barrie wrote his review, Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* had lost its early repute as a scandalous production improper for the young person to read.

Thus far we have been concerned with Kipling the satirist. The satirist, who holds up to ridicule that of which he does not approve, must of necessity be something of a muckraker, must concern himself with the dirty corner of a room which, as a whole, may be beyond reproach. Contemporary with Kipling the satirist, or coming perhaps a little later, is Kipling the humorist. The humorist does not, like the satirist, sit in judgment upon his fellow men; he views them rather with sympathy and tolerance. He does not try so much to make *them* better by holding their vices up to ridicule, as he tries to make *us,* his readers, better by showing us that these vices are perhaps inevitable, or counterbalanced by qualities wholly admirable and lovable. The humorist holds his moral judgment, for the moment, in abeyance, isolates his hero from the rest of the world, forgetting what harm his evil ways may cause to his fellow men, recording those evil ways for the laughter that is in them, yet not forgetting, all the while, to sympathize with the evildoer in his inevitable suffering. It is as humorist, with the humorist's mingling of laughter and pity and sympathy, that Kipling writes of the soldiers three. If they are sometimes drunk and disorderly, if they are petty thieves, if they are too careless gallants in their love affairs, we are not to forget that all is told in jest, and we are not to forget that these privates of the line are effective soldiers, highly valued by their officers, loyal to country, regiment, and friends, warm-hearted and humorous. As they themselves would put it:

> We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
> But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
> And if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints:
> Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints.

We are not to sit in judgment upon them; we are to laugh at them good-naturedly, shed a tear upon them, and remember that they are their own worst enemies. Our attitude toward them should perhaps be the attitude which we assume toward children, the attitude so charmingly defined and exemplified at the end of *Baa Baa, Black Sheep:*

> "Mother would be awfully cross if you walked through that ditch," says Judy, continuing a conversation.
>
> "Mother's never angry," says Punch. "She'd just say, 'You're a little *pagal,*' and that's not nice, but I'll show."
>
> Punch walks through the ditch and mires himself to the knees. "Mother, dear," he shouts, "I'm just as dirty as I can pos-*sib*-ly be!"
>
> "Then change your clothes as quickly as you pos-*sib*-ly can!" Mother's clear voice rings out from the house. "And don't be a little *pagal!*"

Punch, of course, being no less than Kipling himself, is an exceptional child. The passage, therefore, suggests the limitation as well as the quality of Kipling's humor. He views with amused tolerance or sympathy only the exceptional children, of whatever growth. His heroes and heroines alike are, as we have seen, of that type. Superlatively effective they are, all of them; people who do things, who succeed, who advance; people who ask for what they want or who help themselves. Kipling thus stops far short of the *breadth* of tolerance of a Chaucer, a Dickens, or a Bret Harte.

One might say, perhaps with a certain degree of truth, that the function of the satirist is to reveal the evil in the hearts of respectable people; the function of the humorist, to reveal the good in the hearts of non-respectable people. Kipling performs

now one function, now the other, often both. For in all his stories there are touches both of humor and of satire; in the satirical stories there is often humorous tolerance; and in the humorous stories, shafts of satire. In none, I think, can he be regarded as immoral.

Kipling's moralizing is by no means restricted to the conduct involved in the more intimate and personal relations. He is, as I pointed out at the beginning, the singer of the clan, of the race and nation, of the empire, the administration, and the army, of the officials and the officers. Whether as satirist or humorist his comments range over every phase of The System, the system that he outlined, in *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin,* as the only creed that will work in India. Concerning Kipling's views of The System, it is difficult, as usual, to generalize. However, one may venture to assert that what he chiefly criticizes is the failure of one part to understand or appreciate another; it is for understanding and appreciation, for the necessity of seeing things from other men's points of view, that he chiefly pleads.

It is essential to understand the native Indian point of view, for the dominant race to understand its subjects. So obvious a matter as this seems to demand continual emphasis. Strickland, says Kipling ironically, "held the extraordinary theory that a Policeman in India should try to know as much about the natives as the natives knew themselves." It is therefore Strickland, and Strickland alone, who can save Fleete from the consequences of defiling the idol of Hanuman, and Biel from the destruction of his character by the easily purchased native evidence in *The Bronckhorst Divorce Case.* But he could not save Imray, who was murdered because he had patted on the head a native child

who, later, died of fever. It was not Strickland, however, but Tods, a six-year-old boy, who was aware that a bill which restricted leases to five years was not popular with the natives, and so unwittingly introduced what came to be known as *Tods' Amendment.* Manifestly it is necessary to know these things, just as it is necessary to know that a native Head of a District cannot command the respect of the governed, and that, if such a one is appointed, confusion and murder will result. Even the independence of villages is dangerous;[12] and all clemency is construed as weakness."[13] Yet, in the event of a conflict with Russia, the native can be counted on to fight side by side with the English.[14]

Incidentally one might extend this plea for a knowledge of the native point of view, to include the points of view of the elephant (*Moti Guj—Mutineer*) who will work just as long as his master tells him to and no longer; and of the orang-outang, who is afraid only of snakes, and subject to murderous jealousy (*Bertran and Bimi*). These stories are significant as anticipating the further variation of point of view in *The Jungle Books.*

Among the English themselves the main object of Kipling's attack is home ignorance of Indian affairs, of civilian officials and of the army alike. In such stories as *At the End of the Passage* and *Without Benefit of Clergy,* while Kipling celebrates the generous courage and devotion of the English officials, who step forward unhesitatingly to fill the gaps made in their ranks by death, he at the same time bitterly satirizes those "vestrymen" at home, who denounce the Indian Civil Service as the preserve of English aristocracy, or who, like the Member for

[12] *Marrowbie Jukes.*
[13] *On the City Wall.*
[14] *The Man Who Was.*

Lower Tooting, wander ignorantly about India, talking of the benefits of British rule, and fly at the approach of cholera. There exists, or existed, also, in England a curious inappreciation of Thomas Atkins. Learoyd and Mulvaney had found that the prevalent opinion held enlistment as the final act and climax in a career of crime. And Ortheris had been "turned out of a measly 'arf-license pub down Lambeth way, full o' greasy kebmen," because he was wearing the Queen's uniform. Doubtless Kipling has done a real service in making Thomas Atkins better known and better liked and appreciated by his fellow-countrymen. In addition to the continual illustration of the essential soldierly virtues of courage and loyalty, Kipling makes two studies in the peculiar psychology of the soldier in India. One is in nostalgia, and shows how attacks of homesickness may develop a kind of temporary insanity, in which so good a soldier as Ortheris may be so far out of his mind as to desert. The other is in hysteria, and shows how heat, enforced idleness, and overfeeding may result in a man's "running amuck," when talk about the prevalence of crime in the army is sheer nonsense. *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* was written in part as a study of a green regiment under fire for the first time, to prove the necessity of a few old soldiers in the ranks to teach the "rookies" how to make themselves snug at night and how to play the game of battle, and convey much other military information of great value to officers and men.

These are a few—relatively a very few—of the vast number of the views concerning the conduct of life which are implied, or, more often, explicitly stated in Kipling's stories. Exhaustive discussion is impossible. There have been among the writers of short-stories profounder moralists, who have held higher

ideals, who have thought more systematically and made a more thoroughgoing attempt to find the meaning of the mighty maze which confronted them. But none has dealt with such a number and such a variety of phases of human conduct. Perhaps it is most enlightening to regard Kipling the moralist simply as another phase of Kipling the journalist. For the journalist must not only have at command all kinds of knowledge, but also opinions and judgments on all the subjects which may interest his readers. He must be ready to speak with an air of authority and finality on any question. It may be that writing for the *Gazette* or the *Pioneer,* writing *as* the *Gazette* or the *Pioneer,* Kipling developed the editorial manner, the manner of the *ex-cathedra* pronouncement. He spoke through the paper much as the basso with the megaphone sings the part of the dragon through the dragon's mouth in the opera of *Siegfried.* Appearing in the stories, in his own person, Kipling forgets to lay aside *his* megaphone, the editorial manner of confident assurance. But for all this assurance, for all the vast number of subjects he conceives himself able to discuss with authority, he develops, as I have said, no moral system. He is, once more, not the thinker, he is still the genius of imagination, of sense of fact. "The evidence," says the *Quarterly* reviewer, from whom I have already quoted, "The evidence of his senses bewilders and staggers him; in the hurly-burly of events, the jumbling of characters, the disappointments of fortune, he seems to have lost all clue to their meaning."

CHAPTER IV

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FIRST PERIOD

If Kipling was bewildered and staggered by the evidence of his senses and found no clew to the meaning of it all, the critic of Kipling, after an analysis of the technique of his early stories, finds himself in much the same position. He is impressed with the variety, with the richness, with the profusion and confusion of Kipling's methods. An attempt to give an orderly and reasonable account of it all may very properly be based on an analysis of the personality and training of Kipling himself. These can, I think, be shown to have developed naturally, if not inevitably, the prevailing characteristics of his technique. And these characteristics can, I think, be summed up in three adjectives: Kipling's technique is realistic, romantic, and intense.[1]

The causes of Kipling's realism are not far to seek. He had, by nature, a certain clearness of vision; he had rather marvelous powers of observation; and he had an insatiable curiosity, a desire to turn all the pages of the book of life, dwelling not too long upon any one of them, an instinct like his own Tommy Atkins's:

> For to admire an' for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide—
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried.

[1] As these terms are defined in Professor W. A. Neilson's *The Essentials of Poetry.*

These qualities of Kipling's character were inherited, it is perhaps not too much to assume, from his father, the artist and antiquarian. The accurate detail of the latter's illustrations of *Kim* is significant. Separated from his parents Kipling found himself at an early age face to face with the real and unfriendly world outside. It is not to be assumed that all of *Baa Baa, Black Sheep* is literally true; but it may be safely regarded as an accurate summary of Kipling's own impression of this period of his life. He saw the seamy side of human nature—narrow religiosity, hypocrisy, jealousy; he "drank deep of the bitter waters of Hate, Suspicion, and Despair." We may read the later stories of school life, *Stalky and Company*, in the same way. Kipling is manifestly the spectacled Beetle of these tales; in the last one he is, indeed, no longer Beetle, but "I." He is not writing accurate autobiography; but he does give us many clews as to his own nature, his early tastes, his likes and dislikes, the kind of training he received in the United Services College; he makes clear, so to speak, *Why* he is *Who*. There was much to cultivate the imagination, as we shall see presently, but more to cultivate the already keen sense of fact in the future realist. The college was, to begin with, purely practical in purpose; its aim was not general culture, but preparation for Army or Navy or Civil Service. Seventy-five per cent of its students were sons of officers. It did not set out to make scholars; and in pure scholarship Kipling—or Beetle—had no interest whatever. King, the master who taught Latin, a Balliol man, a wit and scholar, inexcusably sarcastic and hopelessly ignorant of boys, is the "villain" of the book. He is continually holding forth concerning the "crass an' materialized brutality of the middle classes—readin' solely for marks. Not

a scholar in the whole school.'' Beetle is, says King, ''with the single exception of Stalky, the very vilest manufacturer of 'barbarous hexameters' that I have ever dealt with.'' If Beetle was not in sympathy with pure classical scholarship, no more was he in sympathy with pure science. He and his friends looked down with infinite scorn on those who professed an interest in natural history. And Beetle himself ''is as the brutes that perish about sines and cosines.'' Evidently Kipling's curiosity was not insatiable as regards useless things like the structure of Latin verse or trigonometry. But it was aroused by facts which seemed to have a useful bearing. He read Viollet-le-Duc and bribed workmen to let him examine a house under construction, in order that he might properly place a dead cat between floor and ceiling of a rival dormitory; he made a study of the control of the gas supply, in order that all the college lights might go out at the proper moment; and his knowledge of the art of the compositor, gained as editor of the college magazine, enabled him to shift about the words in a Latin examination paper, to the discomfiture of King.

The ''student activities'' of Beetle and his friends took mainly the form of practical jokes at the expense of masters and school-fellows; and these, as Kipling shows very clearly in the last story, were the best possible preparation for the activities of after life. In general they hated the organized sports of the colleges; they had little sympathy ''with the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddied oafs at the goal''; they preferred their own individual activities. They distrusted sentiment, or at least all talk of sentiment. It is only King who holds forth about the spirit of the school and the great traditions of ancient seats of learning. An M. P. puts an end, by his ill-advised twaddle

about patriotism, to a volunteer cadet corps which, previous to his coming, had flourished in the school.

Much of Beetle's time was given to reading. The Head Master gave him the run of his own brown-bound, tobacco-scented library without prohibition or recommendation. Kipling's list mentions for the most part rather romantic than classical writers; elsewhere there is much talk of Browning and of cramming Shakespeare for examinations. Neither Browning nor Shakespeare was ignorant of the seamy side of human nature or failed to look fact in the face.

The seamy side revealed itself in actual life to the clear vision of Beetle and his friends, in masters and school-fellows alike. They read character with unerring precision and justice —the self-satisfied wit, cheap though clever sarcasm, and Oxford "side" of King; the weakness and peculiar susceptibility to suggestion of Prout, their own house-master; the gullibility of Hartopp, the natural historian; the cowardice of bullies, the ignorance of the good scholars and masters' pets.

A year before the end of the course the three friends left the college, Beetle at the age of seventeen, to become subeditor of an Indian newspaper, his passage paid and a hundred pounds a year. Here again his—Kipling's—activities brought him face to face with facts, more and more with the seamy side. He had wide opportunities for observation, and it was his business to observe and to report. He dealt, by profession, not with what happened far away and long ago, but with the world immediately about him. He was immersed in its vivid details, in details all the more vivid because they were strange, because of the contrast with the English life of his school days, and because of his familiarity with them in childhood. It was a combination

peculiarly fitted to grip the attention, to stimulate the powers of observation—this recognition of the familiar in the strange, with the sharp contrast of utterly different civilizations, under conditions which inevitably brought out realities of character and swept all shams aside.

The result of all this training was Realism, realism of the peculiar type practised by Kipling, a realism essentially original. His originality as realist—not his originality as romancer, which is quite a different matter—is of the sort advocated by Flaubert in his famous advice to the young Maupassant, an originality which consists wholly in seeing things for oneself and expressing what one really sees. This realism of Kipling's is reflected in the representative character of his work, in the wealth of details of time and place and people. Yet Kipling never collects details as a scientist does; he is not seeking classified or classifiable knowledge; he is not a meteorologist, or a geographer, or an ethnologist. It is for the pure joy of the working that he delights to

> "draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as they are."

He seeks, as he had sought as schoolboy and as journalist, facts that are in themselves humanly interesting or have some bearing upon a possible plot. He feels under no obligation to give us a complete or a precisely accurate picture of human life. "Get your facts first," Mark Twain once told him, "... and then you can distort 'em as much as you please." He seems to follow this advice. He limits himself to superlative characters; he takes no interest in the commonplace ones, nor yet in the queer or the problematic. His representative quality is thus

limited and a matter of accident. He did not set out to cover his field with scientific thoroughness and system. You cannot imagine his stories, like Balzac's novels, classified as Scenes from Private Life, Scenes from Parisian Life, from Country Life, from Military Life, and so on. You cannot imagine Kipling conceiving a large plan and working it out on a large scale, in a thoroughgoing manner. He has rather the journalist-novelist's desire for what will make interesting copy; hence his superlative characters, and his picturesquely evil ones as well. Hence his social satire—for what is social satire, after all, but a kind of glorified gossip, of artistic scandal? Yet for all his preoccupation with the scandalous side of human nature, Kipling's art is never naturalism; his characters are always something more than animals, they have human motives and ideals; and Kipling is too much the Anglo-Saxon, to follow Zola or Maupassant in their relentless pictures of the animal aspect of man.

In the psychology of these characters Kipling is never interested for its own sake. It is with him, though always present, yet never the chief element in the story. Its purpose is rather to increase the intensity of the whole. He does not deal with difficult psychological problems, with peculiar or unusual motives. And he emphasizes the external expression of emotion by word and gesture. Here again his method is not the result of analysis or of introspection but of observation.

In Structure, the result of this observation is a wealth of minor incidents which crowd in too rapidly to permit themselves to be gathered up and organized into great scenes. A further result is a certain incoherence. For Kipling, from the present point of view, may be classed with those realists who do not

impress themselves much upon the structure of their stories, who prefer rather to follow the waywardness of events in real life. It is because of the brevity of his stories that Kipling does not wander very far. If they are not distinguished examples of proportion and coherence, they fulfil the other requirement of short-story structure, they are admirably concrete. There is in them a wealth of significant detail, of characteristic gesture, of characteristic speech—the slang or jargon of various professions or walks in life. More dramatist than grammarian, he delighted rather to get up a particular vocabulary for this or that purpose, than to polish and correct his own style. In *Stalky and Company* Beetle's friends urged him not to be so "beastly professional" or so "filthy technical" in his talk. Kipling's readers sometimes echo this protest; for the special word is often unintelligible; he achieves, not simplicity, but precision of style—a habit of the realists. When you read Zola you turn continually to your dictionary, and often in vain.

Kipling's Moral Interpretations keep close to the facts; he is not given to speculation, to discovering new duties. He delights to emphasize *the fact* that many respectable people are bad (as many respectable people are aware). It is well that they should be reminded of their own shortcomings in order that they may judge less harshly the openly and honestly wicked. Doubtless his criticism of the English administration of India is sound enough; in any case it is concerned wholly with practical problems, not with such general questions as the duties of powerful nations with reference to the weak, for example; and he expressly condemns Aurelian McGoggin's preoccupation with the ethics of a Comte or a Spencer.

So much for Kipling the realist. He is also a romancer. And though his training seems to have pushed him mainly in the direction of realism, it pushed him somewhat in the direction of romance as well.

As a child he was of a type beloved in romantic literature, a "problematic" character, a person that is not perfectly adjusted to the world of men about him, unhappy because misunderstood and felt to be out of place. Thus, outcast and Black Sheep as he was, he was thrown much on his own resources. Obliged to see something of the seamy side of human nature, he took refuge in reading, in reading indeed like a perfectly normal child, Grimm's Fairy Tales and Hans Andersen. And also Tennyson's early poems and Gulliver's Travels—pure adventure, of course, from the child's point of view. He was happy to be left alone, so that he could read as much as he pleased. "Then came days of doing absolutely nothing, of dreaming dreams and marching imaginary armies up and down stairs.... But, later, he grew afraid of the shadows of window-curtains and the flapping of doors and the creaking of shutters. He went out into the garden, and the rustling of the laurel-bushes frightened him...."

In *Stalky and Company* it appears that Beetle—that is the schoolboy Kipling—more fortunate than Black Sheep, has friends and is feared or respected. But he and Stalky and McTurk withdraw from the school activities to read and loaf and smoke in secret places of their own, often places which charm by pure beauty of landscape. The three are not understood by school-fellows or masters, except the Head and the school chaplain; and here again there are hours of solitude with books. Beetle's reading in the Head's library was largely in

imaginative authors: "There were scores and scores of ancient dramatists; there were Hakluyt, his voyages; French translations of Muscovite authors called Pushkin and Lermontoff; little tales of a heady and bewildering nature, interspersed with unusual songs—Peacock was that writer's name; there was Borrow's 'Lavengro'; an odd theme, purporting to be a translation of something, called a Rubaiyat; . . . there were hundreds of volumes of verse—Crashaw; Dryden [curiously enough]; Alexander Smith; L. E. L.; Lydia Sigourney; Fletcher and a purple island; Donne; Marlowe's 'Faust'; and . . . Ossian; 'The Earthly Paradise'; 'Atalanta in Calydon'; and Rossetti—to name only a few." There is no reason to doubt that this is a fair account of Kipling's reading, indeed, of his only direct preparation for his career as journalist and man of letters. It is significant that, with the exception of Dryden, all these authors are of the imaginative or sentimental type, and many are of one phase or another of the definitely romantic school. It is clear, then, that beside the realistic impulse there existed a romantic impulse, less powerful, indeed, yet capable of putting its mark on the young author's work. The India, too, which he saw, was not without romance. The accounts of his actual journeys in *From Sea to Sea* show that he was sensitive to its beauty, its age, and its mystery.

As result of this romantic impulse there is, inevitably, an element of romance in Kipling's work; but it is much less pronounced than the realistic element. It does not appear that he was stimulated by the imaginative or romantic authors whom he read in the Head's library. There is very little of the quality of the *Arabian Nights* in the India which he depicts. Only now and then, in such stories as *The Strange Ride of Marrowbie*

Jukes, in *The Man Who Would be King,* or in *Without Benefit of Clergy* and stories of its class, does he seem to offer an escape —manifestly not always an agreeable escape—from fact.

His own "problematic" personality, his early lack of adjustment to the world about him, is reflected in certain of the character-types which he creates. Mulvaney and Company have much the same relation to officers and fellow-soldiers that Stalky and Company have to masters and school-fellows. Only the Colonel understands one group; only the Head, the other. Both groups are irregular, highly individualized; their social functions are not easily classified. Yet they are not "queer" characters; they are merely superlative, idealized superstructure resting upon a solid basis of fact. This basis of fact is largely conveyed by vividly conjured up mental images, by a kind of imagination which is close to memory.

In the variety of races represented there is something of that exotism which not uncommonly accompanies the romantic tendency. A phase or extension of the same principle is involved in Kipling's power of tempering his own mind to enter another's soul, be that other English officer or official or child, or native, man or woman.

In the matter of Structure, it is manifest that the imagination of the journalist and writer of fiction has been at work in the perception and selection of facts, of such facts as are humanly interesting. The results of this imaginative observation are combined with imaginative spontaneity, with an unconsidered naturalness, which does not permit the reader's perception of form to stand in the way of his seeing, hearing, feeling with the writer, reflecting the mood of the story, answering not to an intellectual but to an emotional appeal. And while, in the

invention of plot, the imagination as a rule runs close to what may well have happened, it breaks free, now and again, from the world of observed or observable events and creates astounding adventures—serious or tragic, like those of the Man Who Would be King—comic, like those of Krishna Mulvaney.

The third quality of Kipling's work, its intensity, is more striking than the other two, and perhaps more influential in the determination of his technique. Like his imaginative or romantic quality, it springs primarily from personality, from the problematic character of the writer. His early ill adjustment to the world about him led, as always with the strong and courageous, to vigorous self-assertion. The greater the opposition of the narrow Aunty Rosas and Masters of Latin, who do not comprehend, the greater the opposition of the "system"—whether in the form of the boys' school, where Black Sheep was bullied by the sons of shop-keepers, or of the United Services College, or of the *Pioneer,* where Kipling learned that the business of a subeditor was to subedit, and that he had to obey an order on the run—whatever the form of the opposition to the young Kipling, the more powerful it was, the more powerful was the individuality which he perforce developed to resist it—the more self-assertive, the more Kipling, he became. So that his very name has for some readers the air of a present participle, connoting the perpetual self-activity of the bearer. He shows, however, the marks of the struggle. We have already noted a certain cynicism as a phase of his sense of fact. As a phase of his intensity we should note a certain impatience of disposition, a natural irritability perhaps sharpened by the demands of journalism.

This intense personality, intensified by the vicissitudes of his

training, Kipling was able to project into his work, so that one may quite safely affirm that of all short-stories in the English language Kipling's are the most intense.

In every paragraph that he wrote you feel his vital energy.[2] It reveals itself in the general air of spontaneity, in a certain scorn of the conventionalities of form, in the spontaneous overflow of feelings evoked by the story, in the vigorous appeal to the reader's sympathy. When Kipling is realistic or romantic he is intensely realistic or romantic. That is, it is the quality of intensity that raises realism and romance to a degree so high; intensity that seems to compel the elaboration and determine the nature of every one of the elements of narration. The time of action must be the present, for the situation must be new and vital, not such as to call up tender regret for the past, or any of the milder emotions with which we contemplate what is finished and put away. It is significant that there is in *Baa Baa, Black Sheep* no delight, no regret, no sentiment, in memories of childhood, but only present indignation aroused by Aunty Rosa's criminal religiosity.

Present scenes are intensely visualized. Paragraphs like those at the beginning of *At the End of the Passage* produce an ineradicable impression of the hardship of the hot season in India; and one feels, at the same time, the author's delight in his selection of characteristic and suggestive detail. One feels too and shares his sympathy with the persons condemned to lead this life, or choosing to lead it rather than give way to others less able to endure its terrors.

Kipling's intensity expresses itself in the choice of characters

[2] "There is a lot of living devil in Kipling," said Stevenson. "It is his quick beating pulse that gives him a position very much apart. Even with his love of journalistic effect, there is a tide of life through it all."

—intensely living, active, effective, self-assertive. The reader, again, is conscious of Kipling's sympathy with these persons, even in defiance of accepted morals; and of his delight in his discovery of their characteristic gestures and their slang or jargon. Though, here, at times, one intensity clashes with another: Kipling's own personality shines too clearly through that of his creatures.

Kipling delights to depict intense emotion—tragic or comic or sentimental; elemental emotions, which stand out clearly, require no hair-splitting analysis. Here his intensity often takes the peculiarly Anglo-Saxon form of repression or belittling of emotion, resulting in those breaks in mood which are his chief defect. These are due also to an intense conviction of the reality of emotion, to a strong personal prejudice against anything like sentiment, which would permit the enjoyment or the inducing of emotion for its own sake.

You feel the intense personality of Kipling in every phase of structure. You are convinced that he believes his own stories, that he is not merely playing with you or performing a *tour de force*. He openly asserts his own presence by the use of the pronoun of the first person, and by frequent comment; and even when the story is purely dramatic in form, personality asserts itself in the emotional quality, as in *The Gadsbys,* or in implied moral interpretation, as in *The Hill of Illusion.* The intense realization of narrators and audience; the connection of story and story by recurring characters, are further assertion of the author's personality.

The internal structure of Kipling's stories may be described as, in part, the result of the conflict of the author's intense personality on the one side, and his intense sense of fact on the

other, a conflict of subjective and objective, of self with the world outside. For though Kipling can, at will, make effective use of dramatic and impersonal methods, he is, in general, neither severely dramatic nor severely impersonal. His narrative is, on the contrary, highly personalized. He intervenes in his stories not only to admonish, to comment, to take sides, but also to explain, to put us in possession of necessary information, as regards character or antecedent action, by means of the highly undramatic method of summary. He has, moreover, no prejudice against indirect discourse—his version of the speeches instead of the speeches themselves, after the fashion of the drama.

There are, again, traces of a conflict between intensity and sense of form. For the impatience, the rapid personal rhythm, so to speak, of this intense character, is reflected in the speed of the narrative—that is to say in the short sentences and crowding minor incidents, in the brevity of the events, in the preference of the movement of a *scene* to the immobility of a *situation*, in a certain incoherence of method, a skipping about from one subject to another, in the general tendency to write anecdote or condensed long-story; to take the nearest way, which is summary, rather than to translate painfully character and event into concrete detail, and withdraw, destroying all evidence of the presence of a workman. For summary has necessarily a personal quality, since it requires and implies the intervention of the author.

There is intense personality, finally, behind some of those offences against unity of tone which we have now so often considered. Thus Kipling sometimes asserts his own choice of words when Mulvaney or Ortheris should be speaking. He

asserts his own fear of sentiment in the sudden descents to the prosaic level. And it is the intensity of his own convictions concerning such matters as the English ignorance of India, that leads to the obnoxious presence of the Member for Lower Tooting in *Without Benefit of Clergy*,[3] and to that bitterness of tone quite out of keeping with the dominant mood of the story.

It is this same intensity of conviction that chiefly distinguishes the moral interpretations and comments of the stories. You get the impression that Kipling has observed widely and felt deeply, not that he has reasoned carefully. His cocksureness whether right or wrong is prejudice, not science. His satire is marked by intense antipathies, as to missionaries, M. P.'s, and respectable hypocrites. His humor, similarly, is marked by intense tolerance, as of Thomas Atkins, the junior subaltern, or the woman of the world. In a philosophy which is felt rather than reasoned, there are naturally contradictions; it is not surprising that Kipling should appear as advocate of The System, and at the same time glorify the self-assertion of the individual in conflict with it.

Manifestly, then, in spite of the strong tendency to moralize, in spite of the variety and certainty of opinion which we found to be characteristics of Kipling's work, the main strength of his stories does not, by any means, lie in the moral significance. He has transcribed a vast deal of life, but he has found no clue to its meaning. The natural bent of his genius is observation, imagination, intensity, not thought, not intellect. This is not, of

[3] If there is a basis of truth in the story of how the M. P. destroyed the cadet corps in *Stalky and Company*, it is not inconceivable that Kipling formed upon this incident his conception of members of parliament as incarnations of stupidity, ignorance, and bad taste. See also *Little Foxes*, and the verses concerning "Pagett, M.P."

course, to say that he is lacking in intellectual powers. He is a genius. But he is not a genius as thinker, or even as poet or novelist of the primarily intellectual type. This is merely to state the sufficiently obvious fact that he is not a Carlyle, an Emerson, a Goethe, a George Eliot. His genius does not run to abstract reasoning; nor does it run to that other expression of intellect and judgment, to sense of form. I mean simply that his *special strength* does not lie in form; I mean that he is not for style, an Addison; that he is not for structural technique, a Poe or a Stevenson or a Mérimée or a Maupassant. The same forces which, in his character and in his education and training, made for Realism, for Romance, for Intensity, made against Reason. Any school education must obviously aim primarily at the training of the intellect; but some studies are more abstract than others, some appeal in high degree to the emotions. It is significant that Beetle was a failure in mathematics and that he scorned natural history. Manifestly science not immediately applicable to human life did not interest him. Nor did questions of conduct. "You know," said the school chaplain, "I don't talk about ethics and moral codes, because I don't believe that the young of the human animal realises what they mean for some years to come." And the beloved "Head," who was quite capable of setting an example by deeds of devotion and courage, once saving a boy's life at the very great risk of his own, even the beloved Head talked with the old boys rather as man of the world than as an idealist in ethics. He "was father-confessor and agent-general to them all.... Young blood who had stumbled into an entanglement with a pastry-cook's daughter at Plymouth; experience who had come into a small legacy but mistrusted lawyers; ambition halting at cross-roads,

anxious to take the one that would lead him farthest; extravagance pursued by the money-lender; arrogance in the thick of a regimental row—each carried his trouble to the Head; and Chiron showed him, in language quite unfit for little boys, a quiet and safe way round, out, or under.'' Manifestly this is not instruction in ethics, in principles of conduct, in ideals; it is merely a safe guide to respectability, to just the kind of shamming that Kipling delighted to expose when he found it in people of another type. Furthermore, the Head in his dealings with the boys frankly discarded consistency, legality, regularity, as shibboleths of small minds. He was never entangled in moral hesitations; and when Stalky and Company were technically innocent of wrong-doing, yet essentially guilty, he punished them vigorously. His notion was that if law and reason did not provide adequate means for a good end, the thing to do was to step outside law and reason and reach the end by any means that came to hand. The school chaplain encouraged the same kind of thing. It was with his connivance that Stalky and his friends stopped the bullying of a little boy—a highly desirable end, by torturing the bullies—a doubtful and manifestly illegal means. In the last story of the book, Stalky, now an officer of the Indian army, accomplishes laudable results by similarly questionable tactics. If these stories of school life are in any sense true, they are exceedingly interesting accounts of the beginnings of that characteristic assertion of the individual against law, order, and The System.

If, then, Kipling's early training seems to have made for vigorous action in a seemingly good cause rather than for power to estimate causes, for deeds rather than for thought, it made at the same time for the development of creative rather than

of critical powers. The Head encouraged Beetle's efforts as editor of the college magazine and trained him for letters by turning him loose in his library and stimulating him to read and taste widely rather than critically. In the list already quoted there occurs but one name associated primarily with perfection of form, the name of Dryden. And while the boys were compelled to study Horace and Virgil, there is nothing to show that they were aware of their beauties of form and style or desired to imitate them. Sense of form seems to have been restricted, with Beetle, to delight in words, his "beastly professional" or "filthy technical" talk; and he delighted in King's vocabulary of invective, storing up adjectives for future use. However, we do find Beetle developing his art by practice in oral narrative controlled by the effect on his audience. A master heard him telling a story in the twilight in a whisper. And Orrin, a school-mate, said just as he opened the door, "Shut up Beetle; it's too beastly." Questioned afterward, Beetle explained that he had got the notion from Mrs. Oliphant's *Beleaguered City*. "Only," he went on, "instead of a city I made it the College in a fog—besieged by ghosts of dead boys, who hauled chaps out of their beds in the dormitory. All the names are quite real. You tell it in a whisper, you know—with the names. Orrin didn't like it one little bit. None of 'em have ever let me finish it. It gets just awful at the end part." Here is the typical Kipling combination of imagination and fact, "all the names are quite real," and the place is the familiar dormitory. Here is the obvious device of saving the best for the end. And added to this, the typical intensity of effect, the desire to produce a sensation in the audience. If this is substantially true as autobiography, as an account of early practice, it is

extremely interesting. And even as an account of the methods of the mature Kipling, aged thirty-two, it is very significant.

Journalism again, the next step in Kipling's training, though an excellent school for the young writer, can hardly be calculated to develop the larger critical and intellectual powers or the sense of formal excellence. No subeditor, I judge, is precisely encouraged to form his own opinions. His business is rather to express the opinions of his paper or to form new ones of his own on the basis of its established principles. Such opinions must inevitably have something of the nature of snap judgments; they cannot be the result of long deliberation, of careful collecting and weighing of evidence. Yet they must be set forth with emphasis, with an air of perfect certainty and assurance. They will concern themselves with a multitude of subjects, yet they will be limited to questions of the day, concerned with current events, with shop and gossip. They will be the swift judgments of a man immersed in the vivid details of actual life, political and social. They are likely to be somewhat sensational, to savor of jingoism and the divorce court.

The subeditor, again, has not much time to ponder over matters of form; he must be interesting, he must be more or less intelligible, his work must wear a semblance of truth. But inevitably he works for immediate and for temporary effects. He must write in the manner of the present moment; he must avoid a "literary" or a "classical" manner, or the higher levels of prose. He must get up special vocabularies, the vocabulary of the art critic, the dramatic critic, the sporting editor, the race-track reporter, the society reporter, writing in each case for a special audience, aiming to be intelligible to that audience, and paying it and himself the subtle compliment of being intelligible to it alone.

Inevitably habits acquired as subeditor will leave their mark on the technique of the short-story writer. Inevitably his moral interpretation of life can be summed up as we have summed up Kipling's. He satirizes respectable hypocrites, women, marriage; he is concerned with those who play tennis with the seventh commandment, he is concerned with the English administration of India in all its parts, with the English conflict with the natives or with Russia. But he develops no moral system, no large general principles of conduct. "To do one's duty, to live stoically, to live cleanly, to live cheerfully," are the old-fashioned virtues which, as Mr. Le Gallienne says, he "nobly enforces"; but, as we have seen, he expressly condemns any thoughtful questioning as to what one's duty may be.

He condemns, in the same way, all discussion of theory and of technique. He is opposed to the attitude of the critic and the theorist. His distrust of their activities is clearly expressed in the "ballad" of *The Conundrum of the Workshop,* which implies that every man is a law unto himself. Let him produce, let him paint, let him write, and leave the critics to talk vainly and unintelligently of the aims of art and of its history and its eternal laws.

It was characteristic that Irving, that Poe, that Stevenson, that Maupassant, should have left us theoretical and critical discussions of the technique of fiction and the work of their predecessors and contemporaries; it is characteristic that Kipling should have nothing to say on these matters. In all his work there is scarcely a critical passage. You cannot construct for him, as you can from even Chaucer's *obiter dicta,* anything like an esthetic creed. He mentions, indeed, with admiration the descriptive powers of Zola and Poe. He writes of his

enthusiasm for Mark Twain. He praises the rhythm of Bret Harte's prose. There is, indeed, a significant sentence in *From Sea to Sea* which does imply study of form: "A writing-man," he says, "who plays with shadows and dresses dolls that others may laugh at their antics, draws help and comfort and new methods of working old ideas from the stored shelves of a library." Yet he may, even here, have been thinking of the practice of writing-men other than himself. And there is no other evidence that he was given to contemplation of methods, and none whatever that he regarded form as an essential element.

Those shortcomings in the matter of form, to which attention has been already called, are then natural enough. Formal excellence is with Kipling not a matter of sustained effort, of large planning, of the architecture of the whole. His special excellences are, precisely, *not* "proportion, fitness, coherence, harmony, and the like." Nor is there in his work any persistent attack on the special problems of short-story technique. Writing as a journalist he avoids subtleties, he utters direct comments and explanations and so spares his readers the trouble of drawing inferences. On the contrary, he hits them hard, knocks them down, chokes them with emotion. Writing for temporary effects, he does not concern himself with the things that are not noticed in a single rapid reading. Hence the familiar failure to hold the proper level of tone or impression or style, the curious descents to prose, the strange false connotations, by means of which Kipling contrives to belittle an impressive story as he tells it. And so, while he fulfils admirably enough the short-story requirement of a sufficient and impartial elaboration of all the elements of narration, Kipling falls short of complete translation of these elements into concrete and suggestive terms,

falls short in the construction of the story as a whole, and in the construction of great scenes. And while, thanks perhaps mainly to temperament, he preserves well enough the unities of time and place and action, he sometimes fails in the matter of unity of tone or impression. These are the qualities and defects of a genius whose natural bent, accentuated by training, is Sense of Fact, Imagination, Intensity, rather than Reason and Judgment.

PART TWO

THE PERIOD OF TRANSITION

In 1891 Kipling left England for a voyage to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Ceylon, and thence to visit his parents in Lahore. His biographers record no other return to India. After his arrival in England he was married to Miss Balestier of New York. After a visit to Japan, Mr. and Mrs. Kipling established their home at Brattleboro, Vermont, where they lived from August, 1892, to September, 1896. During these four years Kipling made three visits to England to see his parents, who had left India. *Many Inventions,* begun in 1890, was completed and published in 1893; *The Jungle Book* was published in 1894, *The Second Jungle Book* in 1895.

CHAPTER V

THE TRANSITIONAL TECHNIQUE

To call the second period a period of transition is not to imply that the others, as well, were not periods of transition. All through the first period Kipling's narrative art was undergoing changes which become evident as we place the volumes in chronological order, or as we compare the last, *Life's Handicap*, with the first, *Plain Tales from the Hills*. It is not surprising that some development should be visible when we remember that, when *Life's Handicap* was published, Kipling was but twenty-six.

On the whole he remains loyal to India and to his own people; but after leaving India, by force of reminiscence, so that some of the later stories mark the beginning of the habit of dealing with a *remembered* land and people, rather than those in his immediate field of vision. Extend this habit to the use of the memory of others, to national memory, and the door is opened to the combination of past and present peculiar to the later *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. Similarly, such a story as *Without Benefit of Clergy*, with its romantic, side by side with its realistic, aspects, offers an escape from life, thus beginning a tendency which reaches its climax in *"They."* Again, the last two stories in *Life's Handicap* extend Kipling's sympathetic understanding to the ape and the elephant, thus preparing the

way for the *Jungle Books*. In no significant story, however, does the scene shift from India or deal with persons other than Anglo-Indians.

There is no observable tendency to develop new character-types, or to depict more complex personalities, and no evidence of greater grasp of character. There is no visible increase in profundity of study of emotion and motive.

There is, however, a certain decrease in the personal quality of the narrative. The author appears less frequently and more subtly; there is less attempt at flattering self-portraiture; and mannerisms grow less frequent and less marked; "That is another story" disappears altogether. The tales grow steadily longer and more elaborate. The memorable stories, the stories commonly included in collections of specimens, and on the whole the best short-stories, are to be found in the later volumes. There can be, of course, no general agreement as to which the best stories are. But in general it can be roughly stated that *Plain Tales, Soldiers Three, Black and White,* and *Under the Deodars* contain nothing equal to *The Man Who Would be King* (in *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*), to *Wee Willie Winkie* (in the collection of that name), or to *The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney, The Courting of Dinah Shadd, The Man Who Was, Without Benefit of Clergy, On Greenhow Hill, At the End of the Passage, The Mark of the Beast,* and *The Return of Imray* —all in *Life's Handicap*. Whatever views we may hold in regard to individual stories, we must admit that *Life's Handicap* marks a general advance in narrative art beyond the earlier volumes. And we can bring home and illustrate that advance by the comparison of later with earlier treatments of similar themes of, for example, *Without Benefit of Clergy* with *Beyond*

the Pale, a story in *Plain Tales,* which deals with the union of an Englishman with a native woman. The earlier story has more cruelty and less pathos, less of the ideal quality, nothing of the sentiment of heroism, self-sacrifice, and domesticity, of the later. And the earlier has a much less complex technique; it is, one might say, anecdote in a state of transition to short-story.

We have noted the beginnings of the "suggested short-story," the type of tale in which certain details of action and dialogue are given, from which the reader is expected to construct the story or the situation itself. Examples were *Kidnapped,* and *To Be Filed for Reference* (*Plain Tales*), *The Hill of Illusion* (*Under the Deodars*), and *His Majesty the King* (*Wee Willie Winkie*). These are mere beginnings; and the trick is not carried further in *Life's Handicap;* but it is to be in later periods, and these early experiments should be kept in mind.

The same thing is true of the habit of telling stories in slang or jargon, which is at times so highly specialized as to be unintelligible to the uninitiated reader. The most striking examples are to be found in *Plain Tales; Life's Handicap* clearly makes concession to an English audience. The tendency decreases, then, but it does not die out, and in the later periods asserts itself with renewed vigor.

Moral interpretation, finally, is more subtly managed. While passing comment does not cease, the formulated and detachable moral does. The later stories do not begin, like the earlier, with a text. There is less preoccupation with Anglo-Indian Society, less tennis with the seventh commandment. There is a tendency for Humor, with its more human and kindly attitude, to dis-

place Satire, with its love for the seamy side and its violent antipathies. Yet satire does not, by any means, disappear.

On the whole, if one had the misfortune to be forced to sum up the tendencies of the first period in a single formula, one might venture to say that an increase in imagination was observable, a slight increase in sense of form, together with a decrease in the intensity of self-assertion, and the beginning of a new freedom from an overpowering sense of fact.

In the second period these tendencies become more marked, and several important new ones take their rise. So great, indeed, are the changes, that it can be justly characterized as a Period of Transition. Only three volumes are concerned—twenty-nine stories. The first of these volumes is *Many Inventions*. It contains some admirable stories; but to the student of Kipling's art it is mainly interesting as forming the connecting link between the first period and the third. For, of the fourteen stories, three look mainly backward toward the earlier manner; three are Janus-faced, looking both forward and back; and the remaining eight look mainly forward, more or less definitely preparing the way for what is to come.

The scene of all three of the backward-looking stories is laid in India; all of them deal with the Army. *The Lost Legion* is the story of how a detachment of English cavalry was aided in making a capture by the ghosts of a lost native regiment, which had gone over to the enemy at the time of the Mutiny and had been destroyed by the natives who remained true to the English. *Love o' Women* and *His Private Honor* are the last of the Soldiers Three stories.[1]

[1] There are but faint shadows of Ortheris and Mulvaney in *Garm* (*Actions and Reactions*).

The last, that is, except the intensely amusing Mulvaney story of *My Lord the Elephant,* which harks back to various Mulvaney stories and to the elephant story of *Moti Guj, Mutineer* (in *Life's Handicap*), yet prepares the way, by its more careful study of the psychology of the elephant, for the *Jungle Books.* Thus it is, as Mulvaney calls the elephant, Double Ends, or in the more classical metaphor, Janus-faced. In the two other stories of the sort the scene is, for the first time, laid in London. But *A Conference of the Powers* deals wholly with army life in India; a group of young officers meet in Kipling's rooms and astonish a veteran English novelist by their stories of adventure, thus harking back to the earlier subaltern stories. And *One View of the Question* is a letter, written from the Northbrook Club, London, by Shafiz Ullah Khan to his friend Kazi Jamal-ud-Din in India, pointing out the defects of the English and their government. It continues the studies of the English from the native point of view, begun in *Lispeth,* and comes much closer to the original tradition represented by the *Turkish Spy,* Voltaire's *L'Ingénu,* and Addison's Four Indian Kings. In a later story, *A Sahib's War* (*Traffics and Discoveries*), Kipling once more criticizes English affairs from an outsider's point of view.

Of the stories in *Many Inventions* which look mainly forward —first experiments in motifs, characters, or methods, which were to be developed later on—*The Finest Story in the World* deals with the reincarnation, as a London banker's clerk, of a man who had been successively a Greek galley slave and a Viking oarsman. It thus prepares the way for *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies. A Matter of Fact,* the tale of a sea-monster and an American reporter, is Kipling's first definite

attack in fiction on the American character. Both these are, like *On Greenhow Hill* and *The Man Who Would be King,* stories of stories. *The Children of the Zodiac* is the first experiment in allegory. *The Disturber of Traffic* looks back to the studies in pathological psychology, but mainly forward as the first of the stories to deal with mechanical devices and to personify ships. In *Judson and the Empire* the mechanical part is a little more elaborate. *Brugglesmith* and *Badalia Herodsfoot,* studies of low life in London, are in a vein which, fortunately, was to be worked no further. *Brugglesmith,* however, is interesting as introducing[2] the character of McPhee, the chief engineer of the Breslau, who tells the story of *Bread Upon the Waters* in *The Day's Work.* *In the Rukh* is, finally, from the historical point of view, the most interesting tale in the volume, for it is the first of the Jungle stories. It has to do with the wooing and marriage of Mowgli, thus introducing him at a later age than that at which he appears in the *Jungle Books.* But he has the same habits, the same power over the animals, the same natural virtues, and the same—or more than the same —charm. He enters the story like a naked god, Faunus himself, "crowned with a wreath of the tasselled blossoms of the white convolvulus creeper." He commended himself to Gisborne, the warden of the Forest, by "his strength, fleetness, and silence of foot, and his ever-ready open smile; his ignorance of all forms of ceremony and salutations, and the childlike tales that he would tell . . . of what the game was doing in the *rukh.*" Again, there is a note in the prose style, a suggestion of beauty and rhythm, uncommon in the earlier stories. For example:

[2] Unless he is the unnamed chief engineer who told the story of *The Lang Men o' Larut* (*Life's Handicap*).

"Then came the Rains with a roar, and the *rukh* was blotted out in fetch after fetch of warm mist, and the broad leaves drummed the night through under the big drops; and there was a noise of running water, and of juicy green stuff crackling where the wind struck it, and the lightning wove patterns behind the dense matting of the foliage till the sun broke loose again and the *rukh* stood with hot flanks smoking to the newly washed sky." But the style does not hold this level. It descends as of old to shop and jargon and the jerky emphasis. Even the godlike Mowgli speaks "with a grin." And even the godlike Mowgli is swallowed up in the great English system and becomes, under Gisborne, a paid member of the Forest Service. Gisborne himself, although he is an unusual Kipling hero, holding it a sin to kill even the wild animals of the jungle unless there was need, is, of course, before all else a devoted official, enduring like Hummil and his friends in *At the End of the Passage,* solitude, hardships and privation, too deeply interested in work to think of luxuries. The System itself is expounded and praised in the opening disquisition, beginning, "Of the wheels of public service that turn under the Indian Government, there is none more important than the Department of Woods and Forests." The succeeding information, in regard to the activities and way of life of its members, and their wisdom, is all implied in the story that follows. But Kipling, according to his old habit, must comment and explain. And he must, as usual, make his villain a respectable hypocrite: Abdul Gafur, Gisborne's butler and the father of the girl whom Mowgli weds, is a thief and a coward and would-be murderer, who looks down on Mowgli because of his lack of caste and manners. Mowgli himself is prepared to carry on the tradition of the alien critic.

to comment on civilization from the point of view of the natural man. Observing Gisborne's simple household arrangements, "So much trouble to eat," he says, "and so much trouble to lie down after you have eaten!" The directness of his wooing recalls that of Voltaire's *Ingénu*. As critic of civilization he is to go much further in the Jungle Book stories.

Of these stories Kipling seems, characteristically, to have a foreknowledge. They are to account for that special hatred of the tiger, to which Mowgli here gives utterance. And they are to elaborate what he tells Abdul Gafur's daughter of his life:

> I was a wolf among wolves . . . till a time came when Those of the jungle bade me go because I was a man. . . . The beasts of the jungle bade me go, but these four [wolves] followed me because I was their brother. Then was I a herder of cattle among men, having learned their language. . . . The herds paid toll to my brothers till a woman . . . saw me playing by night with my brethren in the crops. They said that I was possessed of devils, and drove me from that village with sticks and stones. . . . From village to village I went, . . . a herder of cattle, a tender of buffaloes, . . . but there was no man that dared lift a finger against me twice."

"Mowgli," says Kipling in *Tiger! Tiger!* "years afterward became a man and married. But that is a story for grown-ups"—the story, that is, that we have just been considering. The stories of the *Jungle Books,* then, deal with the childhood and youth of Mowgli and were written primarily not for grown-ups but for children. In the first and second *Jungle Books* there are in all fifteen stories. Only eight of them deal with Mowgli and the jungle. They are not, in the earlier editions, arranged in chronological order. An attempt at such an arrangement is necessary for a proper understanding of the technique of the individual stories.

The first story, *Mowgli's Brothers,* tells how Mowgli escaped Shere Kahn the tiger, came to the cave of the wolves, was accepted by them, and introduced to the wolf-pack. The events of two later stories precede the end of *Mowgli's Brothers: Kaa's Hunting* relates how Mowgli was stolen by the Bandar-log, the monkey folk, taken to Cold Lairs, and saved in a splendid fight by his friends Baloo, the bear, Bagheera, the panther, and Kaa, the python, whom the Kite had told of his predicament. *How Fear Came* is a "Pourquoi," a "How" or "Why" story, in which, when peace had been proclaimed because of a great drouth and all the animals were gathered by the river, Hathi the elephant, master of the Jungle, told how the tiger was marked with his stripes by the plants and creepers as a punishment for killing the first buck. These are the main events of the years of Mowgli's education in the lore of the jungle by his friends Baloo and Bagheera. They are followed by the conclusion of the first story, *Mowgli's Brothers,* which tells how Akela, the leader of the wolf-pack, was deposed, Shere Kahn claimed Mowgli as his prey, and Mowgli broke with the pack and frightened his enemies with fire. *Tiger! Tiger!* takes up the thread at this point. Mowgli went to a village, was adopted by a family which had lost a son in the Jungle, showed that he knew more about the wild animals than Buldeo, the hunter of the village, and so made him his enemy. He was set to herding cattle. Learning from his faithful brothers of the wolf-pack that Shere Kahn was hunting for him, Mowgli with the help of the wolves divided the herd, and sent half up and half down a deep ravine where Shere Kahn was sleeping, trampling him to death. Buldeo, the hunter, found the body and claimed the skin, until Akela came to Mowgli's aid. Where-

fore Mowgli on his return to the village, was stoned and driven off. He went back to the wolf-pack with the tiger's skin, and they wished him to lead them. But he preferred to hunt alone. *Letting in the Jungle* continues this episode, and tells how Mowgli avenged himself on the villagers, who had stoned him and bound and condemned to death his foster-parents, and also on Buldeo, who had gone out to kill him, by persuading his friends the elephants to destroy the village. Then follow two episodes which cannot be definitely placed. One is the story of *The King's Ankus,* the tale of the jewelled elephant-goad which Mowgli took from Cold Lairs, and which, as the cobra said, was death, since it caused the killing of six men before Mowgli returned it to the treasure-vault. The other episode is the story of the *Red Dog,* beasts feared by all the jungle. At Kaa's suggestion Mowgli led them, pursuing him, among the bees, he himself leaping over a cliff into the river where Kaa awaited him. Most of the Dhole, or Red Dog, were destroyed by the bees; the rest met their fate further down the river where Mowgli with his knife and the wolves awaited them. In this splendid battle Akela, the old leader of the pack, was slain. *The Spring Running,* finally, is not a story at all but rather a psychological study, a kind of *Pervigilium Veneris* of the Jungle, showing how one spring, two years after the Red Dog episode, when Mowgli was seventeen, his fancy turned to thoughts of his own kind. It prepares the way for *In the Rukh.*

The Mowgli stories may then be regarded as the chapters of the romance of Mowgli. The division of the whole into stories does not follow the natural divisions of the narrative: for some stories contain more, some less, than a single episode. And some are organic parts of the whole, while others are con-

nected only by the presence of the same characters, springing from nothing that precedes, leading to nothing that follows. Some of the individual stories are, indeed, admirably constructed and fulfil, in this respect, short-story requirements. *Kaa's Hunting,* for example, is excellently put together, is characterized by well elaborated, distinct, and organic scenes, by the stirring battle, with admirable details of action and effective suspense, between the python and the monkeys at Cold Lairs, surpassing the best battle pieces of the earlier stories. *Tiger! Tiger!* too, is an admirable piece of short-story architecture. And *Red Dog* has an excellent battle—though somewhat long drawn out—with telling suspense, and a well managed introductory informational incident. But most of the Jungle stories lack this excellence of structure. *Mowgli's Brothers,* for example, has a gap between its two scenes wherein two tales can be placed. *How Fear Came* and *The Spring Running* can scarcely be regarded as short-stories at all.

Neither better nor worse in structure than the others, and fairly typical of the whole group of Mowgli stories, is *The King's Ankus.* It is significant also because it illustrates certain of the literary relationships of these tales, and because it offers opportunity for comparison with Chaucer's masterly handling of the same motif. It is peculiarly interesting as carrying on the tradition of the folk tale or *märchen,* which crops out again and again from the beginning to the end of the history of the short-story. Kipling, by his own account, got some of his stories from "women spinning outside their cottages in the twilight." Beyond doubt he got this one from such a source, thus dipping once more into the great stream of oral tradition which had been flowing steadily on, out of sight and for the most part forgotten,

since long before the Middle Ages. Though it is in a manner new to Kipling, a manner different from that of *In the Rukh,* from that of all the *Many Inventions,* from that of all the earlier volumes, with no glimpse of Anglo-Indian Society or Thomas Atkins or the English Administration, yet it is in a manner far older than Kipling, in the oldest manner of prose tale in the world, the manner of the tale told to children—modified, it must be admitted, but by no means transformed, by the insistent genius of the modern author. Of a technique originally controlled by the childish audience, it reckons on unquestioning belief, summoning no German scientist, like Muller in *In the Rukh,* to prove its truth. It makes continual appeal to its hearers: Cold Lairs, the deserted city "*of which you may have heard*"; "His eyes were as red as rubies, and *altogether he was most wonderful*"; "The first thing to do . . . is to cast forward without leaving *your own confusing footmarks* on the ground." It is thus that by personal appeal the oral narrator seeks to hold the child's attention.

The technique, however, of the story for children has passed under the more vigorous control of Kipling. The time of the action is brought forward, as by a temporal telescope, into the vivid present; and it is not a matter of a generation, but of two days. Place, too, has lost the vagueness of the old *märchen;* yet it retains something of the old mystery, the mystery of the depths of the jungle, and of the ruined city, decay of ancient splendor, vast wealth and gorgeous jewels of the cobra's hoard; suggestive in one way or another of the Old English poems of *The Ruin* and the *Beowulf,* as the gorgeous palaces mysteriously hidden in the depths of great forests, are suggestive of *märchen* and *lai.*

Intimate association, on a footing of equality, with the lower animals, again, is a habit of folk-tale society. Only here the situation is reversed. For where in the folk tale one or two animals are permitted to enter human society, here a human being, by special favor, is permitted to share the society of the beasts.[3] But they have the old powers of teaching, helping, and guiding the young hero. It is, as we learn from other tales, Baloo the bear who has general supervision of Mowgli's education. Kaa, however, instructs him in the "manly art of self-defense," in wrestling, and swimming. It is Kaa, who had saved him from the Bandar-log, who now leads him to Cold Lairs and the hidden treasure, and comes to his aid surely and swiftly in the struggle with the White Cobra. After the winning of the Ankus, Mowgli turns to his friend Bagheera the panther, a specialist in the art of following a trail, who knows more than he of the ways of men, tells him what the ankus was made for, and gently insists upon his learning the worst of its influence upon wicked man. No small part of the charm, as in all the Jungle stories, depends on this appeal to the sentiment of friendship by these instances of swift mutual comprehension, trust, loyalty, and forbearance.

Kipling's powers of observation assert themselves as usual and give the settings an air of reality, an immediacy of effect, which is characteristically lacking in the folk tale. It is a very real python with whom Mowgli wrestles and swims in the forest pool. And there is a self-conscious esthetic sense, foreign of course to the *märchen,* in such a sentence as: "They would rock to and fro, head to head, each waiting for his chance, till the

[3] There is a suggestion of the old werewolf superstition in Mowgli's relation to the wolves.

beautiful, statue-like group melted in a whirl of black-and-yellow coils and struggling legs and arms, to rise up again and again.'' And there are typical bits of Kipling's erudition in Mowgli's knowledge of the fact that toes widely spread signify fast running, and that the mark of a small foot and something dragged beside it mean a Gond hunter with his bow. There are touches of artistic, non-popular, description again, in the trail that led ''in and out through the checkers of the moonlight,'' or in the light that ''dropped down into the darkness'' from the broken roof of the treasure-vault. Here I should say, however, that Kipling's specific verb is inferior to Poe's ''the dark high turret-chamber where the light *dripped* upon the pale canvas only from overhead,'' or even to the Anglo-Saxon poet's and Tennyson's ''long light *shakes* across the lakes,'' for the effect of sunlight on the ruffled surface of water.

As for Mowgli, he is a hero more typical of the folk tale than of Kipling. He is, indeed, of a very special popular type of the ''innocent,'' like the youthful *Beowulf,* like Parsifal ''der reine Thor,'' like Tyolet, in the *lai* of Marie de France. For as Tyolet, brought up in ignorance of the world of men, does not know what a knight is, so Mowgli asks the cobra, ''What *is* a King?'' He has the innocent's content, the content of simple wishes easily gratified, of the natural man closely allied to the beasts of the forests formed to feed on the joy of living, ''to seek and find and feast,'' untroubled by care or doubt. For him money is but the stuff they play with in the Man Pack, indifferently brown or yellow. The jewelled ankus pleases him because it offers a satisfactory grip, or has, when it glistens in the sunlight, almost the beauty of a bunch of new flowers to stick in his hair. Yet Mowgli is endowed with positive and ideal

qualities. A tenderness of heart bids him fling away the ankus, when he learns its cruel use; he is shocked at its fearful vengeance upon men, and returns it to the cobra. He himself will never kill, save for food. He shows calm courage in the encounter with the cobra; and he has the special savage virtues of courtesy and good temper: for "he carried his manners with his knife, and that never left him"; and in wrestling with Kaa, he has learned to take a hard fall with laughter. All in all he approaches the Rousseau ideal; he is conceived as the natural man, an animal taught by brother animals in their own virtues. The moral of the story thus lies in his contrast with man more or less civilized, lies in his arraignment of "civilized" society. He says to Bagheera: "We do not desire what men desire"—we shall not kill one another for wealth, the root of all evil. In Mowgli, that is, we meet once more the "alien critic" tradition. Like Hiddigeigei and Riquet, he criticises man from the animal's point of view. "They have no manners, these men folk," he says, when in *Tiger! Tiger!* the villagers stare and shout and point at him, "only the grey ape would behave as they do."

In form, *The King's Ankus* is folk tale with concessions to Kipling, or vice versa. There is the tendency to rhythmic prose, a regular trait of the old oral tale. It is heard mainly in the speeches of the White Cobra. "I am the Warden of the King's Treasure. Kurrun Raja builded the stone above me, in the days when my skin was dark, that I might teach death to those who came to steal. Then they let down the treasure through the stone, and I heard the song of the Brahmins my masters." Here, indeed, is rhythm, yet, after all, of a dignity, of a seriousness quite distinct from the homely and simple music of the opening of *Little Snow White:* "Once upon a time in the middle

of winter, when the flakes of snow were falling like feathers from the sky, a queen sat at a window sewing, and the frame of the window was made of black ebony. And whilst she was sewing and looking out of the window at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the snow. And the red looked pretty upon the white snow, and she thought to herself, 'Would that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window-frame.' " Kipling writes rhythmically, but manifestly he does not catch "the old and broken voice of tradition, mumbling her ancient burden while the cradle rocks, and the spinning-wheel turns and hums"—as Perrault caught it, or as Andrew Lang caught it in this admirable echo of its manner.

From another point of view the structure of *The King's Ankus* is an improvement upon that of the *märchen:* it is more organic; there is a distinct beginning and a distinct end, and each part of the narrative has it special function. The introductory incidents reveal the settings and Mowgli's relations to these, and set the story in motion by the news of the mysterious something, desired by men, in the vault at Cold Lairs. The scene in the vault follows; then, after the transitional meeting with Bagheera, the scene of the tracking. This is quite different from the *märchen* habit of stringing together independent events. And yet, if we regard the kernel of the story as the killing of one man and the poisoning of his companions for the possession of a treasure—and this *was* the kernel of the story—we can see how it has been subjected to an overlaying of extraneous matter. To place it in the *Jungle Books,* to make of it *Mowgli's story,* the whole early part is added, that is, everything up to the moment of Mowgli's throwing away the ankus.

From that point the old story is not directly told, but suggested, reconstructed, and by a most interesting method, the method of Voltaire's *Zadig*. For Bagheera and Mowgli follow that oriental philosopher far more closely than Poe's Dupin, or Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes follows him. We know that Kipling read Voltaire; possibly this is unconscious reminiscence. But we know that Voltaire's source was oriental; and it is not inconceivable that this early detective story lingered in India and united there with the treasure and poison story before Kipling's day. Or, what is after all most probable, it may be that Kipling knew first-hand something of the methods of following a trail and placed his knowledge at the disposal of Mowgli and Bagheera for the reconstruction of the old tale.

It is not only, however, that the old tale is approached in this new way. The tale itself is modified by the addition of new material. In all the old versions three robbers, or ruffians, get the treasure directly from an old man, who in Kipling's version becomes the cobra. In Kipling's version there intervene Mowgli, the villager, and the Gond hunter, all unnecessary for the working out of the original motif. Thus Kipling, dealing with this ancient material, adds to it *outside*, so to speak, all the Mowgli matter, and *inside*, three new and unnecessary characters, with, of course, that part of the action in which they are concerned.

Chaucer, in *The Pardoner's Tale*, tells the same story. But he deals with it in exactly the opposite way: instead of adding new characters and action, he elaborates those already present. He differentiates subtly and by purely objective and dramatic methods the characters of the three revellers; he tells the story from their point of view, studying their motives. In Kipling

they have no characters and no psychology; Mowgli's point of view does not permit that. And Kipling's cobra, though not a bad study in senile decay, is in no way comparable to Chaucer's marvelous figure of the mysterious old man; and for Kipling's Mowgli, the reconstructor of the story, we have Chaucer's far more complex and subtle narrator, the Pardoner. And if, furthermore, Kipling is the more vivid, so far as he deals with what Mowgli saw, Chaucer is the more realistic. We may not visualize so distinctly, but we grasp more vigorously and remember more tenaciously Chaucer's three revelers in the tavern or as they stand face to face with the old man at the stile; or the poisoner running from the apothecary's to the vintner's, even though Chaucer was grossly ignorant of the spread of his toes. If, then, it be the distinguishing function of the short-story to make the most of a small but significant section of narrative, rather than to increase its length, it is Chaucer who fulfils that function, not Kipling. Moreover, in weight, in intensity, in unity of tone, in soundness of moral implication—the implication of a criticism not of all civilized men but of three drunken rogues—Chaucer's tale is superior to Kipling's. It may be urged that Kipling's story was conditioned by the general conception of the *Jungle Books,* or that he aimed lower than Chaucer. Well, Chaucer's story was conditioned by the demands of the conception of the *Canterbury Tales,* and admirably does it fulfil those demands. And if Chaucer aims higher, and is loyal to that higher aim, so much the greater is Chaucer. Moreover, in a sense, Chaucer aims lower, as well. That is, his story has to be comic as well as tragic: he achieves his grim jest by the emphasis on the psychological element, contrasting expectation with fulfilment; just as he achieves tragedy, in part,

by his emphasis on those elements of character which lead inevitably to ruin. It is thus Chaucer's tale again that has the greater human interest.

I have lingered too long over this comparison. Yet it is well to apply, as Matthew Arnold did, the touchstone of the best. *The King's Ankus* has real and manifest excellences: it delights and charms us, justly, in part; in part because it is written after the fashion of our own day. It is right that we should examine it closely, and comparing it with the *Pardoner's Tale* discover that it does not deserve to take rank as one of the great masterpieces of the art of brief narrative.[4]

Only eight of the stories in the Jungle Book deal with Mowgli and his friends. It is merely of these, of course, that *The King's Ankus* can stand as a type. Some of the departures of the other seven from this type are worth noting.

In two of them Kipling's sense of fact still further relents and permits him to deal with lands of which he knew only by hearsay. Thus *The White Seal* begins: "All these things happened . . . at a place called Novastoshnah, or North East Point, on the Island of St. Paul, away and away in the Bering Sea." The ordinary migrations of the seals take them across the Pacific, or southward, seven thousand miles, to the Island of Juan Fernandez; and the hero's wanderings in search of an island where no men ever came, extend to Walrus Islet, northeast of Novastoshnah, and all through the North and South Pacific. "He went to the Gallapagos, a horrid dry place on the Equator, where he was nearly baked to death; he went to the Georgia Islands, the Orkneys, Emerald Island, Little Nightingale Island, Gough's Island, Bouvet's Island, the Crossets, and even to a

[4] See for further comparison of *The King's Ankus* and *The Pardoner's Tale*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. 84, p. 714.

little speck of an island south of the Cape of Good Hope . . . to Cape Corientes, [and] headed round the Horn back to his own beaches.'' Lacking these Ulysses wanderings, but full of the technical local color of Navy Board Islet on the north shore of Baffin Land, is the Esquimaux story of *Quiquern.* Thus: Kotuko ''crawled back over the huddled dogs, dusted the dry snow from his furs with the whalebone beater that Amoraq kept by the door, tapped the skin-lined roof of the house to shake off any icicles that might have fallen from the dome of snow above, and curled up on the bench. The dogs in the passage snored and whined in their sleep, the boy-baby in Amoraq's deep fur hood kicked and choked and gurgled, and the mother of the newly named puppy lay at Kotuko's side, her eyes fixed on the bundle of sealskin, warm and safe above the broad yellow flame of the lamp.'' All this is no less photographic—or cinematographic—than the paragraphs, like the opening of *At the End of the Passage,* which in the earlier tales convey the impression of India. Clearly imagination, power of selecting and assimilating facts, can be made to do for Kipling the work of observation.

This enlargement of the place-setting is accompanied by an extension of the social setting. In *Quiquern,* Esquimaux types are set forth with verisimilitude; in *The White Seal,* the customs of seals, sea-lions, sea-cows, and so on, are studied in great detail and with apparent accuracy; and other stories add to the East Indian menagerie mongoose, horse, mules, camel, bullock, jackal, adjutant, and crocodile, each with his special point of view.

In some of the stories there is a tendency to deal with the animals in the Chaucerian way, that is, not as offering a contrast

to man, but as repeating, like Chantecler and Pertelote, amusing human imperfections. The walruses looked at the white seal as you can imagine "a club full of drowsy old gentlemen would look at a little boy." "Run away," says one of them, "We're busy here." Kotick, the White Seal, met in his wanderings "all the untrustworthy ruffians that loaf up and down the high seas, and the heavy polite fish, and the scallops that are moored in one place for hundreds of years, and grow very proud of it." And the talk of Kotick's parents is an admirable bit of good-humored satire of marital relations. Compared with the conversation of Chantecler and Pertelote, however, it looks a little obvious and seems lacking in subtlety. The significant thing is rather the good humor of it; the bitterness of Kipling's earlier satire has vanished.

Yet there is scarcely a growth in interest in commonplace people; the hero is still of the superlative type, distinguished member of his race or clan, doer of great deeds. Kotick is a *white* seal, the only one to ask questions when his friends are slain, the only one *not* to accept the slaughter as "part of the day's work," but to set out in search of an island inaccessible to men, to find it, and then to fight a thousand of his companions, one by one, in order to persuade them to benefit by his discovery. *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi* is no ordinary mongoose, but one that slew three snakes and saved the lives of a whole family that befriended him. *Toomai of the Elephants* was the only human being who had seen the elephants dance. And *Purun Bhagat* was a great statesman who became a beggar and hermit, so holy that the animals became his friends and warned him in time to save a Himalayan village from an impending landslip.

In general, the tales of the *Jungle Books* reveal a better grasp

of structure and a more perfect unity of tone than the stories of the first period. A few of them, perhaps, over-run the natural limits of the short-story. The fact that *Mowgli's Brothers* permits the insertion, between its two scenes, of two independent stories, implies relatively inorganic structure. *Letting in the Jungle* has, perhaps, too many events, is essentially too long. *The Miracle of Purun Bhagat* partakes, perhaps, too much of the nature of biography, as *The White Seal,* the story of a search through years for an island inaccessible to men, partakes of the nature of an epic of the Odyssey type. Other tales achieve unity by emphasis of the situation in which the story is told. This is true of *How Fear Came,* and of *The Undertakers.* In the latter story the crocodile tells how near he came to snatching a baby from a boat floating down the river in the days of the Mutiny. As he finishes his tale, that same baby, now a grown man, shoots him. This story has the air of being a piece of conscious compression, like Nodier's *Combe à l'Homme Mort;* and *The King's Ankus,* may, as we have just seen, be regarded as the story of the reconstruction of a story. Only two of the tales must be rejected as short-stories—the *Spring Running* and *Her Majesty's Servants;* the former a study in psychology, the latter, a study in the organization of the Indian Empire. Six of the tales, finally, are typical short-stories of the thoroughly orthodox type of structure: *Kaa's Hunting, Tiger! Tiger!, Red Dog, Toomai of the Elephants, Quiquern,* and *Rikki-Tikki-Tavi.*

All fifteen show the results of more imaginative, less matter-of-fact methods, than the tales of the early period. There is less crowding in of concrete incident; there is more organization into distinct scenes. The stories are longer, and being at the same

time less packed with detail, the movement is much less rapid. It is as if Kipling had here modified his old headlong pace to suit the short steps of a child. And though his tone is not absolutely uniform, the breaks in manner are not such marked descents to prose levels; there is no change in tone so great as the shifts from pathos to bitter satire in the earlier stories. It is rather that Kipling pauses now and then to insert a bit of explanation or instruction, betraying an anxiety to improve as well as to entertain an audience of children. Yet, as we have seen, this is a fixed habit of Kipling's. Although he is willing at times to be so technical as to be unintelligible, he insists, at others, in explaining where no explanation is necessary; in the *Jungle Books*, the personal note is less insistent in these explanations. In general, in evident carefulness of workmanship, in restraint, in unity of tone and style, in delicacy, in freedom from mannerism, the Jungle stories show a distinct advance over all the work that preceded them.

Although, so far as Moral Interpretation is concerned, there is something of the old cynical realism in the unflattering comparison of man with the beasts, yet it is always mainly on the more agreeable side that the emphasis falls, on the ideal qualities, that is, with which the beasts are endowed. If, in the earlier stories, he emphasizes to a certain extent those qualities which men share with the lower animals, in these stories he emphasizes in the lower animals the presence of qualities which are ordinarily supposed to be the peculiar possession of men. In a word, in his treatment of animal heroes, he is not animalistic. The stories reveal not so much "hunger, thirst, lust, cruelty, vanity, sloth, predacity, greed," as wisdom, loyalty, courage, courtesy, good temper, fixity of purpose (as contrasted

with the Bandar-log), obedience to law. To the law of the jungle, that is; in only one story is the law of man involved, in *Her Majesty's Servants;* who, it is said, "obey as men do. Mule, horse, elephant, or bullock, he obeys his driver, and the driver his sergeant, and the sergeant his lieutenant," and so on, up to the brigadier, "who obeys his general, who obeys the Viceroy, who is the servant of the Empress," as in the creed outlined in *The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin.* The rhyme at the beginning of the *Second Jungle Book* seems to be Kipling's summary of the principal moral to be drawn from the work as a whole:

> Now these are the Laws of the Jungle,
> and many and mighty are they;
> But the head and the hoof of the Law
> and the haunch and the hump is—Obey!

The general tendencies of the second or transition period may be summed up as a general drift away from realism and from adherence to fact, in the direction of romance and of the freer play of the imagination. It is significant, for example, that *In the Rukh,* the first Jungle story, reveals Mowgli in his relations with the Anglo-Indian world; whereas the stories of the *Jungle Books* detach him completely from that world and reveal him in his relations with his friends the animals, under conditions which are, of necessity, wholly imaginary. Thus in place of the real and prosaic India, we have the mysterious and romantic heart of the Jungle, in place of the Anglo-Indians, Baloo and Bagheera and Kaa and the wolf-pack. The world of the *White Seal* and the world of Quiquern, the Esquimau, are further imaginative creations of places and *dramatis personae.* Kipling is disposed, moreover, to insist less and less on the real or natural

qualities of his characters, to idealize them more and more, so that here also imagination has free play. He descends, so to speak, still lower than the beasts, finds romance in machinery, and begins the personification of ships. Again, he now departs from his own time, and ventures upon an imaginative reconstruction of the past, in the extremely significant *Finest Story in the World.*

There is evidence, too, in addition to this freer play of the imagination of a new interest in matters of form. There are two novelties in this way: allegory, in *The Children of the Zodiac,* and *märchen,* the tale of the marvelous told for children, marked by a new effort to hit and to hold a certain level of style or manner. And in general, with the slower movement of the Jungle tales, goes greater artistry, a greater restraint, a far less obvious personal note, a greater refinement and delicacy of treatment.

Realism, then, the insistence on the observed fact, and Intensity, the intervention of the author in his own person, diminish, and permit a corresponding growth in Imagination and Sense of Form.

PART THREE

THE ENGLISH PERIOD

Kipling with his family spent the winter of 1897–1898 in South Africa. Returning to England in the spring of 1898, he took a house at Rottingdean, near Brighton, with the intention of making it his permanent home. In January, 1899, he sailed with his family to America. In New York he was attacked by a cold which developed into pneumonia. It was feared that he might not recover. Meantime his two daughters had fallen ill with the same disease, which for the elder, aged six, terminated fatally. The family returned to England in June. In 1907 Kipling was awarded the Nobel Prize "for the most distinguished work in the field of idealistic tendency." He continues to live at Rottingdean. During this period he has published *The Day's Work* (1894–1898), *Stalky and Company* (1897–1900), *Just So Stories* (1897–1903), *Traffics and Discoveries* (1901–1904), *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1905–1906), *Actions and Reactions* (1909), and *Rewards and Fairies* (1910).

CHAPTER VI

THE SETTINGS

In the third period, which for the present closes naturally with 1910—Kipling's forty-fifth year—development still continues. Yet it is to be regarded primarily as a time of final achievement, when the tendencies and characteristics which we have been studying reach a kind of culmination.

Only half a dozen of the seventy-four stories of this period hark back to India. In another half dozen Kipling extends his empire to the sea; in a third six, to South Africa. Only three, I think, have America as background. The scene of all, or nearly all, of the others, is laid in England. So far, then, as geography is concerned, the discovery of England is the distinguishing mark of Kipling's latest work.

It is all based on observation. His imagination does not again carry him outside his own field of vision, as it did in *Quiquern* and *The White Seal* of the *Jungle Books*. His descriptions have all the old vividness. An American may test their accuracy by examining those which deal with landscape familiar to him: "You must go down by the brook that feeds the clicking, bubbling water-ram; up through the sugar bush, where the young maple undergrowth closes round you like a shallow sea; next follow the faint line of an old county-road running past two green hollows fringed with wild rose that mark the cellars of two ruined houses; then by Lost Orchard, where nobody ever

comes except in cider-time; then across another brook, and so into the Back Pasture. Half of it is pine and hemlock and spruce, with sumach and little juniper bushes, and the other half is grey rock and boulder and moss, with green streaks of brake and swamp.'' And you know where that Back Pasture is; for with absolute sureness of imaginative selection, Kipling has seized upon the characteristic details of the New England landscape. Again: ''It's a kindly, softly country there, back of Philadelphia among the German towns, Lancaster way. Little houses and bursting big barns, . . . and all as peaceful as Heaven.'' There, of an autumn morning, ''you roll out o' your blanket and find every leaf left green overnight turned red and yellow, not by trees at a time, but hundreds and hundreds of miles of 'em, like sunsets splattered upside down, . . . the maples . . . flaming scarlet and gold, . . . the sumach bushes . . . redder.'' What strikes one at once as new in these descriptive passages is the insistence upon beauty; and, in the second one, at least, where Brother Square Toes speaks, sense of beauty mingled with passionate regret for a happy and care-free youth spent in those scenes. It is not, of course, wholly new. You may find the same note, or something like it, in some of the earlier Indian stories, but with a vast difference in tone that admirably illustrates the contrast between Kipling at twenty-five and at forty-five:

''Summer evenings in the country,—stained-glass window,—light going out, and you and she jamming your heads together over one hymn-book,'' said Mottram.

''Yes, and a fat old cockchafer hitting you in the eye when you walked home. Smell of hay, and a moon as big as a bandbox sitting on the top of a haycock; bats,—roses,—milk and midges,'' said Lowndes.[1]

[1] *At the End of the Passage.*

It is in description of just this English landscape that sense of beauty, that sentiment, have freest play in the final period. The young subaltern, back from India, finds that "there's no place like England—when you've done your work."

"Not a thing changed," he sighed contentedly, when the three of them sat down to dinner in the late sunlight, while the rabbits crept out upon the lawn below the cedars, and the big trout in the ponds by the home paddock rose for their evening meal."...Beyond were "the round-bosomed woods... where the white pheasant boxes were ranged; and the golden air was full of a hundred sacred scents and sounds.

Again, in *My Sunday at Home*, Kipling gives direct expression to his own personal feeling:

It was the very point of perfection in the heart of an English May-day. The unseen tides of the air had turned, and all nature was setting its face with the shadows of the horse-chestnuts towards the peace of the coming night. But there were hours yet I knew—long, long hours of the eternal English twilight—to the ending of the day. I was well content to be alive—to abandon myself to the drift of Time and Fate,... and to love my country with the devotion that three thousand miles of intervening sea bring to fullest flower. And what a garden of Eden it was, this fatted, clipped, and washen land! A man could camp in any open field with more sense of home and security than the stateliest buildings of foreign cities could afford. And the joy was that it was all mine [in]alienably—groomed hedgrow, spotless road, decent greystone cottage, serried spinney, tasselled copse, apple-bellied hawthorn, and well-grown tree. A light puff of wind—it scattered flakes of may over the gleaming rails—gave me a faint whiff as it might have been of fresh cocoanut, and I knew that the golden gorse was in bloom somewhere out of sight.

Here, as in the earlier descriptions of India, power of observation, of seizing upon what is characteristic, is largely the result of sense of differences. It is the three thousand miles of intervening sea that bring devotion to fullest flower. Thus Kipling approaches England as an outsider; his very insistence on his own inalienable right in the landscape is evidence of that atti-

tude. His point of view, indeed, is pretty nearly that of the Americans whom he so cordially hates; it is the colonial point of view.

It is just this point of view, or rather, this sentiment, that furnishes the motif for *An Habitation Enforced,* one of the most utterly satisfactory stories that Kipling has written. It is the tale of a young American millionaire who, with his wife, seeks rest and quiet, after nervous prostration, in an English farm-house. They are charmed by the empty manor house nearby, and Chapin, desiring, as he grows stronger, something to play with, buys the estate. It transpires that Sophie, his wife, is descended from the Lashmar family who once owned it; and the place takes possession of them. But it is not their land; as Chapin says, "We've only paid for it. We belong to it, and it belongs to the people—*our* people, they call 'em." Kipling compresses the spirit of it all in the poem at the close:

I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue stays;
I will bring back my children,
After certain days.

Under their feet in the grasses
My clinging magic runs.
They shall return as strangers,
They shall remain as sons.
. . . . . .
Scent of smoke in the evening,
Smell of rain in the night,
The hours, the days and the seasons
Order their souls aright;

Till I make plain the meaning
Of all my thousand years—
Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,
While I fill their eyes with tears.

It is extremely instructive to contrast Kipling's whole attitude toward England in this later period with that in the earlier time, the time of his first return. Like other "native born" he had been taught in India to call England home; but he felt anything but at home there; he was conscious only of gloom, fog, and narrow-minded people. The Albert Docks, in London, were the point whence the British-India steamers go to the *sunshine*. He had no desire to republish the articles and sketches which reflect this gloomy view of England; we owe our knowledge of them primarily to the pirated edition of an American publisher. The fact that Kipling disowned them is significant of his change of attitude in the later period.

Still more American, or colonial, is a later phase of Kipling's appreciation of England, in which, to this sense of its ordered beauty, this sense of home and security, he adds the magic of association with the past. It is this magic that constitutes, for the American traveller, the charm of the English atmosphere, of a country which, though in many ways the most progressive in Europe, has yet clung more tenaciously than any other to its past. The American, who has no past of his own, must look for it in what Hawthorne calls Our Old Home. The American's "natural conservatism asserts itself," as Mr. Crothers says, "in his insistence that the places which he visits shall be true to their own reputations."

> ... After a time [however] one comes to have a certain modesty of expectation. Time and Space are different elements, and each has its own laws. At the price of a steamship ticket one may be transported to another country, but safe passage to another age is not guaranteed. ... A walk through a pleasant neighborhood is all the pleasanter if one knows that something memorable has happened there. If one is wise he will not attempt to realize it to the exclusion of the present scene. It is enough to have a slight flavor of historicity.

It is just this combination of the charm of the present scene with the flavor of historicity, this safe passage to another age, that Kipling accomplishes for Dan and Una in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies,* thus satisfying a craving of his own soul which, had he been a mere stay-at-home Englishman, he would not have felt with anything like the same keenness:

> "What do they know of England who only England know?"

And so it is that Puck explains to the children that his friends used to set his dish of cream for him o' nights when Stonehenge was new. Yes, before the Flint Men made the Dewpond under Chanctonbury Ring. He knew Weland Smith, of Germanic Mythology fame, who forged the ancient burnie of Beowulf.

> "I met [him] first," he tells the children, "on a November afternoon in a sleet storm, on Pevensey Level—"
>
> "Pevensey? Over the hill, you mean?" Dan pointed south.
>
> "Yes; but it was all marsh in those days, right up to Horsebridge and Hydeneye. I was on Beacon Hill—they called it Brunanburgh then—when I saw the pale flame that burning thatch makes."...
>
> "A year or two before the Conquest... I came back to Pook's Hill here, ... and heard old Hobden talking about Weland's Ford... just beyond Bog Wood yonder."
>
> "Why, that's Willingford Bridge," said Una. "We go there for walks often. There's a kingfisher there."

All this is in the first story. In each one of those that follow Dan and Una learn to taste the "flavor of historicity" in the familiar country about them. The smallest, least significant objects have their associations; the very chickens' drinking-trough is the plague-stone which had been placed at the boundary of their own village, for exchange of food and money, when

people dared come no nearer for the plague, two hundred years before.

See you the dimpled track that runs,
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

See you our little mill that clacks,
So busily by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke,
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

. . . . . .

And see you marks that show and fade,
Like shadows on the Downs?
O they are the lines the Flint Men made,
To guard their wondrous towns.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn;
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
Where you and I will fare.

All the earlier stories deal with the present time. It is characteristic of Kipling that, coming now to deal with the past, he should instinctively refuse to treat it as the past at all, should revivify it, bring it forward into the present. He is still writer of fiction, journalist, eager for the interesting fact. He is, manifestly, not an historian.

These extensions of time and place are accompanied by corresponding extension in the *dramatis personae* of the stories. He still regularly connects his characters with the organization in which they serve, sees them as parts of a system, effective or non-effective, rather as members of the team than as individuals. To the Anglo-Indian army and government, which he does not altogether forsake, he now adds the English army in South Africa; he adds the navy; the Roman army in England; he personifies inanimate machinery and studies team play in the parts of a ship, or in the functions of a locomotive as a citizen of the railway, so to speak. Polo ponies preach team work to one another in the intervals of the game, and individual rights, as opposed to those of a society in which everyone plays an appointed part, are vigorously condemned by the chance gathering of horses in a Vermont pasture and reduced to a tragic absurdity by the bees in The Mother Hive.

It is perhaps primarily as the final perfection of order, of system, that machinery comes to figure so largely in Kipling's later stories. It is this conception of his engines that the old engineer celebrates in *McAndrew's Hymn:*

> Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
> To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.
> Fra skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,
> An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made,

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:
"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!"
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"

This is an excellent interpretation of such stories as *The Ship that Found Herself* and *007*.[2] *The King* contains valuable commentary upon others.

"Romance!" the Season-tickets mourn,
He never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn—
And left the local—late again!"
Confound Romance!"... And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks;
In dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still.

Robed, crowned and throned, he wove his spell,
Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,
Hedged in a backward-gazing world;
Then taught his chosen bard to say:
"The King was with us—yesterday!"

Certainly this extension of his field, the celebration of the romance of machinery of today and tomorrow, is a marked development of his last period. Ships, locomotives, motor cars

[2] As far back as 1889 Kipling had in mind the main idea of *007*. Visiting the shops at Jamalpur he observed that "Engines are the 'livest' things that man ever made. They glare through their spectacle-plates, they tilt their noses contemptuously, and when their insides are gone they adorn themselves with red lead, and leer like decayed beauties." Zola, too, had the trick of communicating to things a mysterious life: a locomotive goes mad in his *La Bête Humaine*.

(steam and gas), wireless telegraphy, bridge building, and airships are all represented, all play romantic or stirring parts in these later stories. They are depicted with a wealth of detail and a mass of unintelligible terms that are absolutely convincing to the layman. The ordinary reader understands the activities of *The Bridge Builders,* the repair of the engines in *The Devil and the Deep Sea,* the operation of the airships in *The Night Mail* just as little as if he were observing with his own eyes. And therefore they produce the illusion of reality. If, as a bridge builder assures me, Kipling's bridge building is nonsense, all the rest of his mechanics may be nonsense too; but that does not signify. He is writing fiction; his business is to entertain, to produce an illusion, and in that he is eminently successful. It is mainly a matter of vocabulary; understanding of the principles of mechanics is not required. Consequently invention is easy. It is no great achievement to design and operate an airship which shall, in a story, by means of a mass of technical terms, produce the illusion of flying across the Atlantic in a single night. Kipling throws himself into the task with enthusiasm, and writes not only the sketch (for it is not a short-story) of *With the Night Mail,* but the whole of the periodical in which it appears, in the year 2000, with technical reviews, notes, advertisements concerning aeroplanes, dirigibles, and their parts, answers to correspondents, and so on. Thus he adds the future, as well as the past, to the time-settings of this final period.

His machinery, interesting enough in itself, naturally becomes more so when it is combined with human character and passion to make true short-stories. It is in these that one finds the real romance of machinery, the romance *par excellence* of the modern world.

CHAPTER VII

CHARACTERS AND PSYCHOLOGY

As with settings, so with characters; the old are retained, whether unchanged or transformed, and new are added. Old friends, indeed, are mentioned by name: Strickland, once of the police, now retired, with his wife (who was Miss Youghal) and son, and Stalky, all appear in *A Deal in Cotton.* In *Garm* there is a shadowy glimpse of Ortheris, and, still more shadowy, of Mulvaney. Lispeth and Strickland reappear in *Kim.* Thus does Kipling, now himself a classic, make literary allusions to his own works, confident that a well-read public will not fail to understand and appreciate. Old friends, again, appear under new names; the bridge builders, and the officials who fight the famine (in *William the Conqueror*) look uncommonly like those who performed similar functions in *Without Benefit of Clergy.* The subaltern, too, persists; Bobby Wick, the hero of *Only a Subaltern,* appears again as Georgie Cottar in *The Brushwood Boy,* and yet again as John Chinn in *The Tomb of His Ancestors.* Transformed to a Norman of the time of the Conquest, he displays the usual tact and courage of Kipling's heroes in handling the natives; transformed once again to Parnesius, a centurion of the Thirtieth, he displays the usual devotion to The System (which, this time, is Rome) and to duty. He, too, understands the natives—because he himself is a good fellow and goes hunting with them (as John Chinn goes out with the Bhils). "There's never harm in a Pict," he says, "if you take the trouble

to find out what he wants.'' Similarly, some of the men who appear in the navy stories, notably Pyecroft and Hinchcliffe, may be regarded as the successors of the soldiers three. But, while they are not without wit and humor, they lack the sentiment of the earlier group; they are by no means so clearly defined as character-types, so human, so interesting. The society woman, the woman of the Mrs. Hauksbee or Mrs. Reiver type, disappears. Stories of animals continue.

And there are numerous stories of children: they have greater sweetness, delicacy, and charm than those of the earlier period. It is the pious wish of all fathers that their children may be spared that which they themselves have suffered. And so perhaps it is that for the grim childhood of Punch and Judy (in *Baa Baa, Black Sheep*) Dan and Una (in *Puck* and *Rewards and Fairies*) receive vicarious compensation. Theirs is a carefree and open-air existence, in the Weald or on the Downs of Sussex, a corner of Merlin's Isle of Gramarye filled with romantic associations and peopled for the brother and sister by Puck with the glorious figures of its past. The worst of Dan's troubles is the struggle with Latin. One day he ''said the plural of 'dominus' was 'dominoes,' and when Miss Blake said it wasn't he said he supposed it was 'backgammon,' and so he had to write it out twice—for cheek, you know.'' But he was not too late to have his labors enlivened by hearing a bit of Roman history from the lips of Parnesius, the young idealist who had helped to hold the Roman Wall against Picts and Norsemen in the days when Maximus was emperor. Dan and Una live in happy independence of their elders: the big willow in their own bit of fenced wood bears the sign in calico and marking-ink, ''Grown-ups not allowed in the Kingdom unless

brought." But the grown-ups are all friendly, and the children choose their own companions from the class that children love—the kindly men who do interesting things with their hands—Hobden, the hedger and poacher, his son the Bee Boy, "who is not quite right in his head," Phillips, the gardener, old Mr. Springett, "builder, contractor, and sanitary engineer," Mr. Dudeney, the old shepherd of the flint village on the Downs, Mr. Kidbrooke, the carpenter, and "Cattiwow," the teamster. Here is human nature in its most agreeable aspect. If Dan had become a writer of stories there would have been no *Plain Tales from the Hills* among them.

For extensions of the *dramatis personae* we have the French Spy (*Bonds of Discipline*), and the Americans—naturally it must seem to us that they are not justly portrayed—of *My Sunday at Home* and *An Error in the Fourth Dimension.* In *Brother Square-Toes* we come off rather better: doubtless because just after the Revolution we had not yet had time to become very American; and with the portrayal of our countrymen in *An Habitation Enforced* we can have no quarrel whatever.

The most notable extension, however, is that of *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies.* Here, as we have seen, Kipling contrives to unite past and present; Dan and Una, English children of today, listen face to face with persons brought for their benefit by their friend Puck out of the long-ago. These persons are not dead: they have somehow contrived to achieve eternity without passing through nature. They do not speak of their own deaths; they express no surprise at being lifted out of their own time and deposited in ours. Yet they know that it is ours, they are aware of some of the changes that have taken place. They seem, in thought, to hover continually

between past and present. "Theodosius the emperor *is* a good man," says Parnesius, yet accepts without question Dan and Una and the changed England. He, like the "god" Tyr, is surprised to learn that the wolves are gone; yet both seem aware that many centuries have elapsed since their own days. None of these figures of the past seems to regret the days that are no more. Hal o' the Draft was born at Little Lindens farm and passed his childhood there. He can stand gazing at the ancient red farmhouse, with the pigeons and the bees and the old spaniel, "and the smell of the box-tree by the dairy-window mixed with the smell of the earth after rain, bread after baking, and a tickle of wood smoke"; he can gaze at this exquisite picture with all the associations of home, with all the subtle suggestions of subtle familiar odors, and whisper only, "D'you marvel that I love it? What can town folk know of the nature of housen —or land?" Manifestly it is better so; colored by a passionate regret for the past *Puck of Pook's Hill* would be a different book; it would not be Kipling, whose characteristic purpose is to celebrate a present time enriched by a glorious tradition.

And his people are all the more interesting for their datelessness, their transcendence of time; they are far more effective than mere commonplace ghosts or reincarnations. Some of them, at least, are historical personages—Washington, Napoleon, Talleyrand, Sir Francis Drake. One of the most telling of these dramatic realizations is that of Queen Elizabeth in *Gloriana*. To turn from an historian's characterization, from J. R. Green's, for example, to Kipling's, is like raising field glasses to one's eyes; instantly the figure seems to leap toward one, though in a narrower field of vision. And there is no better illustration of the special short-story art of the rendering of description

in narrative terms. Elizabeth, Green tells us, was an accomplished scholar; speaking for herself in Kipling's pages she says: "Norgem village loyally entertains her with . . . a Latin oration spoken by the parson, for whose false quantities, if *I'd* made 'em in my girlhood, I should have been whipped. . . . She stomachs the affront to her scholarship." "A graceful dancer," says Green; she would "dance a coranto that the French ambassador, hidden dextrously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master." And Kipling: "She took off her cloak slowly, and stood forth in dove-colored satin, worked over with pearls that trembled like running water in the running shadows of the trees. . . . She swam into a majestical dance of the stateliest balancings, the haughtiest wheelings and turnings aside, the most dignified sinkings, the gravest risings, all joined together by the elaboratest interlacing steps and circles." Thus one might go through Green's exposition, matching each generalization with an illustration from Kipling. Gloriana, of course, cannot reveal the whole of her many-sided character to Dan and Una; yet it is marvelous how many of her traits she does contrive to express.

Some of the obscurer persons who may or may not be historical, are still more interesting; for in their evocation the author works with a freer hand: Hal o' the Draft, an architect of Henry VII's day; Kadmiel, the Spanish Jew, who dictated one of the laws and forced the signing of Magna Charta; Parnesius, the centurian; the "god" Tyr, who, to protect his people's sheep from the wolves, gave his right eye for the first knife seen on the Downs, and so won his godhead; Tobias Hirte, the famous Seneca Oil man, a kindly Philadelphian of Washington's time. In the stories of Hugh the Saxon and Richard

the Norman, Kipling enters Scott's chosen field. I delight in Scott, but these four tales seem to me to surpass *Ivanhoe* in just those qualities to which it owes its charm: in vividness and fullness of picturesque detail, in complete realization of scene and character, in knightly emulation and chivalric sentiment and loyalty. And of the two writers it is Kipling who carries his archaeological and historical lore (whether accurate or not does not signify in either case) the more lightly, who succeeds in infusing more life and humanity into the events of by-gone days, and who is the more successful in seeing eleventh-century life from the eleventh-century point of view. "He was yellow —not from sickness, but by nature. Yellow as honey, and his eyes stood endwise in his head.... *We* thought he was a devil." So Sir Richard saw a Chinaman. "But here is another marvel. The Yellow Man had with him a brown box. In the box was a blue bowl with red marks upon the rim, and within the bowl, hanging from a fine thread, was a piece of iron.... In this iron, said Witta, abode an Evil Spirit which the Yellow Man had brought by Art Magic out of his own country that lay three years' journey southward. The Evil Spirit strove day and night to return to his country, and therefore, look you, the iron needle pointed continually toward the South." Down on the African coast they "saw a great Devil come out of the forest. He shaded his brows with his hand, and moistened his pink tongue between his lips.... Taller than a man, covered with reddish hair. When he had well regarded our ship, he beat on his breast with his fist till it sounded like rolling drums, and came to the bank swinging all his body between his long arms and gnashed his teeth at us." Dan, of course, is not slow to recognize mariner's compass and gorilla.

Of a very different age, and not the least engaging of these minor figures of the past is little Philadelphia Bucksteed, the sixteen-year-old girl of a hundred years ago, who tells Una of an episode of her own life, with a child's ignorance of its significance: "Her cheeks were pale except for two pretty pink patches in the middle, and she talked with little gasps at the end of her sentences, as though she had been running." . . . Her "stupid cough," she says, "is better than it was last winter. It will disappear in London air." Dr. Break is in love with her, and so is René Laennec, a French prisoner on parole, inventor of the stethoscope. But she does not know, and overhears them quarreling without understanding that she is the subject. Nor does she understand Laennec's saying to Dr. Break: "If you were not the ignorant which you are, you would have known long ago that the subject of your remarks is not for any living man." She goes on to tell Una how she presided at her father's table, and of her great triumph after dinner, when she sang a new song from London—"I have given my heart to a flower"—"not very difficult fingering, but r-r-ravishing sentiment."

> Philadelphia coughed and cleared her throat.
>
> "I've a deep voice for my age and size," she explained. "Contralto, you know, but it ought to be stronger," and she began, her face all dark against the last of the soft pink sunset:—
>
> 'I have given my heart to a flower,
> Though I know it is fading away;
> Though I know it will live but an hour
> And leave me to mourn its decay!'
>
> "Isn't that touchingly sweet? Then the last verse—I wish I had my harp, dear—goes as low as my register will reach." She drew in her chin and took a deep breath:

'Ye desolate whirlwinds that rave
I charge you be good to my dear!
She is all—she is all that I have,
And the time of our parting is near!'

"Beautiful!" said Una. "And did they like it?"

"Like it? They were overwhelmed—*accablés,* as René says. My dear, if I hadn't seen it, I shouldn't have believed that I could have drawn tears, genuine tears, to the eyes of four grown men. But I did! René simply couldn't endure it! He's all French sensibility. He hid his face and said, '*Assez Mademoiselle! C'est plus fort que moi! Assez!*' While Dad sat with the tears simply running down his cheeks."

"And what did Dr. Break do?"

"He got up and pretended to look out of the window, but I saw his little fat shoulders jerk as if he had the hiccoughs. That *was* a triumph. I never suspected *him* of sensibility."

It is because we interpret these expressions of emotion not as "sensibility" but as genuine grief, because we see more in the story than the child who tells it, that it has for us a peculiar and special charm. It is the method of *His Majesty the King,* again, of *Kidnapped,* and *To be Filed for Reference,* the essentially short-story technique of suggestion. Philadelphia, herself wholly unconscious of the true pathos of the situation, charms us by her youth and beauty, her buoyancy, her vigor of personality, her cleverness and audacity. The heroine, as it happens, of a sentimental tale, she is herself anything but sentimental. In the very climax of the sentimental scene in her own story she saw Dr. Break's "little fat shoulders jerk as if he had the hiccoughs." She is a true daughter of Kipling; and Kipling can no more be consistently sentimental in his last period than he could in his first—recall the grotesque touches in *Thrown Away,* and the grotesque incident at the close of *Only a Subaltern.*

All the more interesting, then, is this experiment in sentimentalism—for Kipling does here induce and delight in emotion for its own sake—this momentary reconstruction of a sentimental age, the age when tuberculosis was fashionable and interesting, the age of that American *Ode to Consumption*—beginning, "There is a beauty in woman's decay"—of Irving's *The Wife* and *The Broken Heart,* of Nodier's *La Filleule du Seigneur.* This story was written in 1806, when René Laennec was twenty-five years old, perhaps at the moment when he was a prisoner in England, weeping over Philadelphia's song. Philadelphia, then, and Suzanne, Nodier's heroine—who was also of the sentimental age, sixteen—were contemporaries. But Suzanne is of an utterly different type. Her eyes haggard, her cheeks red and burning, she lies passive upon her bed. "There was not much that was pleasing in her features; one saw there only the touching and impassioned expression which has the power to embellish all." She is as typically a creature of Nodier and the year 1806, as is Philadelphia of Kipling and the year 1910.

These, then, are some of the additions of the third period to Kipling's *dramatis personae.* From these instances it is already clear that they have the power of revealing themselves in the dramatic way, they require no author's explanation. Yet as of old, Kipling feels the necessity of comment, and in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies,* permits Puck to put in a word here and there for the benefit of the children.

There is no great extension of the psychological field; the motives and emotions of the third period are for the most part as simple and as elemental as those of the first. Kipling has lost none of his old power of tempering his own mind to enter another's soul. He is aware of a god's passionate regret for

lost human love and friendship, joy and sorrow. Yet here, as is usual with him, the main interest of the story is not psychological, as it is in Maupassant's *Le Baptême,* which is comparable with Kipling's *The Knife and the Naked Chalk* in so far as both deal with men isolated from their kind by their divine calling. In a few of these late stories, however, and these are among the best, there is a subtlety and complexity unusual with Kipling. In *"They"* as in *His Majesty the King* we are invited to follow the line of emotion of one who does not understand the events in which he plays a part. But in *"They"* he is a mature man confronted by a situation which is intricate and elusive even for the reader; in *His Majesty the King* he is a child, with the simple reactions of a child upon a completely obvious situation. It is in *An Habitation Enforced,* however, that one finds the greatest variety of emotions, the subtlest and yet firmest treatment of them, as well as the most delicate humor and most compelling sentiment. Nowhere else is the contrast of the American with the English point of view so admirably drawn. George, for example, is too much of an American to be happy merely as a rich man's son; he feels that he must work, not to add to his four or five millions, but simply to retain the respect of his wife. Work is a "principle," an end in itself, it has no object; but as the—from the American point of view—idle owner of Friars Pardon, he finds himself working ten hours a day, putting in, as he says, half a million dollars' worth of his time to fulfil the claims which place and people make upon him. But it is work with a purpose, unselfish work, sane, quiet, wholesome, an effective remedy for the nervous prostration which had resulted from the American game. Time is no object: a new floor is contemplated for the drawing-room, and oak is put by to

season for seven years; "Lord! What's a hundred years!" says Whybarne, who has seen seventy-eight of them; and the Lashmar's motto, "Wayte awhyle—Wayte awhyle," is the recurrent refrain of the story.

This national contrast, however, is a relatively obvious matter. More subtle is the appeal of Friars Pardon to the Chapmans and the way that it takes possession of them after they become its owners. At the very beginning they are subjected to an exquisite charm of house and landscape, of which the reader is no less aware than they. Old Iggulden's death alone there is, as Sophie says, a leading: they feel that the place needs them. And when she discovers her mother's maiden name carved on blue flagstone in the floor of the Pardons' Pew, she "shut her eyes against a burning that felt like tears." The reader is constrained to follow her example—just why, it would be difficult to say. All the emotions connected with the coming of the child—the father's and the mother's, the tenants', Lady Conant's—are subtly modified and idealized through the influence of the place and its traditions.

In the descriptions of these motives and states of mind there is no significant departure from the methods of the earlier stories. Like the characters, they reveal themselves mainly through action and spoken word. Perhaps the tendency to evoke the reader's sympathy by emphasis upon the expression of emotion has become somewhat more marked. The tears of Philadelphia's father and lovers are a case in point. For laughter, there is a passage in *The Wrong Thing* where the King's knighting Hal, not for his beautiful design for the figurehead of a ship but for saving him thirty pounds by advising him against its execution, excites uncontrollable mirth; or

Kipling's own, in *My Sunday at Home,* and in *The Puzzler.* This robust expression of emotion is a kind of guarantee of its reality. The shoulders of your sentimentalist never shake, whether with tears or with laughter.

With the passion of love Kipling is concerned even less than in the earlier periods. It plays a part in *William the Conqueror.* It is incidental only in *Young Men at the Manor* as it is in *Marklake Witches.* The old cynicism has wholly, or almost wholly, disappeared; the seventh commandment passes unscathed. Love is treated ideally in the only love story of the period, the only one after *Without Benefit of Clergy,* in *The Brushwood Boy,* which is thus to be regarded as the culmination of Kipling's art in this way. It illustrates, as we have already seen, his new delight in the beauty and sacred associations of the English landscape with its sentiment of home; it illustrates his old delight in the effective young English officer. Moreover, in its early portion at least, there are some characteristically charming glimpses of life from the child's point of view.

The main impression made by *The Brushwood Boy* upon the student of technique is that it goes beyond the strict limits of the short-story. It attempts to cover a period of twenty or twenty-five years, not, like *Rip Van Winkle* or *La Combe à l'Homme Mort,* the beginning and end of such a period, merely, but the whole of the time. Unlike Irving and Nodier, again, Kipling continually shifts the scene, from an unplaced nursery to Oxford-on-a-visit, from Oxford to a public school, to Sandhurst, to India, to a steamer in the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, to an English house and park, and to Bassett and the downs near by. For all these places there are special social groups: housekeeper, nurse and policeman; actors at the panto-

mime, the grown person who sat behind Georgie and bored him with futile explanations until he asked in despair, "Why don't you go to sleep in the afternoons, same as Provost of Oriel?"; Georgie's school-fellows, the public who watched the cricket games, the wise and temperate head-master; Georgie's seniors at Sandhurst; his fellow officers in India; his men; the colonel's wife; Mrs. Corporal Morrison; Mrs. Zuleika; Georgie's father and mother; the coachman, the groom, and the under-keeper; the men at his father's club; Georgie's friends, the officers who lived in cheap lodgings; the young people who fell into the trout ponds, picnicked, and tennised; Miriam and her mother. Here are extent of time, breadth of scene, number of *dramatis personae* suitable for the large canvas of a novel. Add to these the parallel-running years of dreams, the vague and vast geography of the dream-world; add "Them," and "It," and Policeman Day; add "Annie*an*Louise," the princess of those dreams. For Miriam, as the little girl seen at the theatre, usurps the place of the fairy princess in Georgie's self-told tales and in the dreams that follow; she is the dream heroine of a mysterious land, approached through difficulty and peril; the descendant, therefore, like Ameera, of the fairies of *lai* and folk tale.

Many of these personages are something more than human agents, types at least if not individuals. Georgie's father and mother illustrate some of the characteristic differences between husband and wife—the one blunderingly unconscious of the schemes of the other. Mrs. Zuleika is own sister to Mrs. Hauksbee or Mrs. Mallowe. And Miriam, dimly seen as she is—she has not half the individuality of Miss Philadelphia Bucksteed

of *Marklake Witches*—Miriam herself has an equipment of pride and accomplishments sufficient for a dream heroine.

Georgie himself is the usual subaltern hero, brother to Bobby Wick and the rest, a superlative person, with a character worth much fine gold; he combines the social charm of Chaucer's Aurelius—not his sentimentalism—with the practical effectiveness of Arveragus. Unlike Stalky and his friends, he is a great cricketer, a leader among his fellows, interested in the tone of his school. Like Bobby Wick he learns to know his men, and like Ouless wins their affection by way of boxing. This emphasis upon the practical, matter-of-fact quality of Georgie's character, upon his physical and mental soundness, upon his lack of all self-consciousness, upon his preoccupation with the regiment, is organically necessary in the interests of verisimilitude and contrast. The dreams of a mere dreamer would be less interesting and less significant.

More than any other story of Kipling's *The Brushwood Boy* is, necessarily, concerned with the psychological history of the hero. It is characteristic, however, that this inner life should be a succession, not of mere moods or passions or motives, but of concrete events, full of horse-exercise and vigorous movement. The dream narrative is simply another story running alongside the real. Yet the dream psychology is sound: the inconsequence, the topsy-turvy nature, the melting and shifting outlines of persons and places, the taking up of suggestions from the real world, are all faithfully rendered. Inevitably, in the final scene, the love-making takes the familiar form of exchange of reminiscence, unusually impassioned, however, because of the strangeness of the earlier meetings. Just here one finds the characteristic short-comings of Kipling: he takes refuge in stating

that Georgie "found himself with parched lips,[1] saying things that up till then he believed existed only in printed works of fiction." One can't but wish that Miriam had not said "Good God," and that the jest about the horses quickening their pace had been omitted.[2] Perhaps it is hypercritical to regard these as breaks in tone; one must remember Georgie's training, which had taught him to distrust emotion and to wear the public-school mask. And the love story as a whole does remain in the world of the ideal; this is the significant matter. There is no cynicism, no seamy side, nothing to indicate that Georgie and Miriam did not live happily ever after. We have come a long way from *The Gadsbys, The Hill of Illusion, Beyond the Pale,* and *Without Benefit of Clergy.*

A plot involving such extended settings, so many characters, and such a complete account of the inner life, presents a difficult task for the narrative art. It will not be easy to translate this mass of material into terms of concrete speech and action. As a matter of fact, the task is an impossible one; inevitably most of the early part of the story consists of summary. It is, once more, the summary of a genius with a keen sense of fact; it is always interesting; it is continually adorned by illustrative conversation and incident; it is never abstract, never concerned with general questions of any sort. Yet it is summary; and it is very long. The account of the dreams does, it must be admitted, grow somewhat monotonous. There is a good deal of repetition, and one is driven to remember that rule of conduct

[1] See also: "He was aware that his mouth was dry and unknown pulses were beating in the roof of it." Kipling remains so far true to the "naturalistic" method as not to forget the purely physical reactions.

[2] See also the Mrs. Zuleika incident; the treatment of Georgie's friends, etc.; the "creamy" voice, for which Kipling himself apologizes. This is similar to Una's liking for "lacey" tunes that suggest to her "treacle on porridge," in *Rewards and Fairies.*

which includes the narration of one's dreams among the "things that no fellow can do." Yet this narrative has its organic function in the story: the threads of dream life are spun out at length in order that the closing scenes may gather them up and weave them significantly into a complex web. All the details are used with telling effect. One does not remember any situation in a short-story more distinctly or vividly than the scene of Georgie's first recognition of Miriam—he outside in the moonlit rose garden, she at the piano within, singing,

> Over the edge of the purple down,
> Where the single lamplight gleams,
> Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
> That is hard by the Sea of Dreams—
> Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
> And the sick forget to weep?
> But we—pity us! Oh, pity us!
> We wakeful; ah pity us!—
> We must go back with Policeman Day—
> Back from the City of Sleep!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Over the edge of the purple down,
> Ere the tender dreams begin,
> Look—we may look—at the Merciful Town,
> But we may not enter in!
> Outcasts all, from her guarded wall
> Back to our watch we creep:
> We—pity us! ah, pity us!
> We wakeful; oh pity us!—
> We that go back with Policeman Day—
> Back from the City of Sleep!

Thus she reveals her acquaintance with Policeman Day and the City of Sleep, hard by the Sea of Dreams, and implies the twenty years of her supernatural connection with Georgie's life. The

scene—or situation—is brief, scarcely more than a page even with the song; its extreme effectiveness is due to the care with which it is foreshadowed. Its brevity, moreover, has a purpose: it must not reveal too much, it must not take from the interest of the second recognition scene,[3] wherein Miriam is to learn of Georgie's part in her dream life, and both, that they have had, from the beginning, every dream experience in common. The manifest purpose of the long summary of the events of the real world which precedes these scenes is to establish the character of Georgie, to emphasize the long duration of his dream intimacy and his constancy to it; and to make the reader so thoroughly familiar with these matters that he feels at once the full force of the final scenes.

Moral interpretation of character and action is not lacking. For private morality, Georgie's excellence lies mainly in his avoiding "those things which no fellow can do," which is less a matter of the development of independent moral judgment, than an incentive to right and respectable living. For *noblesse oblige* is hereditary morality, and like hereditary wealth, says nothing as to the essential virtue of the possessor. Georgie's phrase is rather neatly ridiculed in *Hedda Gabler,* where when Hedda kills herself someone exclaims, "But people don't do such things!" The old woman too, in *The Wife of Bath's Tale,* has something to say in criticism of the notion that *gentilesse* is a monopoly of the high-born. Georgie has learned to keep his pores open and his mouth shut; you cannot imagine him raising

[3] Here again we are dealing with a variation of an ancient folk-lore motif, which is older than the *Odyssey*—the recognition which follows the "wanderer's return." It occurs, for example, in the Romance of *King Horn,* the ballad of *Hind Horn,* in the ballad of *Fair Annie,* and in *Lai le Frêne.* In these cases the hero knows, and like Odysseus, has only to disclose his identity.

any question as to the morality of the Border campaign in which he plays such an effective rôle. For he is, above all else, part of The System. He wins respect by obedience to his superiors; he learns to know his men, not that they may profit as human beings, but that they too may be better soldiers, revolve more surely and powerfully as wheels in the machine. All this is in keeping with the moral notions of the earlier stories. Yet there is no more of the youthful protest against commonly accepted rules of conduct; celebration of the virtues of the vicious has altogether ceased.

As a child of six George Cottar was in the habit of telling himself stories as he lay in bed. "The princess of his tales was a person of wonderful beauty (she came from the old illustrated edition of Grimm . . .) . . . . He gave her the two finest names he had ever heard in his life—Annie and Louise, pronounced 'Annie*an*Louise.' " The night after he met the little girl in the theatre at Oxford-on-a-visit, "he made a new tale, from which he shamelessly removed the Rapunzel-Rapunzel-let-down-your-hair-princess, gold crown, Grimm edition, and all, and put a new Annie*an*Louise in her place." Kipling obviously alludes to the story of the girl imprisoned by an enchantress in a tower which had neither stairs nor door, but only a little window at the top. Rapunzel's hair had to serve as a ladder. When the witch wished to enter she placed herself beneath the window and cried,

Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down thy hair!

A king's son passing the tower heard a song which was so charming that he stood still and listened. This was Rapunzel, who in her solitude passed her time in letting her sweet voice resound.

The prince, overhearing the formula and observing the method of entrance, got to the top of the tower, won Rapunzel's love, and carried her off. It is not surprising that in writing a fairy story of his own Kipling should have had in mind one of the *Household Tales.* Yet it is not necessary to assume that he found in *Rapunzel* the hint for *The Brushwood Boy.* Another version of the fairy tale, however, may conceivably have served as the connecting link, the *Rapunzel* of William Morris, in *The Defence of Guenevere.* There is the same recurrent refrain, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, Let down your hair." Morris's significant additions are the lovers' foreknowledge of one another and the words of the song which Rapunzel sings from her tower:

> Yea, often in that happy trance,
> Beside the blessed countenance
> Of golden Michael, on the spire
> Glowing all crimson in the fire
> Of sunset, I behold a face,
> Which sometime, if God give me grace,
> May kiss me in this very place.

And the Prince recalls a song the dreamy harper sang of yore foretelling that he should one day find a maid clothed in her yellow rippled hair.

The impulse, if it came to Kipling at all from this source, doubtless came subconsciously. For the resemblance is slight enough, and valuable mainly as pointing the contrast: where Morris medievalized the story and laid the scene in France, Kipling modernized it and laid the scene in India and England. With Kipling, too, the story becomes not only more vivid and more real but more dramatic as well. It is enlightening to trace the development of the scene in which the hero overhears

the heroine's song, from the hint in the German tale, through the lyrical elaboration in Morris's version, to the dramatic climax of *The Brushwood Boy.*

There are other rough parallels to Kipling's story. He, like everyone else in the early nineties, doubtless read Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson.* There, however, the dream life merely carries on an earlier relation. For the reversal of the order—the dream *beginning* and real life *ending* (Georgie's glimpse of Miriam as a child in the theatre at Oxford, can hardly count as the beginning of an acquaintance), for the relation started in the dream world, there is an analogue in Nodier's *Neuvaine de la Chandeleur.*[4] The title means, it will be remembered, the nine days' fasting and prayer before Candlemas. As a result of proper austerity, youth or maiden may hope to see future wife or husband. Maxim, Nodier's hero, dreams of a girl in a peasant dress which he recognizes as that of a certain district of France. Through a friend he identifies his destined bride; then he learns that his parents have already arranged a marriage for him, in the old-fashioned French way. He falls sick, and only after his recovery, learns that it is to the lady of the vision herself that he has been affianced. They meet but once, when it appears that she, too, has seen him in her dreams, and then, according to the habit of Nodier's heroines, she dies.

If *The Brushwood Boy* attempts too many things for a short-story, the *Neuvaine* attempts not only too many, but unsuitable things. Nodier's story is essentially shorter; there is but the one dream meeting, and there is but one brief meeting in the real world. Yet the *Neuvaine* is half again as long as *The*

[4] Another analogue is *The Dream of Maxen Wledig* in the *Mabinogion.*

Brushwood Boy, owing its length not to overplus of narrative, but to exposition. For Nodier begins with an essay which satirizes life in the city, where, he says ironically, one has all imaginable amusements—the opera, the bourse, associations of men of letters, homeopathy, phrenology, and representative government. The essay contrasts life in the country and the conditions which, in provincial society, make for the frank and innocent friendship of boys and girls. Nodier then introduces a group of young people who discuss the superstition of the *chandeleur,* thus leading the way to the beginning of the story; by way of preparation for Cecile's death, Maxim has to listen to a sermon on blasted hopes, and by way of consolation, to hear another on the ways of God to man. Thus, unlike Kipling's, Nodier's purpose is only partly narrative; it is mainly didactic. As a result, the narrative suffers. There is, indeed, an admirable approach to the climax, the meeting of the lovers, with all proper preparation and delay. But the climax itself has none of the dramatic quality of Kipling's, because one is not interested in Maxim, a mere childish weakling and sentimentalist, or in Cecile, who has no positive qualities at all. The contrast makes very clear Kipling's wisdom in the characterization of his hero. Or, perhaps one should say, the peculiar effectiveness of Kipling's realistic method for a story of this sort, a method which plants the hero, a real man, with both feet resting firmly upon solid earth, which endows him with capacity for activity of every sort, an activity that asserts itself even in the dream world. I have said that Georgie's dreams grow monotonous; but it is clear that Kipling has come nearer escaping inevitable failure here than any of his predecessors. Nodier, with his single vision, fails to make a sufficiently deep impression; George

du Maurier makes the dream life a commonplace, middle-aged, and domesticated affair, lacking movement and progression. On the whole, then, Kipling's technique can well stand the test of comparison. If *The Brushwood Boy* is not typical short-story, it approaches it far more closely than *Le Neuvaine de la Chandelcur*. It is more highly unified, more vigorous, more dramatic; it makes much more both of the realities and of the dreams, and as a story of pure romantic love, more than holds its own.

CHAPTER VIII

PLOTS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE

Here again the old methods persist, unchanged, or modified, or augmented by new ones. The quality of personal intensity remains a general characteristic of the narrative. Although Kipling has given up the habit of appearing in person, unexpectedly, at the end of the story, one feels nevertheless his presence beside the actors. Or if this is impossible one is sure at least that he is telling the tale, as in the *Just So Stories;* or he appears disguised sometimes as Puck, sometimes as Dan, in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies.* Half the remaining stories are told in the first person; Kipling, that is, appears as interested and sympathetic listener, or takes a more or less active part in the events of the story itself. It is, as before, Kipling himself—or Kipling's idea of Kipling—not a dramatic personality created for the occasion. He is now a trifle less eager, however, to paint a flattering self-portrait. There is even a certain humility in his account of an early literary venture in *Bread upon the Waters.* McPhee, his friend the engineer, approved, he says, "of my writings to the extent of one pamphlet of twenty-four pages that I wrote for Holdock, Steiner and Chase, owners of the line. . . . Holdock invited me to his house, and gave me dinner with the governess when the others had finished, and placed the plans and specifications in my hand, and I wrote the pamphlet that same afternoon. It was called

'Comfort in the Cabin,' and brought me seven pound ten, cash down—an important sum of money in those days; and the governess, who was teaching Master John Holdock his scales, told me that Mrs. Holdock had told her to keep an eye on me, in case I went away with coats from the hat-rack.'' Kipling appears again as author in *An Error in the Fourth Dimension:* ''observation, after all, is my trade,'' he says. And in *The House Surgeon* there is an interesting glimpse of his literary methods. Engaged in a piece of amateur detective work it becomes necessary for him to cultivate the acquaintance of a certain Mr. Baxter: ''It appeared that he golfed. Therefore, I was an enthusiastic beginner, anxious to learn. Twice I invaded his office with a bag full of the spelicans needed in this detestable game, and a vocabulary to match.'' A bit of autobiography, one imagines. For Kipling ''got up'' many vocabularies in his time. In this same story, too, is an interesting bit of self-description: ''I am less calculated to make a Sherlock Holmes than any man I know, for I lack both method and patience, yet the idea of following up the trouble to its source fascinated me.'' There is another glimpse of the author in *Their Lawful Occasions.* He ''told me,'' says Pyecroft of Kipling, ''he was official correspondent for the *Times;* and I know he's littery by the way 'e tries to talk Navy-talk.'' Again the vocabulary! In all these, and in other stories where Kipling is present, whether as passive auditor, as interviewer, or playing a minor part, he has all his old sympathy with the action: our interest in the narrative is due in part to the contagion of his interest in what is going on.

This characteristic quality of Kipling's work reaches its culmination in the greatest story of the period, the best indeed

of all Kipling's short-stories, in "*They.*" The short-story is sometimes compared to the lyric; the comparison in this case is eminently fitting; for "*They*" is intimately and sacredly personal, a cry from the heart, not of Kipling the author or journalist or special correspondent, but of Kipling the man. It is not a self-portrait, yet a piece of sincere self-expression; not self-conscious, yet subjective. It is from this point of view that it must be studied. To understand it, one must remember that in 1899, four or five years before it was published, Kipling, during his own severe illness, lost by death his eldest daughter then in her sixth year. And one must read the verses at the beginning:

THE RETURN OF THE CHILDREN

Neither the harps nor the crowns amused, nor the cherubs' dove-winged
races—
Holding hands forlornly the Children wandered beneath the Dome;
Plucking the radiant robes of the passers by, and with pitiful faces
Begging what Princes and Powers refused:—'Ah, please will you let
us go home?'

Over the jewelled floor, nigh weeping, ran to them Mary the Mother,
Kneeled and caressed and made promise with kisses, and drew them
along to the gateway—
Yea the all-iron unbribable Door which Peter must guard and none
other.
Straightway She took the keys from his keeping, and opened and
freed them straightway.

. . . . . .

So through the Void the Children ran homeward merrily hand in hand,
Looking neither to left nor right when the breathless Heavens stood
still;
And the Guards of the Void resheathed their swords, for they heard
the Command:
'Shall I that have suffered the children to come to me hold them
against their will?'

By virtue, then, of this Miracle of Our Lady the children have turned again home. Yet *we* do not see or hear them; *we* do not know what their state is or where they are; only a few fortunate beings have this knowledge and with them the story is concerned.

This story, as I have said, is in my opinion Kipling's best; it is even one of the best in the English language. It fulfils all the requirements of short-story technique, and, more than this, it has real human interest and significance. It marks the culmination of many lines of Kipling's work. In it intensity of emotion fuses imagination with sense of fact and of form, so that every element of the narrative is exquisitely elaborated, not for its own sake but with reference to its function in the story as a whole.

We delight, as never before, in the pure beauty of English landscape, in its exquisite finish, in the lovely old age of that house of lichened and weather-worn stone with its mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tile. It is inaccessible, mysterious, hidden deep in the forest, where you find it by chance, or rather because of some supernatural leading or guidance, like the palaces of fairy tale and *lai*. When you leave it, it disappears mysteriously behind the interlacing of the crumpled hills, just as the ravine leading to the scene of the ghostly bowling party disappears in *Rip Van Winkle*. The approach to the scene of the story has indeed the more careful and the steadier movement of an Irving or a Poe: "During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of evening drew on,

within view of the melancholy House of Usher.'' It is because intense and persistent emotion stimulates not merely imagination but sense of form as well, that Kipling comes back here to a manner which may seem artificial, but which is, as a matter of fact, as inevitable and right and sincere as the perfection of a sonnet.

As the melancholy of autumn is the fitting prelude to Poe's story, even so the joyful promise of spring and the rich fulfillment of summer properly accompany the pure charm of the first visit and the deepening mystery of the second, to the House Beautiful in the Forest. More subtle still in its sympathy, symbolic even of the clear understanding at last, the fleeting joy of meeting, followed by the poignant grief of a parting that was like that of the spirit from the flesh, is the change from the brilliant wind-swept hills, from the blue to the dingy pewter of the sea, and the heavy inland fog with the smell of autumn in the air, which shadows forth the third and final visit. The time that elapses between these visits, the month or so between the first and second, the ''two months and four days'' between second and third, does not concern the story at all and is appropriately left unfilled: we are not bidden to follow and admire the intervening activities of Kipling as we follow those of Georgie Cottar in *The Brushwood Boy*.

Nor are we concerned with the outside world of men. We know that it is there, as it is right that we should: it is the starting point for the journey into the world of dreams; and the headlong flight of the motor car in the search for the nurse gives us agreeable assurance that it still exists. But it is the real world that is shadowy, except just those members of it, who, mainly for contrast, come somewhat into the story—the doctor,

the trembling nun, Turpin the tenant-farmer, the poor cottagers, and Jenny, who is to show us that even for her child there is a place beside the lawful born who come back to the House in the Forest.

And 'They,' shadows within the shadow as they are, they are not mere shades; they are children; their very elusiveness is in part childish shyness. One heard a laugh among the yew peacocks, the utterly happy chuckle of a child absorbed in some light mischief, voices that might be the doves, the tread of small cautious feet stealing across dead leaves; a child that seemed to cling to her skirt swerved into the leafage as she drew nearer; as one entered a room one felt that the children had only just hurried away, one saw their low chairs and tables, their toy guns and dolls flung hastily upon the floor. They inspired fear only to such as Turpin, the grossly material, who having no children could not understand. To the childless blind woman, who could hear and touch them, they came—she knew not how many—they came because she loved them so, because she needed them, made them come. For her as well as for the children Our Lady had wrought her miracle. With the infinite pathos of expectation, she had toys ready for them, the garden door always open, the fire always burning, "in case anyone comes in with cold toes, you see"; and no unpassable iron on or near the broad brick hearth. They came to her perhaps because she could not see them: for only those who had borne or lost might "walk in the wood" as the phrase ran—Jenny, Madden the butler and his wife, Kipling himself. He did not at first understand that it was for him that the little thing in the window waved a friendly hand, that the little maid looked tremendously interested; he did not understand that his being there was a matter not of favor but of

right; nor why, in the failing light, a door creaked cautiously, and he heard the patter of feet—quick feet through a room beyond; nor of whom Mrs. Madden spoke when she said, 'No, *I* haven't seen her either this evening.' He understood only when "the little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close . . . a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago."

"*They*" is the crown and flower of all the long line of stories that deal with children, show the world from their point of view, with all its distortion and joy and pathos. *Muhammad Din*, *Baa Baa, Black Sheep*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, *His Majesty the King*, *Without Benefit of Clergy*, all were preparation for the writing of "*They.*" It is, furthermore, the most subtle of all Kipling's dealings with the supernatural. One can say only that "They" are happy; for the rest they are shadows within the shadow, creatures of the fancy or of dreams, and yet real children, happy, playful, mischievous; they hover elusively between reality and unreality. They are very different from the Mrs. Dumoise who, in *By Word of Mouth*, came back to warn her husband of his death, and from Mrs. Keith-Wessington, the loquacious ghost of *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*. They are not ghosts; nor are they the creatures of a dream, like the "They" and the "It" of *The Brushwood Boy*.

They are not, of course, individual characters; for that they are too shadowy and too subtly drawn. The living persons of the story, however, are sufficiently individualized in the group who stand between "Them" and the real world—Turpin, Jenny and her mother, the butler and his wife, and above all, of course, the blind woman herself. She is best characterized through the house. For, as Kipling says, "Men and women may sometimes,

after great effort, achieve a creditable lie; but the house, which is their temple, cannot say anything save the truth of those who have lived in it.'' This one was ''a place of good influence and great peace,'' expressing mainly in its preparedness for children her yearning and her wistfulness. But she has other qualities than these; for eyes of the body she has eyes of the mind, she can see the naked soul. She is conscious of the egg or ''aura,'' the subtle essence of the individual supposed to emanate from all the living things. She follows Kipling's every mood and thought; and she pierces the flimsy scheming of Turpin, revealing a masculine executive power, like that of *William the Conqueror*. Clearly she is of the family of Kipling's women. But she is utterly good; and combines with her vigor more of the purely feminine charm than any of his other heroines.

''They'' is not in any sense a psychological study, yet the moods and motives of its characters, in relation always to the children, are not forgotten—the violent grief of Jenny and her mother, contrasted with the servant's mask and discreet sadness of Madden; both, with the mad terror of Turpin. The impulse which brought Kipling to the house was something other than his own volition, some external calling. At first, one view drew him to another, one hilltop to its fellow; later, his car, it may have been, took the road of her own volition; on the third visit the blind woman greets him with, ''What a long time before you *had to* come here again.' It is in keeping with the fundamental conception of the story that Kipling should feel from the first no terror in the presence of the children, only delight in their elusive charm, regret at their shyness; later, the sense of mystery; last of all, grief, as at a final parting. As for the blind woman, it is, in a sense, her yearning, her wistfulness, that motives the

story; the children, as she says, come because of her great love and need. Perhaps we are to understand that it is in part that peculiar sensitiveness granted in compensation to the blind, that permits her who has neither borne nor lost, to hear them, to feel their presence and their moods.

The concentration of attention upon the short time of the three brief visits, upon the circumscribed space, and upon the small social group, involves, almost inevitably, a like concentration of plot. It does as a matter of fact, tell only one story, follow only one line of action, not attempting, as *Without Benefit of Clergy* and *The Brushwood Boy* attempt, to trace a series of events in the real world running parallel to the stories in the world of dreams. The plot, moreover, is admirably constructed and proportioned—perhaps as I have suggested, because of that intensity of emotion which expresses itself in sense of form. The three parts are clearly defined; the first two are about equal in length, the third, as it should be, a little longer. All the incidents are gathered up in these parts to perform their appointed functions; no bits of action or dialogue float loose or unattached, as in the earlier stories. The translation of the whole into concrete narrative terms is admirably complete: the story is unencumbered and unmarred by comment or explanation. It comes thus to owe part of its charm to its demands upon the mental activities of the reader: it offers a series of concrete suggestions which the reader is obliged to work out for himself; if he does not wholly succeed, if part remains mystery still, that very mystery is, I think, a phase of the impression which the story is intended to produce. It stimulates to many readings. "*They*" thus marks the culmination of the "suggested" short-stories. It is manifestly only by the subtle use of such a method as this that it

is possible to produce the desired effect of hovering between reality and unreality. Yet "hovering" is perhaps not the word, not, certainly, if it seems to suggest anything like vacillation. For the treatment of the theme is firm, though subtle; the approach is admirably graded. There is, at first, no mystery, only charm. Then, bit by bit, things that puzzle the reader; then matters more and more significant that Kipling does not understand—the reader meantime, spontaneously constructing explanations of his own. At last with the final revelation, the situation in its broader outlines at least, is made clear; the significance of the details is, at the same time, revealed; they fall into place. Then with Kipling, the reader *knows,* and it is as if he had known from the first, when the child at the high window across the lawn seemed to wave a friendly hand.

For moral, finally, for criticism of life, there is the whole conception that underlies the story. Perhaps it might be formulated in some such way as this: Those who have lost may take comfort in the thought that there is for children a special place prepared, a place more fitting for them than that of the harps and crowns and the cherubs' dove-winged races, a place where there are no tears, but only warmth, laughter, light mischief, and utter childish happiness. The story may thus be regarded as a final protest against that cold and conventional heaven, conceived by the grimly religious, and very forbidding to children; the heaven where the Aunty Rosas go. Yet, in contrast with *Baa Baa, Black Sheep,* there is no bitterness, no satire, in the protest; it is altogether tender, sweet, and true.

The subtle treatment of the figures of the children, which is the great achievement of this story, has not often been paralleled in English. There is something like it in Hawthorne's *The Snow*

Image. But the great example is the mysterious old man in Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale.* Like Kipling, Chaucer does not commit himself; his old man has been interpreted as the evil genius of the revelers, as the Wandering Jew, as Death itself. He is indeed something of all these, and more, and has the effect of all. He appears more briefly, yet with more force and vividness, than Kipling's children; he is more impressive though he lacks their charm. But in both cases the method is the same: we are given the glimpse and left to draw our own conclusions.

More suggestive, however, than the comparison of *"They"* with the *Pardoner's Tale,* is the comparison with *The Prioresses Tale.* Both are at bottom stories of Our Lady, of miracles wrought through her mother-love; in both, children return from the dead; both are distinguished from other works of their authors by a peculiar tenderness and delicacy of treatment, by the pathos involved in the death of a little child. These resemblances, however, serve but to sharpen the contrasts, the characteristic contrasts between the medieval and the modern. Where Kipling is subjective, personal—lyrical, in a word—Chaucer is impersonal and dramatic. It is not he but the Prioress who tells the tale. It is inspired by *her* religious feeling, by her desire that others shall share her complete belief. It is all clear, straightforward; no melting outlines here; we know exactly what happened. The Prioress seeks to make her tale credible by emphasizing all its elements, making them as realistic as possible, and weaving them as completely and as carefully as she can into a web of effects and causes. Kipling on the other hand, does not expect his readers to believe, literally, in such a thing as the return of the children to this heaven upon earth. In order not to repel us by a notion so manifestly incredible, he

avoids stating it in any terms so crude as those I have just used; he shrouds it in mystery, dims and softens the outlines, makes subtle suggestions instead of precise statements. So that, while both are miracles and both aim at emotional effects, the Prioress tries to reach the emotions partly by way of the intellect; Kipling, directly; with him it does not matter whether our minds are convinced or not. Though, of course, imaginatively, emotionally, Kipling believes just as absolutely in his own story as the Prioress believes in hers. Otherwise it would not affect us; it would leave us cold.

"*They,*" significant in many ways, is then mainly so as the culmination of lyrical, subjective, personal narrative in Kipling's work.

This same personal note is struck in certain other stories, in certain of the new types or forms which are characteristic of this third period. It is present in the *Just So Stories,* which, though they recount no intimate personal experience, yet betray throughout the presence of the writer and of the audience of little children, for whom, as the subtitle informs us, they were written. They reproduce very skilfully the manner of the oral tale, that is always conscious of the listening children; and the reader feels continually in the background bits of childish adventures, or hears echoes of the edifying conversations of real parents and real children. They have, once more, a special vocabulary or dialect which Kipling had learned perhaps more naturally and spontaneously than that of Tommy Atkins or Mrs. Hauksbee, or than the technical talk of engine room or locomotive cab. It is the dialect of children, though there are, indeed, some long words in it; and one wonders whether he was always intelligible to his auditors. The *Just So Stories* have,

too, that special trick of effective oral narrative, the repeated phrase or refrain. Thus the Cat identifies himself always by the rhythmic sentence: "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me." And the symmetrical incidents of the story are marked by parallel phrasing: Wild Dog, Horse, and Cow become friends and servants of Wild Man in the same formulae. The Cat wins a place by the fire by tricking the Wife into three words of praise; and has then to make friends with Man and Dog—always in the same formulae. Kipling thus seizes and holds the technique and the style of the old *märchen;* the *Just So Stories* read like a kind of parody of Grimm. Or rather, like the parody of a special sort of folk tale, of the "Pourquoi," the *How* or *Why* story, of which *How Fear Came* (in the *Second Jungle Book*), with its account of how the tiger got his stripes, is an earlier example. Thus from this volume, one may learn how the whale got his throat, the camel his hump, the rhinoceros his skin, the leopard his spots; how the first letter was written, the alphabet made, and so on. These accounts, of course, are jocular rather than seriously instructive—though it may be that the alphabet began in much this way. And they do not spring from a serious moral purpose, though there is much incidental moralizing of a light and tender, yet practical sort.

The *Just So Stories,* then, are interesting historically because, like the stories of the *Jungle Books,* they demonstrate Kipling's ability to strike and hold a certain note of style and manner, and because they, too, carry on the ancient tradition of the folk tale, the tale told for children by word of mouth. They are interesting, furthermore, because of their forward-looking connection with the stories for older children in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies.* For in the *Just So Stories* of

primitive man there is the same insistence on the "historicity" of the English landscape; it is summed up in the verses at the end of *The First Letter:*

There runs a road by Merrow Down—
A grassy track to-day it is—
An hour out of Guildford town,
Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,
The ancient Britons dressed and rode
To watch the dark Phoenicians bring
Their goods along the Western Road.

. . . . . .

But long and long before that time
(When bison used to roam on it)
Did Taffy and her Daddy climb
That down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstonebrook
And made a swamp where Bramley stands;
And bears from Shere would come and look
For Taffimai where Shamley stands.[1]

[1] Other verses about Taffy and her father seem to strike the personal note, perhaps anticipating *"They":*

But as the faithful years return
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with braken-fronds,
And golden elf-locks fly above;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
And bluer than the skies above.

In moccasins and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far—oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him.

This brings us once more to *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies,* the most important achievement of the period in the way of external structure, and the most admirable handling of framed tales since Chaucer. With both Chaucer and Kipling the special excellence lies in the close connection of the tales with the framework. With Chaucer the tales spring from the characters of the narrators and from the situation in which they find themselves in relation to the other Canterbury Pilgrims. With Kipling the persons who come up out of the past tell tales concerning their own adventures, sometimes continued from story to story, and often connected in some way with the activities of the present day. The hauling of a tree from the forest connects itself with ancient ship building and anecdotes of Sir Francis Drake; Dan's study of Latin is galvanized into a semblance of life by the appearance of Parnesius, the young Roman soldier; the children rechristen their boat the *Long Serpent,* set out in her to explore the brook at the bottom of the garden, and are reading Longfellow's *Discoverer of the North Cape,* when Sir Richard Dalyngridge appears and tells them of his eleventh-century voyage of discovery southward along the coast of Africa. Unlike Chaucer's framework, Kipling's, characteristically, has little progressive quality, little of the element of plot. It is not, itself, a story. And Kipling, again characteristically, does not reveal Chaucer's interest in character; for Dan and Una, Hobden, and even Puck, lack the vitality or reality of Knight or Miller, Prioress or Wife of Bath. The narrators, of course, stand out clearly enough in their autobiographical tales: but they are not parts of the framework. Kipling on the other hand lays far greater emphasis than Chaucer on the settings. For, as we have seen, Kipling's very purpose is to emphasize the historicity of English places, to revive the past within the

present, to reveal the beauty of the English landscape. Dan and Una acted the fairy part of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* three times running, on midsummer eve, in the middle of a ring, and as Puck says, "under—right *under* one of my oldest hills in Old England." As a result Puck himself appeared. They went through the ceremony of taking "seizin" or possession. " 'Now are you two lawfully seized and possessed of all Old England,' began Puck in a sing-song voice. 'By right of Oak, Ash, and Thorn are you free to come and go and look and know where I shall show or best you please. You shall see What you shall see and you shall hear What you shall hear, though It shall have happened three thousand year; and you shall know neither Doubt nor Fear.' " Technically this absence of Doubt and Fear is admirable preservation of the old tradition; like fairies in *märchen* and *lai* the figures from the past appear suddenly and as suddenly fade, leaving with Dan and Una no memory of their presence. These mysterious exits and entrances are skilfully managed; the reader, at least, is astonished into interest and attention, and so captivated.[2]

Beside these revivals of folk tales, fairy tales, and framed tales, certain other experiments in older forms must be at least enumerated. Most of these are didactic in purpose. A group of Fables preach the doctrine of the "day's work": the conversation of the horses in *The Walking Delegate* and *The Maltese Cat,* of the bees in *The Mother Hive,* of the parts of *The Ship that Found Herself,* of the locomotives in *.007,* emphasizes the necessity of coöperation, of every man performing his allotted

[2] For single and independent framed tales, like those in *Soldiers Three,* see *Mrs. Bathurst, A Deal in Cotton, Bonds of Discipline,* and *Slaves of the Lamp Part II* in *Stalky & Co.,* where as in Balzac's *Grande Bretèche,* or in Browning's *The Ring and the Book,* the story is constructed by contributions from several narrators.

task. It is simply the old doctrine of The System. *The Bridge Builders,* which turns into fable in the second part, and *Below the Mill Dam* reveal the inevitable onward march of modern progress. To set forth an ideal scheme of national defence Kipling makes use of the convention of the Dream, thus harking back to Addison and the eighteenth-century essay. There is similar reminiscence in a recurrence of the Alien Critic Tradition in *A Sahib's War*—a criticism by a native Indian officer of the English conduct of affairs in South Africa. It will be remembered that those stories of the first period which involve the relations of the two races imply a criticism of the white from the point of view of the black—*Lispeth,* for example, and *The Judgment of Dungara.* And in the transition period *One View of the Question* is a letter from an Indian gentleman in London to a friend at home, devoted wholly to a criticism of the English from the Indian point of view.

A still older tradition, and one new to Kipling, is revived in the *Conte Dévot—Exemplum* of *The Conversion of St. Wilfrid.* St. Wilfrid, Eddi his chaplain, and Meon a pagan were wrecked on an island, and as it seemed were likely to perish of starvation and exposure. Meon would not renounce Wotan and curry favor with the Christian God at the last moment, in the hope of being saved; and St. Wilfrid said that under the same circumstances *he* would not desert *his* God. Presently Padda, Meon's pet seal, came up out of the sea with fish in his mouth, then returned to the mainland and brought help, thus saving their lives. When they were rested and reclothed Meon offered himself to be baptized. Then he called all his fishers and ploughmen and herdsmen into his hall and said: ". . . Two days ago I asked our Bishop whether it was fair for a man to desert his fathers' Gods

in a time of danger. Our Bishop said it was not fair. . . . You can tell your mates that even in that place, at that time, hanging on the wet weedy edge of death, our Bishop, a Christian, counselled me, a heathen, to stand by my father's Gods. I tell you now that a faith which takes care that every man shall keep faith, even though he may save his soul by breaking faith, is the faith for a man to believe in. So I believe in the Christian God, and in Wilfrid His Archbishop, and in the Church that Wilfrid rules.''

There is a hint in this speech of the qualities which distinguish Kipling's didactic stories from all others, the complete incarnation of the idea, the dramatic intensity, the concreteness and vividness. For one feels throughout the vigorous yet kindly personality of the saint who tells the tale, and in this speech, that of the open-minded worshipper of Odin. The story teaches tolerance, but that word, I think, is not mentioned. St. Wilfrid's reply to Puck's statement that he had converted the South Saxons—''Yes, if the South Saxons did not convert me''—is the nearest approach to it. And even in that speech of Meon's, which is not at all descriptive in purpose, Kipling's visualizing power spontaneously asserts itself in the phrase, ''hanging on the wet weedy edge of death.''

In one story only, *The House Surgeon,* Kipling has attempted to follow in the footsteps of Conan Doyle. Kipling is not altogether successful. ''I was more bewildered,'' he admits, ''than any Doctor Watson at the opening of a story.''—''I am less calculated to make a Sherlock Holmes than any man I know, for I lack both method and patience.'' This is probably literally true.[3]

[3] One additional phase of external structure, connection between story and story, hardly deserves special mention. The revival of old characters

In certain stories Kipling returns to the technical jargon of the first period. *The Ship that Found Herself* and *The Devil and the Deep Sea* are extreme examples. They are largely unintelligible to the normal reader simply because he does not know what the words mean. For under some conditions the suggested short-story may be unintelligible. Thus "*They,*" Kipling's most subtle application of this method, can mean little or nothing unless one keeps in mind certain biographical details and reads the verses at the beginning. The significance of the incidents of *Marklake Witches*, on the other hand, is hidden, not from the reader, but only from the character who narrates them.

Concerning Internal Structure there is, on the whole, nothing new to note. The stories which we have, for one reason or another, analyzed in some detail, *Marklake Witches, The Brushwood Boy, "They,"* reveal Kipling's architectural powers, in the way of careful preparation, foreshadowing, elaboration of great climactic scenes; powers which, however, he does not always choose to exercise. Many of the *Puck* and of the *Rewards* stories are, for example, rather series of scattered reminiscences than highly organized and unified wholes. They thus reveal a tendency in the direction of the condensed long-story, manifest also, as we have seen, in *The Brushwood Boy,* a tendency which is especially apparent in those tales which carry on the same series of events from one to another. *The Joyous Venture,* though it constitutes but a single chapter in the lives of Hugh and Richard, has an almost epic breadth; and the three stories of Parnesius amount to biography of their hero, beginning with the charming

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has been discussed. A number of the *Puck* and *Rewards* stories carry on the same action. Pyecroft and Hincheliffe appear in *Mrs. Bathurst, Bonds of Discipline, Their Lawful Occasions,* and *Steam Tactics;* McPhee, the engineer, in *Brugglesmith* and *Bread Upon the Waters.*

picture of his boyhood on the Isle of Wight and ending with the vivid account of the climax of his career on the Roman Wall. On the other hand the tendency to fall short of short-story requirements, to write mere anecdote, or at least to publish it in book form, disappears with *Life's Handicap* at the end of the first period. Concrete detail holds its own. We have already seen with what wealth of imaginative realization Kipling recreates Queen Elizabeth, and how completely he is able to visualize eleventh-century life as seen through the eyes of Hugh and Richard. He is no less at home with the Indians in the American woods: says Brother Square-Toes, "How a great tall Indian a-horseback can carry his war-bonnet at a canter through thick timber without brushing a feather beats *me!* My silly head was banged often enough by low branches, but *they* slipped through like running elks." One may find similar passages in every story; Kipling's power of imagining details, of vivifying them, putting them in action, is no less astonishing than his power of observing and assimilating them. Many of his minor incidents, moreover, are admirably suggestive. Richard, for example, describing the horrors of their "Joyous Venture," emphasizes the terrifying mystery of the African forest, and concludes, "I think it was the silence we feared." And Kipling adds, "He paused to listen to the comfortable home noises of the brook." In spite, however, of all this effective attention to detail, the old breaks in tone do now and then recur, as in *The Brushwood Boy;* though many stories, such as *An Habitation Enforced,* are free from them.

No more in his third period than in his first is Kipling a moral philosopher: he is not in the least concerned with abstract moral problems or with moral codes. But he is, as always, dis-

posed to regard specific action as conduct: he is still disposed to preach; and his preaching has now become more conventional, more nearly in keeping with accepted English notions. We have already noted the tender, half-didactic purpose of the *Just So Stories.* Writing primarily for young people in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies* he comes again naturally to lay a special stress upon right action. He does not discover new duties; but he celebrates the old ones in a stirring and salutary fashion, so that there is in these two volumes an exceedingly effective morality. Already expressed there in terms of action, it is simple, easily grasped, and very portable, likely therefore, to be spontaneously translated at need into the deeds of actual life. The stories of Richard and Hugh are typical in this way. They form the history of a splendid friendship. The Saxon youth and the Norman have been fellow-students in France. They meet again after Hastings, and, neither recognizing the other, begin a combat. Hugh's foot slips and his sword flies from his hand; Richard forbears to strike. Then a clump of Saxons run out upon them and Hugh cries out that Richard is his prisoner and saves his life. And even when Richard is put in possession of Hugh's manor Hugh remains faithful, sleeping as a voluntary hostage among Richard's men-at-arms. When as old men they are exploring the coast of Africa, Hugh leaps ashore among the gorillas whom they take for devils. "I was afraid to my four bones' marrow," Richard tells the children, "but for shame's sake I followed." Even so the faithful Wiglaf came to Beowulf's rescue in his fight with the dragon. For these ideals of loyalty in friendship and of emulation are of the best Germanic tradition; and the combat with the gorillas that follows suggests specifically Beowulf's several encounters

with hostile monsters. Like the Anglo-Saxon hero in the fight with Grendel's mother, Sir Richard is saved only by his mail-shirt. Hugh's sword, like those in the *Beowulf,* is Weland's work, marked with runes, and has a personality of its own; and like the Sword of Vengeance in a Danish ballad it has power of speech or song. After the battle in which Richard and Hugh are crippled, Witta, to comfort them, shows them the gold which they had won, just as Wiglaf exhibits the treasure to the dying Beowulf. Thorkild's comment on the general anxiety during the homeward voyage—"Better be drowned out of hand than go tied to a deckload of yellow dust"—suggests a bit of the Anglo-Saxon poet's moralizing. The parting with Witta might find a place in the *Beowulf:* "He made no promise; he swore no oath; he looked for no thanks; but to Hugh, an armless man, and to me, an old cripple whom he could have flung into the sea, he passed over wedge upon wedge, packet upon packet of gold and dust of gold, and only ceased when we would take no more. As he stooped from the rail to bid us farewell he stripped off his right-arm bracelets and put them all on Hugh's left"—thus following the familiar custom of the Germanic chieftain or "ring-giver." Thorkild's song, finally, sounds like an echo of the Anglo-Saxon *Seafarer:*

> Hoe—all you gods that love brave men,
> Send us a three-reef gale again!
>
> Send us a gale, and watch us come,
> With close-cropped canvas slashing home!

So Dan and Una enter into possession of their splendid heritage of Anglo-Saxon ideals of conduct. They learn of the significance of friends, of the moral value of sport, of the duties of gratitude,

of courtesy, of fidelity to one's given word, "It is knightly to keep faith, even after a thousand years."

We have already noted the tolerance implied in *The Conversion of St. Wilfrid,* and the antisocialistic doctrine of the fables, which is simply a phase of the old plea for The System, The Team, The Machine in which every wheel does its work. Beside this doctrine, however, there still persists the old boyish recalcitrance, the sympathy with those opposed to the existing order. Thus Dan and Una are in the secrets of Hobden's poaching and of the gipsies' thefts, and instinctively side with their friends. *Steam Tactics* and *Their Lawful Occasions* reveal the same attitude. They are stories of children of a larger growth. One of them reflects a healthy delight in the kidnapping of a rural policeman and in the defiance of speed-limit laws; the other, in the clever outwitting of half the English fleet by the gaily irresponsible crew of a discredited destroyer. And the methods set forth in the admirable *Bread upon the Waters* are not precisely legal.

The vein of satire still persists, though for the most part without the bitterness of the earlier stories. In *An Error in the Fourth Dimension, My Sunday at Home,* and *The Captive,* one may learn Kipling's opinion of Americans; of the French, in *Bonds of Discipline;* of the British army in South Africa, in *Private Copper;* of the navy, in *Their Lawful Occasions;* of the rural constable, in *Steam Tactics;* of the M. P.'s knowledge of Indian affairs, in *Little Foxes;* of the difficulty of approaching men in power, in *The Puzzler;* of stingy ship owners, in *Bread Upon the Waters.* In all these satirical tales, however, there is present a vein of pure comedy, or of farce, or of practical joke; grave and serious-minded men play tricks on one another in

the style of Mulvaney and Ortheris or Stalky and Company. In general, one can safely assert, Kipling has the old enthusiasms and the old prejudices, and the old contradictory views in regard to the System and the Individual.

In one story, however, there is some wholly new and very surprising criticism of life. This is *With the Night Mail,* the account of an airship flight across the Atlantic in the year 2000, together with the reviews, notes, answers to correspondents, and advertisements of the magazine in which it appeared. By the year two thousand, we shall have learned that we are only our fathers reënlarged upon the earth. We shall have ceased to regard unspeakable torment as a possibility of the life beyond death. "War," a correspondent is informed, "War, as a paying concern, ceased in 1967. . . . The Convention of London expressly reserves to every nation the right of waging war so long as it does not interfere with the traffic *and all that implies.*" A mark boat, hanging in the air somewhere in midocean, with "her black hull, double conning-tower, and ever-ready slings represent all that remains to the planet of that odd old word authority. She is responsible only to the Aerial Board of Control. . . . But that semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score of persons of both sexes, controls this planet. 'Transportation is Civilization,' our motto runs. Theoretically, we do what we please so long as we do not interfere with the traffic *and all it implies.* Practically, the A. B. C. confirms or annuls all international arrangements and, to judge from its last report, finds our tolerant, humorous, lazy little planet only too ready to shift the whole burden of public administration on its shoulders." One can scarcely believe that this is Kipling: the cessation of war, the breaking down of national distinctions implying the

disappearance of patriotism and of national prejudices, the admission of women to a part in government. One fears that Kipling himself will find very little to his taste when he is "re-enlarged" on this planet in the year 2000 under the conditions of his own imagining. It is not to be supposed that he believes these things; still less that he seriously advocates them. The significant thing for us is the fact that he is thinking about them, that he is dreaming, even for a moment, of an ideal reconstruction of society as a whole, in place of an English army which shall include the whole male population of the island.

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

This third or English period of Kipling's work is, then, a time of achievement, of the culmination of the main tendencies of technique; but it is as well a time of certain new characteristics.

Geographically, he bids farewell to his own particular field, to India, and discovers the special charm of England, of the English landscape, with its ordered beauty, its sense of rest, of finality, its emotional associations. While his main concern is still with the present, he does in certain stories write of the past, bringing it forward however into the present, by virtue of an American or colonial sense of the historicity or historical associations of the English scene. A single story deals with the future. He still sees Society as a System; in it even the lower animals must perform their functions, just as the locomotives of a railway or the parts of a ship must work together for a common end. Delight in machinery is an easy acquisition for one who has habitually thought of men as the wheels of a machine.

Among the characters of this period certain old friends reappear, sometimes under new names, sometimes under the old ones. New characters are added, from America, from France, and from the English past. These characters and their emotions reveal themselves dramatically, by word and gesture; and so far as the emotions go, there is perhaps an increase in the tendency to evoke the reader's tears or laughter by an emphasis upon those

of the persons of the story. On the whole, one carries away from the reading of these later stories the impression of a finer and more delicate sentiment than that of the earlier, nowhere more charming than in *An Habitation Enforced* and *Marklake Witches*. The latter story reconstructs, as we have seen, a sentimental age, deals with a sentimental character, yet does not itself pass over the boundary between sentiment and sentimentalism, as Nodier and Irving did, in dealing in that age itself with similar themes. Kipling's sense of humor gives no evidence of suffering loss. There are as many mirth-provoking tales in the last period as in the first, and there are some farces and practical jokes among them. But the subtlety of manner is increased; we are further from the *fabliau;* there is less coarseness, more refinement of humor. There is the same increase in the delicacy of the treatment of the passion of love. The old cynicism has wholly or almost wholly disappeared; the seventh commandment is never in peril. Love stories are uncommon, however; indeed *The Brushwood Boy* is the only one which is concerned wholly with this theme. Like the more ideal of the earlier love-stories *The Brushwood Boy* has a definite quality of "other-worldiness," offers an escape from life, a contrast with the comic and realistic tales as sharp, almost, as the medieval contrast of *lai* and *fabliau*.

For Form, for External Structure, Kipling's narrative is still intensely personal, and this quality reaches its culmination in the lyrical short-story of "*They*," lends it its peculiar charm. This same personal quality is manifest in the *Just So Stories*, which in their technique carry on the ancient tradition of the oral tale, with its special vocabulary, rhythmic repetitions, and light didactic touch. The most important achievement of the

period in the way of external structure is, however, the framework of *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*, the most admirable device of its kind since the *Canterbury Tales*. Other special types or forms of the period are the fable or allegory, the dream, the alien critic, the *exemplum-conte dévot*, the detective story, the technical, and the suggested story.

For Internal Structure there is nothing new to note. There is abundant evidence of an architectural power, which is, however, by no means always exercised. In spite of the presence of much careful preparation and foreshadowing and of some impressive and highly elaborated scenes, all suggestive of grasp of the whole, Kipling's art remains less Greek than Gothic, less careful of form in the larger sense, of dimensions, proportions, than of excellence of detail. Concreteness, vividness of characteristic detail remain his special virtues to the end. The old breaks in tone persist, like the grotesque gargoyles of a Gothic cathedral; though a few of the stories are quite free from them. The anecdote has disappeared; but there still persists the opposite tendency to overstep the natural, or at least, the academic, limits of the short-story, to write condensed long-story, necessitating summary with only occasional and illustrative action and dialogue. Yet there are many true short-stories, of admirable architecture. *"They,"* for example, could have been produced in this period alone.

While Kipling no longer begins his story with a text, as in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, yet he still remains loyal to his two grandfathers, the Wesleyan preachers: a goodly number of his stories are didactic. He holds forth on the old themes. Only *With the Night Mail* is exceptional, with its astonishing picture of a future society enjoying universal peace and universal suf-

frage! In the meantime his satire of things as they are, remains without (or almost without) bitterness, and pure comedy—farce or practical joke—holds its own.

The tendencies, then, of the first period are still active in the third—the shift from observation to reminiscence is still going on, the delight in an escape from life still runs alongside of delight in life itself. There is still further widening of sympathetic psychology; a continued increase in the subtlety of personal intervention, in general excellence and delicacy of the narrative art. The suggested story reaches its climax, as does the unintelligible story. Satire, at least of the bitter sort, has largely disappeared. While, then, the same formula holds: increase in Imagination and Sense of Form; decrease in self-assertion; escape from overpowering Sense of Fact; it is also true that the force of these tendencies has not been sufficient to effect a transformation. Kipling remains to the end what his training and his personality made him at the beginning of his career. His greatness still lies, not in his reasoning powers, not in his moral interpretation or criticism of life, not in his sense of form, but rather in his sense of fact, vivid, concrete, and humanly interesting; in a power of imagination closely related to this sense of fact; in an emotional or even sensational appeal; and in intensity, in vital energy. With the single exception of Chaucer, he is the most powerful personality of all those who have expressed themselves in the short-story.

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The name of the collection in which each tale appears is given in parentheses; the number that follows indicates the position of the tale in the collection. Use has been made of *The Works of Rudyard Kipling*, New York, Doubleday and McClure Company, 1899, containing *Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, The Story of the Gadsbys, In Black and White, Under the Deodars, The Phantom Rickshaw and Other Tales, Wee Willie Winkie and Other Stories, Life's Handicap, being Stories of Mine Own People, The Light that Failed, Many Inventions, The Jungle Book, The Second Jungle Book, The Day's Work, From Sea to Sea.* For the later stories the following editions, all published by Doubleday, Page and Company, New York, have been used: *Stalky and Company*, 1900; *Kim*, 1901; *Just So Stories*, 1903; *Traffics and Discoveries*, 1904; *Puck of Pook's Hill*, 1906; *Actions and Reactions*, 1909; *Rewards and Fairies*, 1910.

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